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FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS, BEING AN  
ATTEMPT TO TRACE TO THEIR SOURCE  
PASSAGES AND PHRASES IN COMMON USE

JOHN BARTLETT





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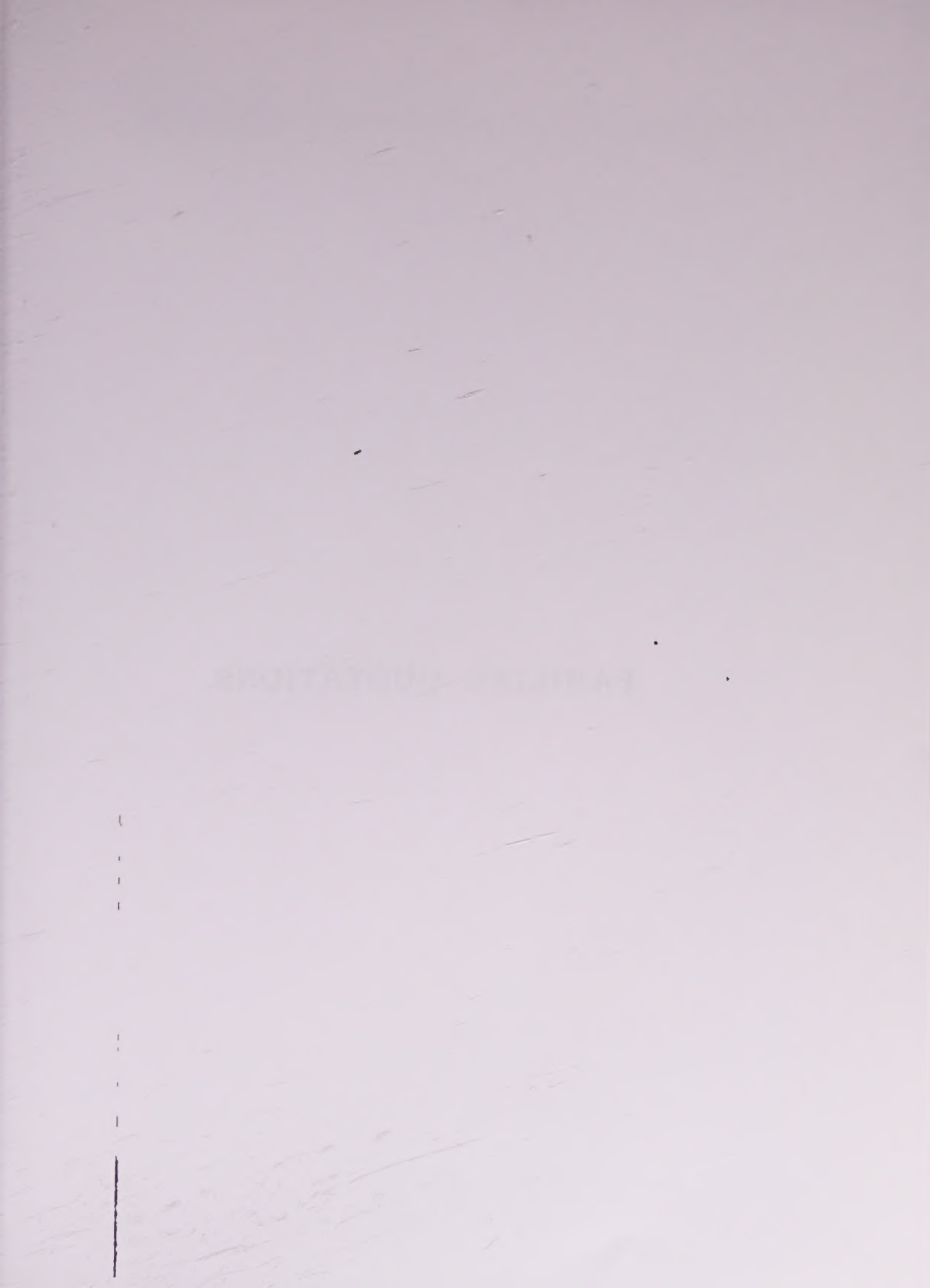
John Bartlett

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## FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.



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# FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS:

BEING AN ATTEMPT TO TRACE TO THEIR SOURCE

PASSAGES AND PHRASES

IN COMMON USE.

BY JOHN BARTLETT.

"I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—MONTAIGNE.

Author's Edition.

LONDON

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, LIMITED

BROADWAY HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL



# ADVERTISEMENT

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE Compiler of this Collection of Familiar Quotations thinks it desirable to say, in introducing the work to the favour of the public, that it is not easy to determine in all cases the degree of familiarity that may belong to phrases and sentences which present themselves for admission; for what is familiar to one class of readers may be quite new to another.

Many maxims of the most famous writers of our language, and numberless curious and happy turns from orators and poets, have knocked at the door, and it was hard to deny them admission. But to insert these simply on their own merits, without assurance that the general reader would readily recognize them as old friends, was beside the purpose of this Collection.

Still, it has been thought better to incur the risk of erring on the side of fulness.

The great number of Quotations contained in the book has created the necessity for a very copious Index, the largest perhaps ever given in a similar Collection.

It is hoped that the lovers of this agreeable subsidiary literature may find the present Collection satisfy their expectations, not merely in the variety, but in the scrupulous accuracy, of the Quotations cited.







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# FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

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GEOFFREY CHAUCER. 1328—1400.

## CANTERBURY TALES.

*Ed. Tyrwhitt.*

WHANNE that April with his shoures sote  
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote.

*Prologue. Line 1.*

And smale foules maken melodie,  
That slepen alle night with open eye,  
So priketh hem nature in hir corages;  
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages.

*Line 9.*

And of his port as meke as is a mayde.

*Line 69.*

He was a veray parfit gentil knight.

*Line 72.*

He coude songes make, and wel endite.

*Line 95.*

Ful wel she sange the service devine,  
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely;  
And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,  
After the scole of Stratford atte bowe,  
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.

*Line 122.*

A Clerk ther was of Oxenforde also.

*Line 287.*

For him was lever han at his beddes hed  
A twenty bokes, clothed in black or red,  
Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,  
Than robes riche, or fidel, or sautrie.  
But all be that he was a philosophre,  
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre.

*Line 295.*

And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

*Line 310.*

Nowher so besy a man as he ther n' as,  
And yet he semed besier than he was.

*Line 323.*

His studie was but litel on the Bible.

*Line 440.*

For gold in phisike is a cordial;  
Therefore he loved gold in special.

*Line 445.*

CANTERBURY TALES—*continued.*]

Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder. *Line 493.*

This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,  
That first he wrought, and afterwards he taught. *Line 498.*

But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,  
He taught, but first he folwed it himselve. *Line 529.*

And yet he had a thomb of gold parde.<sup>1</sup> *Line 565.*

Who so shall telle a tale after a man,  
He moste reherse, as neighe as ever he can,  
Everich word, if it be in his charge,  
All speke he never so rudely and so large;  
Or elles he moste tellen his tale untrewē,  
Or feinen thinges, or finden wordes newe. *Line 733.*

For May wol have no slogardie a-night.  
The seson priketh every gentil herte,  
And maketh him out of his slepe to sterte.

*The Knightes Tale. Line 1044.*

Up rose the sonne, and up rose Emelic. *Ibid. Line 2275.*

To maken vertue of necessite. *Ibid. Line 3044.*

And brought of mighty ale a large quart.  
*The Milleres Tale. Line 3497.*

Yet in our ashen cold is fire yreken.

*The Reves Prologue. Line 3880.*

So was hire joly whistle wel ywette. *The Reves Tale. 4153.*

And for to see, and eek for to be seye.<sup>2</sup>

*The Wif of Bathes Prologue. Line 6134.*

Loke who that is most vertuous alway,  
Prive and apert, and most entendeth ay  
To do the gentil dedes that he can,  
And take him for the gretest gentilman.

*The Wif of Bathes Tale. Line 6695.*

That he is gentil that doth gentil dedis. *Line 6752.*

This flour of wifly patience.

*The Clerkes Tale. Pars v. Line 8797.*

Fie on possession,

But if a man be vertuous withal.

*The Frankeleines Prologue. Line 10998.*

<sup>1</sup> In allusion to the proverb, "Every honest miller has a golden thumb."

<sup>2</sup> *Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsae.*

Ovid, *Art of Love*, 1. 99.

## CANTERBURY TALES—continued.]

Mordre wol out, that see we day by day.

*The Nonnes Preestes Tale. Line 15058.*

The firste vertue, sone, if thou wilt lere,  
Is to restraine, and kepen wel thy tonge.

*The Manciples Tale. Line 17281.*

For of fortunes sharpe adversite,  
The worst kind of infortune is this,  
A man that hath been in prosperite,  
And it remember, whan it passed is.

*Troilus and Creseide. Book iii. Line 1625.*

One care it heard, at the other out it went.

*Ibid. Book iv. Line 435.*

The lyfe so short, the craft so long to lerne,  
Th' assay so hard, so sharpe the conquering.

*The Assembly of Foules. Line 1.*

For out of the old fieldes, as men saithe,  
Cometh al this new corne fro yere to yere,  
And out of old bookes, in good faithe,  
Cometh al this new science that men lere.

*Ibid. Line 22.*

Nature, the vicar of the almightie Lord.

*Ibid. Line 379.*

Of all the floures in the mede,  
Than love I most these floures white and rede,  
Soch that men callen daisies in our toun.

*The Legend of Good Women. Line 41.*

That well by reason men it call may  
The daisie, or els the eye of the day,  
The emprise, and floure of floures all.

*Ibid. Line 184.*



## THOMAS À KEMPIS. 1380—1471.

Man proposes, but God disposes.<sup>1</sup>

*Imitation of Christ. Book i. Ch. 19.*

And when he is out of sight, quickly also is he out of mind.

*Ibid. Book i. Ch. 23.*

Of two evils, the less is always to be chosen.

*Ibid. Book iii. Ch. 12.*

<sup>1</sup> This expression is of much greater antiquity; it appears in the *Chronicle of Battel Abbey*, page 27 (Lower's Translation), and in *Piers Ploughman's Vision*, line 13,994.

A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps. *Proverbs* xvi. 9.

## FRANCIS RABELAIS. 1495—1553.

- I am just going to leap into the dark.<sup>1</sup> *Motteux's Life.*  
 To return to our wethers.<sup>2</sup> *Book i. Ch. i. note 2.*  
 I drink no more than a sponge. *Ibid. Ch. 5.*  
 Appetite comes with eating, says Angeston. *Ibid.*  
 By robbing Peter he paid Paul, . . . and hoped to catch larks if ever  
 the heavens should fall. *Book i. Ch. 11.*  
 I'll go his halves. *Book iv. Ch. 23.*  
 The Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be;  
 The Devil was well, the Devil a monk was he. *Book iv. Ch. 24.*



## THOMAS TUSSEK. 1523—1580.

## FIVE HUNDRED POINTS OF GOOD HUSBANDRY.

- Time tries the troth in everything. *The Author's Epistle. Ch. 2.*  
 God sendeth and giveth, both mouth and the meat.  
*Good Husbandry Lessons.*  
 The stone that is rolling can gather no moss. *Ibid.*  
 Better late than never.<sup>3</sup> *An Habitation Enforced.*  
 At Christmas play, and make good cheer,  
 For Christmas comes but once a year.  
*The Farmer's Daily Diet.*  
 Except wind stands as never it stood,  
 It is an ill wind turns none to good.<sup>4</sup>  
*A Description of the Properties of Winds.*  
 All's fish they get  
 That cometh to net. *February's Abstract.*  
 Such mistress, such Nan.  
 Such master, such man.<sup>4</sup> *April's Abstract*

<sup>1</sup> Je m'en vay chercher un grand peut-estre.

<sup>2</sup> *Retenons à nos moutons*, a proverb taken from the old French farce of *Pierre Patelin* (ed. 1762, p. 90).

<sup>3</sup> See Proverbs, *p. st.*

<sup>4</sup> On the authority of M. Cimber, of the Bibliothèque Royale, we owe this proverb to Chevalier Bayard,

Tel maître, tel valet.



'T is merry in hall  
Where beards wag all.<sup>1</sup>

*August's Abstract.*

Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go.<sup>2</sup>

*Of Wiving and Thriving.*

Dry sun, dry wind,  
Safe bind, safe find.

*Washing.*



SIR EDWARD COKE. 1549—1634.

The gladsome light of jurisprudence.

*First Institute.*

For a man's house is his castle, *et domus sua cuique tutissimum  
refugium.*<sup>3</sup>

*Third Institute. Page 162.*

The house of every one is to him as his castle and fortress, as well for his  
defence against injury and violence, as for his repose.

*Semayne's Case, 5 Rep. 91.*

They (corporations) cannot commit treason, nor be outlawed nor ex-  
communicate, for they have no souls.

*Case of Sutton's Hospital, 10 Rep. 32.*



MIGUEL DE CERVANTES. 1547—1616.

He had a face like a benediction. *Don Quixote. Part i. Book ii. Ch. 4.*

Every one is the son of his own works.

*Ibid. Book iv. Ch. 20.*

I would do what I pleased, and doing what I pleased, I should have my  
will, and having my will, I should be contented; and when one is con-  
tented, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to  
be desired, there is an end of it.

*Ibid. Ch. 23.*

Every one is as God made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse.

*Part ii. Ch. 4.*

Now blessings light on him that first invented sleep! it covers a man  
all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for  
the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot.

*Part ii. Ch. 6.*

Don't put too fine a point to your wit for fear it should get blunted.

*The Little Gypsy. (La Gitanilla.)*

My heart is wax to be moulded as she pleases, but enduring as marble to  
retain.<sup>4</sup>

*Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Merry swithe it is in halle,  
When the beards waveth alle.

Adam Davie, 1312, *Life of Alexander.*

<sup>2</sup> See Proverbs, *post.*

<sup>3</sup> From the *Pandects, Lib. ii. tit. iv. De in Jus vocando.*

<sup>4</sup> Cf. Byron, *post.*

BISHOP STILL (JOHN). 1543—1607.

I cannot eat but little meat,  
My stomach is not good;  
But sure I think that I can drink  
With him that wears a hood.

*Gammer Gurton's Needle. Act ii.<sup>1</sup>*

Back and side go bare, go bare,  
Both foot and hand go cold;  
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,  
Whether it be new or old.

*Ibid.*



EDMUND SPENSER. 1533—1599.

FAERIE QUEENE.

A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine.

*Book i. Canto i. St. 1.*

The noblest mind the best contentment has.

*Book i. Canto i. St. 35.*

A bold bad man.

*Book i. Canto i. St. 37.*

Her angels face,

As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,  
And made a sunshine in the shady place. *Book i. Canto iii. St. 4.*

Ay me, how many perils doe enfold

The righteous man, to make him daily fall:

*Book i. Canto viii. St. 1.*

Entire affection hateth nicer hands. *Book i. Canto viii. St. 40.*

That darksome cave they enter, where they find

That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,

Musing full sadly in his sullein mind. *Book i. Canto ix. St. 35.*

No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on grownd,

No arborett with painted blossoms drest

And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd

To bud out faire, and throwe her sweete smels al arownd.

*Book ii. Canto vi. St. 12.*

And is there care in Heaven?

*Book ii. Canto viii. St. 1.*

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound.

*Book ii. Canto xii. St. 70.*

<sup>1</sup> Stated by Mr. Dyce to be from a MS. in his possession, and of older date than *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. — Skelton, *Works*, ed. Dyce, i. vii.—x., π.

FAERIE QUEENE—*continued.*]

Through thick and thin, both over bank and bush,  
In hopes her to attain by hook or crook.

*Book iii. Canto i. St. 17.*

Her berth was of the wombe of morning dew,<sup>1</sup>  
And her conception of the joyous prime.

*Book iii. Canto vi. St. 3.*

Be bolde, Be bolde, and everywhere, Be bold.

*Book iii. Canto xi. St. 54.*

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,  
On Fame's eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled.

*Book iv. Canto ii. St. 32.*

Who will not mercie unto others show,  
How can he mercy ever hope to have?

*Book vi. Canto i. St. 42.*

What more felicitie can fall to creature  
Than to enjoy delight with libertie,  
And to be lord of all the workes of Nature,  
To raine in th' aire from earth to highest skie,  
To feed on flowres and weeds of glorious feature.

*The Fate of the Butterfly. Line 209.*

I was promised on a time  
To have reason for my rhyme;  
From that time unto this season,  
I received nor rhyme nor reason.

*Lines on his promised Pension.<sup>2</sup>*

For of the soul the body form doth take,  
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

*Hymn in Honour of Beauty. Line 132.*

A sweet attractive kinde of grace,  
A full assurance given by lookes,  
Continuall comfort in a face  
The lineaments of gospel-books.

*Elegiac on a Friend's Passion for his Astrophill.<sup>3</sup>*

Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,  
What hell it is in suing long to bide;  
To loose good dayes that might be better spent,  
To wast long nights in pensive discontent;

<sup>1</sup> The dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning. *Psalm* cx. 3.

<sup>2</sup> This tradition is confirmed by an entry in Manningham's nearly contemporaneous Diary, May 4, 1602.

<sup>3</sup> This piece was printed in *The Phoenix Nest*, 4to, 1593, where it is anonymous. Todd has shown that it was written by Mathew Roydon.

To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;  
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow.

To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares;  
To eate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaire;  
To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,  
To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne.

*Mother Hubbard's Tale. Line 895.*



SIR WALTER RALEIGH. 1552—1618.

If all the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

*The Nymph's Reply to the Passionate Shepherd.*

Silence in love bewrays more woe  
Than words, though ne'er so witty;  
A beggar that is dumb, you know,  
May challenge double pity.

*Passions are likened best to Floods and Streams.*

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay.

*Verses to Edmund Spenser.*

O eloquent, just and mightie Death! whom none could advise, thou hast perswaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised: thou hast drawne together all the farre stretch'd greatnesse, all the pride, crueltie and ambition of men, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet!*

*Historie of the World, Book v. Pt. 1, ad fin.*

Fain would I climb but that I fear to fall.

*Written on a pane of glass, in Queen Elizabeth's presence.<sup>1</sup>*



SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. 1554—1586.

Sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge.

*The Defence of Poesy.*

He cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner.

*Ibid.*

I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglass, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet.

*Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Her reply was,—

If thy heart fail thee, why then climb at all.



High erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy. *Arcadia. Book i.*

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts. *Ibid.*

My dear, my better half. *Ibid. Book iii.*

Have I caught my heavenly jewel.<sup>1</sup>

*Astrophel and Stella. Second Song.*



LORD BROOKE. 1554—1628.

O wearisome condition of humanity!

*Mustapha. Act v. Sc. 4.*

And out of mind as soon as out of sight.<sup>2</sup> *Sonnet lvi.*



CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE. 1565—1593.

WORKS (*Ed. Dyce, 1862*).

Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?<sup>3</sup>

*Hero and Leander.*

Come live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
Woods or steepy mountains, yields.

*The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.*

By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals. *Ibid.*

And I will make thee beds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant posies. *Ibid.*

When all the world dissolves,  
And every creature shall be purified,  
All places shall be hell that are not heaven. *Faustus.*

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,  
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?  
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.  
Her lips suck forth my soul: see, where it flies! *Ibid.*

O, thou art fairer than the evening air,  
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by Shakespeare, *Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iii. Sc. 3.*

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Kempis, *Imitation of Christ, Book i. Ch. 23.*

<sup>3</sup> Quoted by Shakespeare, *As You Like It, Act iii. Sc. 5.*

FAUSTUS—*continued.*]

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,  
 And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough,<sup>1</sup>  
 That sometimes grew within this learnèd man. *Ibid.*

Infinite riches in a little room. *The Jew of Malta. Act i.*

Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness. *Ibid. Act i.*

Now will I shew myself to have more of the serpent than the dove; that  
 is, more knave than fool. *Ibid. Act ii.*

Love me little, love me long.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid. Act iv.*



## RICHARD HOOKER. 1553—1600.

Of Law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the  
 bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world : all things in heaven  
 and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the  
 greatest as not exempted from her power. *Ecclesiastical Polity. Book i.*

That to live by one man's will became the cause of all men's misery.

*Ibid. Book i.*



## WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. 1564—1616.

## THE TEMPEST.

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
 To closeness, and the bettering of my mind. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

Like one,  
 Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,  
 Made such a sinner of his memory,  
 To credit his own lie. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

My library  
 Was dukedom large enough. *Act i. Sc. 2.*  
 From the still-vex'd Bermoothes. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

I will be correspondent to command,  
 And do my spriting<sup>3</sup> gently. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

Come unto these yellow sands,  
 And then take hands :  
 Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd—  
 The wild waves whist. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

<sup>1</sup> O, withered is the garland of the war,  
 The soldier's pole is fallen.

Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv. Sc. 13.

<sup>2</sup> See Herrick, p. 95.

<sup>3</sup> 'spiriting,' Cambridge ed.

TEMPEST—*continued.*]

- Full fathom five thy father lies;  
 Of his bones are coral made;  
 Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
 Nothing of him that doth fade,  
 But doth suffer a sea-change  
 Into something rich and strange. *Act i. Sc. 2.*
- The fringed curtains of thine eye advance. *Act i. Sc. 2.*
- There 's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:  
 If the ill spirit have so fair a house,  
 Good things will strive to dwell with 't. *Act i. Sc. 2.*
- A very ancient and fish-like smell. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*
- Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*
- Fer.* Here 's my hand.  
*Mir.* And mine, with my heart in 't. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*
- He that dies pays all debts. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*
- Deeper than e'er plummet sounded. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*
- Our revels now are ended. These our actors,  
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
 Are melted into air, into thin air:  
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
 The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
 Leave not a rack<sup>1</sup> behind. We are such stuff  
 As dreams are made on; and our little life  
 Is rounded with a sleep.<sup>2</sup> *Act iv. Sc. 1.*
- With foreheads villanous low. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*
- Deeper than did ever plummet sound,  
 I 'll drown my book. *Act v. Sc. 1.*
- Where the bee sucks, there suck I;  
 In a cowslip's bell I lie. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

<sup>1</sup> 'wreck,' Dyce.<sup>2</sup> This passage probably owes its origin to the following lines in Lord Stirling's *Tragedie of Darius*, 1604:—

Those golden pallaces, those gorgeous halles,  
 With fourmiture superfluouslie faire;  
 Those statelie courts, those sky encountering wallies,  
 Evanish all like vapours in the aire.

## THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

I have no other but a woman's reason : I think him so, because I think him so. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

O, how this spring of love resembleth  
The uncertain glory of an April day ! *Act i. Sc. 3.*

And I as rich in having such a jewel  
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,  
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

He makes sweet music with th' enamel'd stones,  
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage. *Act ii. Sc. 7.*

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,  
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Except I be by Sylvia in the night,  
There is no music in the nightingale. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

A man I am, cross'd with adversity. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Is she not passing fair? *Act iv. Sc. 4.<sup>1</sup>*

How use doth breed a habit in a man ! *Act v. Sc. 4.*

## THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

I will make a Star-chamber matter of it. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

All his successors, gone before him, have done 't; and all his ancestors,  
that come after him, may. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Mine host of the Garter. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

I had rather than forty shillings I had my book of songs and sonnets  
here. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

If there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it  
upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion  
to know one another : I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt.

*Act i. Sc. 1.*

Convey, the wise it call. Steal? foh! a fico for the phrase !  
*Act i. Sc. 3.*

Tester I 'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,  
Base Phrygian Turk ! *Act i. Sc. 3.*

The humour of it. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

Here will be an old abusing of . . . the king's English. *Act i. Sc. 4.*

We burn daylight. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

<sup>1</sup> *Act iv. Sc. 2, Dyce.*



MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR—*continued.*]

Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.	<i>Act II. Sc. 1.</i>
Why, then the world 's mine oyster, Which I with sword will open.	<i>Act II. Sc. 2.</i>
This is the short and the long of it.	<i>Act II. Sc. 2.</i>
Unless experience be a jewel.	<i>Act II. Sc. 2.</i>
I cannot tell what the dickens his name is.	<i>Act III. Sc. 2.</i>
What a taking was he in when your husband asked who was in the basket!	<i>Act III. Sc. 3.</i>
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!	<i>Act III. Sc. 4.</i>
I have a kind of alacrity in sinking.	<i>Act III. Sc. 5.</i>
As good luck would have it.	<i>Act III. Sc. 5.</i>
The rankest compound of villanous smell that ever offended nostril.	<i>Act III. Sc. 5.</i>
A man of my kidney.	<i>Act III. Sc. 5.</i>
Think of that, Master Brook.	<i>Act III. Sc. 5.</i>
In his old lunes again.	<i>Act IV. Sc. 2.</i>
They say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.	<i>Act V. Sc. 1.</i>

## MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Thyself and thy belongings Are not thine own so proper, as to waste Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee. Heaven doth with us as we with torches do, Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd, But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends The smallest scruple of her excellence, But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines Herself the glory of a creditor— Both thanks and use.	<i>Act I. Sc. 1.</i>
He was ever precise in promise-keeping.	<i>Act I. Sc. 2.</i>
I hold you as a thing enskied, and sainted.	<i>Act I. Sc. 5.<sup>1</sup></i>
Our doubts are traitors, And make us lose the good we oft might win, By fearing to attempt.	<i>Act I. Sc. 5.<sup>1</sup></i>

<sup>1</sup> *Act I. Sc. 5.* White, Singer, Knight. *Act I. Sc. 4.* Cambridge, Dyce, Staunton.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE—*continued.*]

The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,  
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two  
Guiltier than him they try. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

This will last out a night in Russia,  
When nights are longest there. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it ! *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,  
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,  
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,  
Become them with one half so good a grace  
As mercy does. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once ;  
And he that might the vantage best have took  
Found out the remedy. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

O ! it is excellent  
To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous  
To use it like a giant. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

But man, proud man,  
Drest in a little brief authority,  
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,—  
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,  
As make the angels weep. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

That in the captain 's but a choleric word,  
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Our compell'd sins  
Stand more for number than for accompt. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

The miserable have no other medicine,  
But only hope. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Servile to all the skyey influences. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Palsied eld. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

The sense of death is most in apprehension,  
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  
As when a giant dies. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where ;  
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot ;  
This sensible warm motion to become  
A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit  
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside

MEASURE FOR MEASURE—*continued.*]

In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice ;  
 To be imprison'd in the viewless winds  
 And blown with restless violence round about  
 The pendent world. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

The weariest and most loathed worldly life,  
 That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment  
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
 To what we fear of death. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Take, O, take those lips away,  
 That so sweetly were forsworn ;  
 And those eyes, the break of day,  
 Lights that do mislead the morn ;  
 But my kisses bring again, bring again,  
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.<sup>1</sup>

*Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Every true man's apparel fits your thief. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

'Gainst the tooth of time,  
 And razure of oblivion. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

My business in this state  
 Made me a looker-on here in Vienna. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

They say, best men are moulded out of faults. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

What 's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

## THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

The pleasing punishment that women bear. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

One Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,  
 A mere anatomy. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,  
 A living dead man. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

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<sup>1</sup> This song occurs in Act v. Sc. 2. of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bloody Brother*, with the following additional stanza :—

Hide, O, hide those hills of snow,  
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,  
 On whose tops the pinks that grow  
 Are of those that April wears !  
 But first set my poor heart free,  
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

He hath indeed better bettered expectation. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

A very valiant trencher-man. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

A skirmish of wit between them. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

The gentleman is not in your books. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Benedick the married man. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

As merry as the day is long. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Friendship is constant in all other things,  
Save in the office and affairs of love :  
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues :  
Let every eye negotiate for itself,  
And trust no agent. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy : I were but little happy, if I could  
say how much. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,  
Men were deceivers ever;  
One foot in sea and one on shore ;  
To one thing constant never. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Sits the wind in that corner? *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper-bullets of the brain, awe a  
man from the career of his humour? No; the world must be peopled.  
When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I  
were married. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Every one can master a grief, but he that has it. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Are you good men and true? *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read  
comes by nature. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Is most tolerable, and not to be endured. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

The fashion wears out more apparel than the man. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Comparisons are odorous.<sup>1</sup> *Act iii. Sc. 5.*

A good old man, sir; he will be talking as they say, when the age is  
in, the wit is out. *Act iii. Sc. 5.*

O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not  
knowing what they do! *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

<sup>1</sup> This expression is to be found also in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part 3, Sect. 3, Mem. 1, Sub. 2; in Herbert's *Jacula Prudentium*, p. 350 (Pickering's ed. Vol. 1); and in Heywood's *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, Act i. Sc. 1.



MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING—*continued.*]

I have mark'd

A thousand blushing apparitions  
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames,  
In angel whiteness, bear away those blushes. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

For it so falls out,

That what we have we prize not to the worth,  
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,  
Why, then we rack the value; then we find  
The virtue, that possession would not show us,  
Whiles it was ours. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Th' idea of her life shall sweetly creep  
Into his study of imagination. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Into the eye and prospect of his soul. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Flat burglary as ever was committed. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

O that he were here to write me down, an ass! *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

A fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every-  
thing handsome about him. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

Patch grief with proverbs. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

'T is all men's office to speak patience  
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,  
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,  
To be so moral when he shall endure  
The like himself. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

For there was never yet philosopher  
That could endure the toothache patiently. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Some of us will smart for it. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

I was not born under a rhyming planet. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

Done to death by slanderous tongues. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

## LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST.

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Small have continual plodders ever won,

Save base authority from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,

That give a name to every fixed star,

Have no more profit of their shining nights

Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.

*Act i. Sc. 1.*

And men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper.

*Act i. Sc. 1.*

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST—*continued.*]

That unlettered, small-knowing soul.

*Act i. Sc. 1.*

A child of our grandmother Eve, a female ; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman.

*Act i. Sc. 1.*

The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since ; but, I think, now 't is not to be found.

*Act i. Sc. 2.*

The rational hind Costard.

*Act i. Sc. 2.*

Devise, wit ! write, pen ! for I am for whole volumes in folio.

*Act i. Sc. 2.*

A merrier man,

Within the limit of becoming mirth,

I never spent an hour's talk withal.

*Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Delivers in such apt and gracious words,

That aged ears play truant at his tales,

And younger hearings are quite ravished,

So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

*Act ii. Sc. 1.*

By my penny of observation.

*Act iii. Sc. 1.*

The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that 's flat.

*Act iii. Sc. 1.*

A very beadle to a humorous sigh.

*Act iii. Sc. 1.*

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid ;

Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,

Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,

Liege of all loiterers and malcontents.

*Act iii. Sc. 1.*

He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book.

*Act iv. Sc. 2.*

Dictynna, good-man Dull

*Act iv. Sc. 2.*

These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourish'd in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion.

*Act iv. Sc. 2.*

For where is any author in the world

Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?

Learning is but an adjunct to ourself.

*Act iv. Sc. 3.*

It adds a precious seeing to the eye.

*Act iv. Sc. 3.*

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :

They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;

They are the books, the arts, the Academes,

That show, contain, and nourish all the world.

*Act iv. Sc. 3.*

As sweet, and musical,

As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;

And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods

Makes Heaven drowsy with the harmony.

*Act iv. Sc. 3.*

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST—*continued.*]

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Priscian a little scratch'd; 't will serve. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

In the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

They have measur'd many a mile,  
To tread a measure with you on this grass. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear  
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue  
Of him that makes it. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

When daisies pied, and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,  
Do paint the meadows with delight. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

## A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

But earthlier happy<sup>1</sup> is the rose distill'd,  
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,  
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Brief as the lightning in the collied night,  
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,  
And ere a man hath power to say, "Behold!"  
The jaws of darkness do devour it up. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

For aught that ever I could read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth.<sup>2</sup> *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,  
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Masters, spread yourselves. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

This is Eracles' vein. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove : I will roar you, an't were any nightingale. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

<sup>1</sup> 'earthlier happy,' White, Cambridge, Dyce.

'earthly happier,' Singer, Staunton, Knight.

<sup>2</sup> The same sentiment, in very different language, has been expressed by Milton in *Paradise Lost*; *Book 10, line 896*, and following lines.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—*continued.*]

A proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,  
To hear the sea-maid's music. *Act ii. Sc. 1.<sup>1</sup>*

In maiden meditation, fancy free. *Act ii. Sc. 1.<sup>1</sup>*

I'll put a girdle round about the Earth<sup>2</sup>  
In forty minutes. *Act ii. Sc. 1.<sup>1</sup>*

My heart  
Is true as steel. *Act ii. Sc. 1.<sup>1</sup>*

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,  
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows. *Act ii. Sc. 1.<sup>1</sup>*

A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Bless thee, Bottom ! bless thee ! thou art translated. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

So we grew together,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

I have an exposition of sleep come upon me. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet  
Are of imagination all compact. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

The lover, all as frantic,  
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt :  
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;  
And, as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name. *Act v. Sc. 1*

That is the true beginning of our end. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

The best in this kind are but shadows. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

<sup>1</sup> *Act ii. Sc. 1*, White, Cambridge, Dyce, Staunton. *Act ii. Sc. 2*, Singer, Knight.

<sup>2</sup> This expression is also to be found in Champman's *Dussy d'Ambois*, *Act i. Sc. 1* (1607).



## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Now, by two-headed Janus,  
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

You have too much respect upon the world:  
They lose it, that do buy it with much care. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;  
A stage, where every man must play a part,  
And mine a sad one. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,  
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster? *Act i. Sc. 1.*

There are a sort men, whose visages  
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

I am Sir Oracle,  
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark! *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

They are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

Ships are but boards, sailors but men; there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

Even there where merchants most do congregate. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

The Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

A goodly apple rotten at the heart.  
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath! *Act i. Sc. 3.*

Many a time and oft,  
In the Rialto, you have rated me. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

In a bondman's key,  
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

It is a wise father that knows his own child. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

MERCHANT OF VENICE—*continued.*]

And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife. *Act ii. Sc. 5.*

All things that are,  
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd. *Act ii. Sc. 6.<sup>1</sup>*

I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs,  
dimensions, senses, affections, passions? *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,  
Obscures the show of evil? *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your  
mother.<sup>2</sup> *Act iii. Sc. 5.*

Let it serve for table-talk. *Act iii. Sc. 5.*

What! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?  
*Act iv. Sc. 1.*

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:  
'T is mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown:  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself,  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—  
That in the course of justice none of us  
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

A Daniel come to judgment! *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

'T is not in the bond. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!  
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

<sup>1</sup> *Act ii. Sc. 5. Dyce.*

<sup>2</sup> Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim. Philippe Gaultier (about the 13th century), *Alexandreis*, Book v. line 301.

MERCHANT OF VENICE—*continued.*]

You take my house when you do take the prop  
That doth sustain my house; you take my life  
When you do take the means whereby I live. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

He is well paid that is well satisfied. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!  
*Act v. Sc. 1.*

Look, how the floor of Heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;  
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

I am never merry when I hear sweet music. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils:  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus.  
Let no such man be trusted. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

How far that little candle throws his beams!  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

## AS YOU LIKE IT.

Well said: that was laid on with a trowel. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

My pride fell with my fortunes. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

*Cel.* Not a word?

*Ros.* Not one to throw at a dog. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

O how full of briars is this working-day world! *Act i. Sc. 3.*

We'll have a swashing and a martial outside. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;  
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

The big round tears  
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

AS YOU LIKE IT—*continued.*]

"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament  
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more  
To that which had too much." *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens, *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

And He that doth the ravens feed,  
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
Be comfort to my age ! *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood, *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

O good old man ! how well in thee appears  
The constant service of the antique world,  
When service sweat for duty, not for meed !  
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
Where none will sweat, but for promotion. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,  
In good set terms. *Act ii. Sc. 7.*

And then he drew a dial from his poke,  
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,  
Says, very wisely, "It is ten o'clock :  
Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags."  
*Act ii. Sc. 7.*

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,  
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,  
And thereby hangs a tale. *Act ii. Sc. 7.*

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer. *Act ii. Sc. 7.*

Motley's the only wear. *Act ii. Sc. 7.*

If ladies be but young and fair,  
They have the gift to know it : and in his brain,  
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit  
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd  
With observation, the which he vents  
In mangled forms. *Act ii. Sc. 7.*

I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
To blow on whom I please. *Act ii. Sc. 7.*

The why is plain as way to parish church. *Act ii. Sc. 7.*



As YOU LIKE IT—*continued.*]

All the world 's a stage<sup>1</sup>  
 And all the men and women merely players:  
 They have their exits and their entrances;  
 And one man in his time plays many parts,—  
 His Acts being seven ages. At first, the Infant,  
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
 Then the whining School-boy, with his satchel  
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
 Unwillingly to school. And then the Lover,  
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad  
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a Soldier,  
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard;  
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
 Seeking the bubble Reputation  
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the Justice,  
 In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,  
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,—  
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon,  
 With spectacle on nose and pouch on side;  
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide  
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion;  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans—everything.

*Act I. Sc. 7.*

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
 Thou art not so unkind  
 As man's ingratitude.

*Act II. Sc. 1.*

The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

*Act II. Sc. 2.*

Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

*Act III. Sc. 1.*

O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful ! and yet again  
 wonderful, and after that out of all whooping.

*Act III. Sc. 2.*

Every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow-fault came to match it.

*Act III. Sc. 2.*

Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.<sup>2</sup>

*Act III. Sc. 2.*

<sup>1</sup> "Totus mundus agit histrionem" is said to have been the motto over the Globe Theatre.

<sup>2</sup> See Proverbs, *post.*

AS YOU LIKE IT—*continued.*]

Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Down on your knees,  
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love. *Act iii. Sc. 5.*

It is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

*Act iv. Sc. 1.*

I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Men are April when they woo, December when they wed. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Pacing through the forest,  
Chewing the food<sup>1</sup> of sweet and bitter fancy. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

No sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! *Act v. Sc. 2.*

An ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own. *Act v. Sc. 4.*

The Retort Courteous. . . . Lie Circumstantial, and the Lie Direct. *Act v. Sc. 4.*

Your *If* is the only peacemaker; much virtue in *If*. *Act v. Sc. 4.*

Good wine needs no bush. *Epilogue.*

#### THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,  
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;  
And twenty more such names and men as these,  
Which never were, nor no man ever saw. *Induction, Sc. 2.*

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;  
In brief, sir, study what you most affect. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

There's small choice in rotten apples. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

<sup>1</sup> 'cud,' Dyce, Staunton.

**THE TAMING OF THE SHREW—*continued.*]**

Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

And do as adversaries do in law,—  
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

And thereby hangs a tale.<sup>1</sup> *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

My cake is dough. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Intolerable, not to be endured. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
Even such a woman oweth to her husband. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

**ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.**

It were all one  
That I should love a bright particular star,  
And think to wed it. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

The hind that would be mated by the lion  
Must die for love. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,  
Which we ascribe to Heaven. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

He must needs go that the Devil drives. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

My friends were poor but honest. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there  
Where most it promises. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,  
The place is dignified by th' doer's deed. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

Whose words all ears took captive. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

Praising what is lost  
Makes the remembrance dear. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

All impediments in fancy's course  
Are motives of more fancy. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

<sup>1</sup> Othello, Act iii. Sc. 1. Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 1. Sc. 4. As You Like It, Act ii. Sc. 7.

## TWELFTH NIGHT.

If music be the food of love, play on;  
 Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
 The appetite may sicken, and so die.  
 That strain again; it had a dying fall;  
 O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,  
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
 Stealing and giving odour.

*Act i. Sc. 1.*

I am sure care 's an enemy to life.

*Act i. Sc. 3.*

'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white  
 Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

*Act i. Sc. 5.*

Journeys end in lovers' meeting  
 Every wise man's son doth know.

*Act ii. Sc. 3.*

He does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

*Sir To.* Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

*Clo.* Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

*Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Let still the woman take  
 An elder than herself: so wears she to him,  
 So sways she level in her husband's heart,  
 For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,  
 Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,  
 More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,  
 Than women's are.

*Act ii. Sc. 4.*

And dallies with the innocence of love,  
 Like the old age.

*Act ii. Sc. 4.*

She never told her love;  
 But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
 Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;  
 And, with a green and yellow melancholy,  
 She sat, like Patience on a monument,  
 Smiling at grief.

*Act ii. Sc. 4.*

I am all the daughters of my father's house,  
 And all the brothers too.

*Act ii. Sc. 4.*

An you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortune before you. *Act ii. Sc. 5.*

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. *Act ii. Sc. 5.*

O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful  
 In the contempt and anger of his lip!

*Act iii. Sc. 1.*



TWELFTH NIGHT—*continued.*]

- Love sought is good, but given unsought is better. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*  
 Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-  
 pen, no matter. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*  
 Why, this is very Midsummer madness. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*  
 Still you keep o' the windy side of the law. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*  
 An I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen  
 him damned ere I'd have challenged him. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*  
*Clo.* What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?  
*Mal.* That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.  
*Clo.* What thinkest thou of his opinion?  
*Mal.* I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*  
 Thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

## THE WINTER'S TALE.

- A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*  
 A merry heart goes all the day,  
 Your sad tires in a mile-a. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*  
 Daffodils,  
 That come before the swallow dares, and take  
 The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,  
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
 Or Cytherea's breath. *Act iv. Sc. 3.<sup>1</sup>*  
 When you do dance, I wish you  
 A wave o' th' sea, that you might ever do  
 Nothing but that. *Act iv. Sc. 3.<sup>2</sup>*

## KING JOHN.

- Lord of thy presence, and no land beside. *Act i. Sc. 1.*  
 And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;  
 For new-made honour doth forget men's names. *Act i. Sc. 1.*  
 For he is but a bastard to the time,  
 That doth not smack of observation. *Act i. Sc. 1.*  
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth. *Act i. Sc. 1.*  
 For courage mounteth with occasion. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

<sup>1</sup> *Sc. 5, Dyce.*<sup>2</sup> *Sc. 4, Cambridge ed.*

KING JOHN—*continued.*]

I would that I were low laid in my grave;  
I am not worth this coil that 's made for me. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

St. George, that swinged the dragon, and e'er since  
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,  
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs! *Act ii. Sc. 2.<sup>1</sup>*

Here I and sorrows sit;  
Here is my throne; bid kings come bow to it. *Act iii. Sc. 1.<sup>2</sup>*

Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;  
Thou little valiant, great in villany!  
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!  
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight  
But when her humorous ladyship is by  
To teach thee safety! *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,  
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs. *Act iii. Sc. 1*

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,  
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form. *Act iii. Sc. 4*

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,  
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

When Fortune means to men most good,  
She looks upon them with a threatening eye. *Act iii. Sc. 4*

And he that stands upon a slippery place  
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up. *Act iii. Sc. 4*

How now, foolish rheum! *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,  
To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light  
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,  
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault  
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

<sup>1</sup> *Sc. 2.* Singer, Staunton, Knight. *Sc. 1.* White, Dyce, Cambridge.

<sup>2</sup> *Act ii. Sc. 2.* White.

KING JOHN—*continued.*]

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
 The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
 With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*  
 Another lean, unwash'd artificer. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*  
 How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds  
 Makes ill deeds done ! *Act iv. Sc. 2.*  
 Mocking the air with colours idly spread. *Act v. Sc. 1.*  
 This England never did, nor never shall,  
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror. *Act v. Sc. 7.*  
 Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
 And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,  
 If England to itself do rest but true. *Act v. Sc. 7.*

## KING RICHARD II.

All places that the eye of heaven visits  
 Are to a wise man ports and happy havens. *Act i. Sc. 3.*  
 O, who can hold a fire in his hand  
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?  
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite  
 By bare imagination of a feast?  
 Or wallow naked in December snow,  
 By thinking on fantastic Summer's heat.  
 O, no ! the apprehension of the good  
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse. *Act i. Sc. 3.*  
 This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,  
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
 This other Eden, demi-paradise ;  
 This fortress, built by Nature for herself,  
 Against infection and the hand of war ;  
 This happy breed of men, this little world,  
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
 Against the envy of less happier lands ;  
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.  
*Act ii. Sc. 1.*  
 The ripest fruit first falls. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*  
 Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*  
 Not all the water in the rough rude sea  
 Can wash the balm from an anointed king *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

KING RICHARD II.—*continued.*]

Let 's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

And nothing can we call our own but death,  
And that small model of the barren earth  
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.  
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,  
And tell sad stories of the death of kings. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

He is come to ope  
The purple testament of bleeding war. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

And my large kingdom for a little grave,  
A little little grave, an obscure grave. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Gave  
His body to that pleasant country's earth,  
And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ,  
Under whose colours he had fought so long. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*  
A mockery king of snow. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,  
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,  
Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

## KING HENRY IV., PART I.

In those holy fields,  
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet  
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd,  
For our advantage, on the bitter cross. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon.  
*Act i. Sc. 2.*

Old father antic the law. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

Thou hast damnable iteration. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

And now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the  
wicked. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

'T is my vocation, Hal; 't is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.  
*Act i. Sc. 2.*

He will give the Devil his due. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

There 's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee.  
*Act i. Sc. 2.*



KING HENRY IV., PART I.—*continued.*]

If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reap'd,  
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home ;  
He was perfumed like a milliner,  
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon  
He gave his nose, and took 't away again. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth  
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;  
And that it was great pity, so it was,  
This villanous saltpetre should be digg'd  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
So cowardly ; and, but for these vile guns,  
He would himself have been a soldier. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

The blood more stirs  
To rouse a lion than to start a hare ! *Act i. Sc. 3.*  
By Heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,  
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon,  
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,  
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

I know a trick worth two of that. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

It would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest forever. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Falstaff sweats to death,  
And lards the lean earth as he walks along. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Brain him with his lady's fan. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

A Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

A plague of all cowards, I say. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Call you that backing of your friends ? A plague upon such backing !  
*Act ii. Sc. 4.*

KING HENRY IV., PART I.—*continued.*]

I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

*Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Thou knowest my old ward : here I lay, and thus I bore my point.  
Four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

*Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green.

*Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Give you a reason on compulsion ! If reasons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.

*Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.

*Act ii. Sc. 4.*

I was a coward on instinct.

*Act ii. Sc. 4.*

No more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me !

*Act ii. Sc. 4.*

A plague of sighing and grief ! it blows a man up like a bladder.

*Act ii. Sc. 4.*

In King Cambyzes' vein.

*Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

*Act ii. Sc. 4.*

O monstrous ! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable dearth of sack !

*Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth  
In strange eruptions.

*Act iii. Sc. 1.*

I am not in the roll of common men.

*Act iii. Sc. 1.*

*Glen.* I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

*Hot.* Why, so can I, or so can any man ;

But will they come when you do call for them ?

*Act iii. Sc. 1.*

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the Devil.

*Act iii. Sc. 1.*

I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,

Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.

*Act iii. Sc. 1.*

But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,

I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

*Act iii. Sc. 1.*

A good mouth-filling oath.

*Act iii. Sc. 1.*

A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.

*Act iii. Sc. 2.*

To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little  
More than a little is by much too much.

*Act iii. Sc. 2.*

An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn.

*Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn ?

*Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Rob me the exchequer.

*Act iii. Sc. 3.*

KING HENRY IV., PART I.—*continued.*]

This sickness doth infect  
The very life-blood of our enterprise. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

That daff'd the world aside,  
And bid it pass. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,  
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,  
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,  
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
And witch the world with noble horsemanship. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

The cankers of a calm world and a long peace. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins, tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

Food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

I would it were bedtime, Hal, and all well. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word, honour? Air. A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it: therefore, I'll none of it: honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere. *Act v. Sc. 4.*

I could have better spared a better man. *Act v. Sc. 4.*

The better part of valour is discretion. *Act v. Sc. 4.*

Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. *Act v. Sc. 4.*

Purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly. *Act v. Sc. 4.*

## KING HENRY IV., PART II.

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,  
 So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,  
 Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,  
 And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd.

*Act i. Sc. 1.*

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news  
 Hath but a losing office; and his tongue  
 Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,  
 Remember'd knolling a departed friend.

*Act i. Sc. 1.*

I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.

*Act i. Sc. 2.*

Some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time.

*Act i. Sc. 2.*

We that are in the vaward of our youth.

*Act i. Sc. 2.*

For my voice, I have lost it with hollaing and singing of anthems.

*Act i. Sc. 2.*

If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.

*Act i. Sc. 2.*

I'll tickle your catastrophe.

*Act ii. Sc. 1.*

He hath eaten me out of house and home.

*Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in  
 the clouds and mock us.

*Act ii. Sc. 2.*

He was, indeed, the glass  
 Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.

*Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Sleep! O gentle sleep!  
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,  
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

*Act iii. Sc. 1.*

With all appliances and means to boot.

*Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

*Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all: all shall die. How  
 a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

*Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated;  
 or when a man is—being—whereby—he may be thought to be accommo-  
 dated; which is an excellent thing.

*Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

*Act iii. Sc. 2.*



KING HENRY IV., PART II.—*continued.*]

We have heard the chimes at midnight. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring : when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand  
Open as day for melting charity. *Act iv. Sc. 4.*

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought. *Act iv. Sc. 4.*

A joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

A foutra for the world and worldlings base !  
I speak of Africa and golden joys. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

Under which king, Bezonian ? speak, or die. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

## KING HENRY V.

O for a muse of fire, that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of invention ! *Chorus.*  
Consideration, like an angel, came  
And whipp'd th' offending Adam out of him. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Turn him to any cause of policy,  
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
Familiar as his garter : that, when he speaks,  
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

I dare not fight ; but I will wink, and hold out my iron. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Base is the slave that pays. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

His nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields.  
*Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin  
As self-neglecting. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,  
Or close the wall up with our English dead !  
In peace there 's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility ;  
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
Then imitate the action of the tiger :  
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

KING HENRY V.—*continued.*]

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
Straining upon the start. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

I thought upon one pair of English legs  
Did march three Frenchmen. *Act iii. Sc. 6.*

You may as well say, that 's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on  
the lip of a lion. *Act iii. Sc. 7.<sup>1</sup>*

The hum of either army stilly sounds,  
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive  
The secret whispers of each other's watch.  
Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames  
Each battle sees the other's umbered face.  
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs  
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,  
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,  
With busy hammers closing rivets up,  
Give dreadful note of preparation. *Act iv. Chorus.*

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own.  
*Act iv. Sc. 1.*

That 's a perilous shot out of an elder gun. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*  
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:  
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
Will stand a tiptoe when this day is named,  
And rouse him at the name of Crispian. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

Then shall our names,  
Familiar in their mouths<sup>2</sup> as household words,—  
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—  
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

In the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England. *Act iv. Sc. 8.*

There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things.  
*Act v. Sc. 1.*

If he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of  
good fellows. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

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*Act iii. Sc. 6, Dyce.*

<sup>2</sup> 'in his mouth,' White, Cambridge, Knight.

## KING HENRY VI., PART I.

Hung be the heavens with black. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,  
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,  
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,  
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,  
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment;  
But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,  
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;  
She is a woman, therefore to be won.<sup>1</sup> *Act v. Sc. 3.*

## KING HENRY VI., PART II.

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,  
I'd set my ten commandments<sup>2</sup> in your face. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?  
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;  
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.<sup>3</sup> *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

He dies, and makes no sign. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny:  
the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to  
drink small beer. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb  
should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should  
undo a man? *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at  
this day to testify it. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting  
a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other  
books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used;  
and, contrary to the King, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-  
mill. *Act iv. Sc. 7.*

<sup>1</sup> See also *Titus Andronicus*, *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

<sup>2</sup> See *Proverbs*, *post.*

<sup>3</sup> I'm armed with more than complete steel,  
The justice of my quarrel. *Lust's Dominion*

## KING HENRY VI., PART III.

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,  
 Within whose circuit is Elysium,  
 And all that poets feign of bliss and joy. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

And many strokes, though with a little axe,  
 Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Things ill got had ever bad success,  
 And happy always was it for that son  
 Whose father, for his hoarding, went to hell? *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

A little fire is quickly trodden out,  
 Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench. *Act iv. Sc. 8.*

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind :  
 The thief doth fear each bush an officer. *Act v. Sc. 6.*

## KING RICHARD III.

Now is the winter of our discontent  
 Made glorious summer by this sun of York,  
 And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house  
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried. \*  
 Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;  
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;  
 Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,  
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.  
 Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front.  
*Act i. Sc. 1.*

I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,  
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time  
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,  
 And that so lamely and unfashionable  
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them,—  
 Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,  
 Have no delight to pass away the time. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

To leave this keen encounter of our wits. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?  
 Was ever woman in this humour won? *Act i. Sc. 2.*

Framed in the prodigality of nature. *Act i. Sc. 2.*



KING RICHARD III.—*continued.*]

And thus I clothe my naked villany  
 With old odd ends, stol'n out of<sup>1</sup> holy writ,  
 And seem a saint, when most I play the Devil. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

O, I have pass'd a miserable night,  
 So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,  
 That, as I am a Christian faithful man,  
 I would not spend another such a night,  
 Though 't were to buy a world of happy days. *Act i. Sc. 4.*

O Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown !  
 What dreadful noise of water in mine ears !  
 What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !  
 Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks ;  
 A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon ;  
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,  
 All scattered in the bottom of the sea :  
 Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes  
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,  
 As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems. *Act i. Sc. 4.*

So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*  
 Off with his head !<sup>2</sup> *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast ;  
 Ready with every nod to tumble down. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Even in the afternoon of her best days. *Act iii. Sc. 7.*

Thou troublest me : I am not in the vein. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

Their lips were four red roses on a stalk. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women  
 Rail on the Lord's anointed. *Act iv. Sc. 4.*

Tetchy and wayward. *Act iv. Sc. 4.*

An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told. *Act iv. Sc. 4.*

Thus far into the bowels of the land  
 Have we march'd on without impediment. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings ;  
 Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

<sup>1</sup> 'stol'n forth,' White, Knight.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Cibber, p. 146.

KING RICHARD III.—*continued.*]

The king's name is a tower of strength.<sup>1</sup> *Act v. Sc. 3.*

O, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me ! *Act v. Sc. 3.*

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,  
And every tongue brings in a several tale,  
And every tale condemns me for a villain. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night  
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard  
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

The self-same heaven  
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

A thing devised by the enemy.<sup>2</sup> *Act v. Sc. 3.*

A horse ! a horse ! My kingdom for a horse ! *Act v. Sc. 4.*

I have set my life upon a cast,  
And I will stand the hazard of the die.  
I think there be six Richmonds in the field. *Act v. Sc. 4.*

## KING HENRY VIII.

Order gave each thing view. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

This bold bad man.<sup>3</sup> *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Verily  
I swear, 't is better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content,  
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

And then to breakfast, with  
What appetite you have. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,  
And from that full meridian of my glory,  
I haste now to my setting : I shall fall  
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
And no man see me more. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Press not a falling man too far. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

<sup>1</sup> The name of the Lord is a strong tower. *Prov. xviii. 10.*

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Cibber, p. 147.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, Book i. Ch. i. St. 37, and Massinger, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, Act iv. Sc. 2.

KING HENRY VIII.—*continued.*]

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !  
 This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth  
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,  
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :  
 The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye ;  
 I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched  
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours !  
 There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
 That sweet aspect of princes and their ruin,  
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;  
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
 Never to hope again. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

And sleep in dull, cold marble. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*  
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,  
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

I charge thee, fling away ambition :  
 By that sin fell the angels. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*  
 Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee,  
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
 To silence envious tongues : be just, and fear not.  
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
 Thy God's, and truth's. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal  
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age  
 Have left me naked to mine enemies. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

An old man, broken with the storms of state,  
 Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;  
 Give him a little earth for charity ! *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

He gave his honours to the world again,  
 His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*  
 So may he rest: his faults lie gently on him. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

He was a man  
 Of an unbounded stomach. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*  
 Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues  
 We write in water.<sup>1</sup> *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

<sup>1</sup> For men use, if they have an evil tourne, to write it in marble : and whoso doth us a good tourne we write it in duste. Sir Thomas More, *Richard III.*

L'injure se grave en metal  
 Et le bienfait s'escrit en l'onde.  
 Jean Bertaut (1570—1611), *Carey's French Poets.*

SHAKESPEARE.

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HENRY VIII.—*continued.*]

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;  
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;  
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;  
But to those men that sought him, sweet as Summer.

*Act iv. Sc. 2.*

After my death I wish no other herald,  
No other speaker of my living actions,  
To keep mine honour from corruption,  
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.

*Act iv. Sc. 2.*

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures.

*Act v. Sc. 2.*

'T is a cruelty,  
To load a falling man.

*Act v. Sc. 2.*

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TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

I have had my labour for my travail.

*Act i. Sc. 1.*

The baby figure of the giant mass  
Of things to come.

*Act i. Sc. 3.*

Welcome ever smiles,  
And farewell goes out sighing.

*Act iii. Sc. 3.*

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

*Act iii. Sc. 3.*

And give to dust, that is a little gilt,  
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

*Act iii. Sc. 3.*

And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,  
Be shook to air.

*Act iii. Sc. 3.*

The end crowns all.

*Act iv. Sc. 5.*

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CORIOLANUS.

I thank you for your voices, thank you,—  
Your most sweet voices.

*Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Hear you this Triton of the minnows?

*Act iii. Sc. 1.*

His nature is too noble for the world:  
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,  
Or Jove for his power to thunder.

*Act iii. Sc. 1.*

*Serv.* Where dwellest thou?

*Cor.* Under the canopy.

*Act iv. Sc. 5.*

A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,  
And harsh in sound to thine.

*Act iv. Sc. 5.*



CORIOLANUS—*continued.*]

Chaste as the icicle,  
 That's curded by the frost from purest snow,  
 And hangs on Dian's temple. *Act v. Sc. 3.*  
 If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,  
 That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I  
 Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli :  
 Alone I did it.—Boy !<sup>1</sup> *Act v. Sc. 6.*

## TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge. *Act i. Sc. 2.*  
 She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd ;  
 She is a woman, therefore may be won ;  
 She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.  
 What, man ! more water glideth by the mill  
 Than wots the miller of ; and easy it is  
 Of a cut loaf to steal a shive. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

## ROMEO AND JULIET.

The weakest goes to the wall. *Act i. Sc. 1.*  
 Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. *Act i. Sc. 1.*  
 An hour before the worshipp'd sun  
 Peer'd forth the golden window of the east. *Act i. Sc. 1.*  
 As is the bud bit with an envious worm,  
 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,  
 Or dedicate his beauty to the sun. *Act i. Sc. 1.*  
 Saint-seducing gold. *Act i. Sc. 1.*  
 He that is stricken blind, cannot forget  
 The precious treasure of his eyesight lost. *Act i. Sc. 1.*  
 One fire burns out another's burning,  
 One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish. *Act i. Sc. 2.*  
 That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,  
 That in gold clasps locks in the golden story. *Act i. Sc. 3.*  
 For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase. *Act i. Sc. 4.*  
 O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.  
 She is the fairies' midwife ; and she comes  
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
 Drawn with a team of little atomies  
 Over men's noses as they lie asleep. *Act i. Sc. 4.*

<sup>1</sup> *Act v. Sc. 5, Singer, Knight.*

ROMEO AND JULIET—*continued.*]

- True, I talk of dreams,  
Which are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy. *Act i. Sc. 4*
- For you and I are past our dancing days. *Act i. Sc. 5.*
- Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear. *Act i. Sc. 5.*
- Too early seen unknown, and known too late ! *Act i. Sc. 5.*
- When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar maid. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*
- He jests at scars, that never felt a wound. *Act ii. Sc. 2.<sup>1</sup>*
- See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand !  
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek ! *Act ii. Sc. 2.<sup>1</sup>*
- O Romeo, Romeo ! wherefore art thou Romeo ? *Act ii. Sc. 2.<sup>1</sup>*
- What's in a name ? that which we call a rose,  
By any other name would smell as sweet. *Act ii. Sc. 2.<sup>1</sup>*
- For stony limits cannot hold love out. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*
- Alack ! there lies more peril in thine eye,  
Than twenty of their swords. *Act ii. Sc. 2.<sup>1</sup>*
- At lovers' perjuries,<sup>2</sup>  
They say, Jove laughs. *Act ii. Sc. 2.<sup>1</sup>*
- Rom.* Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,  
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—  
*Jul.* O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon  
That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable. *Act ii. Sc. 2.<sup>1</sup>*
- The god of my idolatry. *Act ii. Sc. 2.<sup>1</sup>*
- This bud of love, by Summer's ripening breath,  
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet. *Act ii. Sc. 2.<sup>1</sup>*
- How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,  
Like softest music to attending ears ! *Act ii. Sc. 2.<sup>1</sup>*
- Good night, good night : parting is such sweet sorrow,  
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. *Act ii. Sc. 2.<sup>1</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> *Act ii. Sc. 1.* White.<sup>2</sup> Perjuria ridet amantum Jupiter. Tibullus, *Lib. iii. El. 7, Line 17.*

ROMEO AND JULIET—*continued.*]

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,  
 But to the earth some special good doth give;  
 Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,  
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :  
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,  
 And vice sometime 's by action dignified. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Stabbed with a white wench's black eye. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified ! *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

I am the very pink of courtesy. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

My man's as true as steel.<sup>1</sup> *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Here comes the lady.—O, so light a foot  
 Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint. *Act ii. Sc. 6.*

*Rom.* Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

*Mer.* No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but  
 't is enough. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

A plague o' both your houses ! *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

When he shall die,  
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine,  
 That all the world will be in love with night,  
 And pay no worship to the garish sun. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Beautiful tyrant ! fiend angelical ! *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Was ever book containing such vile matter  
 So fairly bound ? O, that deceit should dwell  
 In such a gorgeous palace ! *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

They may seize  
 On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,  
 And steal immortal blessing from her lips ;  
 Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,  
 Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops. *Act iii. Sc. 5.*

Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps. *Act iii. Sc. 5.*

Villain and he are many miles asunder. *Act iii. Sc. 5.*

<sup>1</sup> ' true as steel,' Chaucer, *Troilus and Cresside*, Book v. Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii. Sc. 2.

ROMEO AND JULIET—*continued.*]

Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.	<i>Act iv. Sc. 2.</i>
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne.	<i>Act v. Sc. 1.</i>
I do remember an apothecary, — And hereabouts he dwells.	<i>Act v. Sc. 1.</i>
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.	<i>Act v. Sc. 1.</i>
A beggarly account of empty boxes.	<i>Act v. Sc. 1.</i>
<i>Ap.</i> My poverty, but not my will, consents.	
<i>Rom.</i> I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.	<i>Act v. Sc. 1.</i>
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book !	<i>Act v. Sc. 3.</i>
A feasting presence full of light.	<i>Act v. Sc. 3.</i>
Beauty's ensign yet Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks, And death's pale flag is not advanced there.	<i>Act v. Sc. 3.</i>
Eyes, look your last : Arms, take your last embrace !	<i>Act v. Sc. 3.</i>

## TIMON OF ATHENS.

But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on, Leaving no tract behind.	<i>Act i. Sc. 1.</i>
We have seen better days.	<i>Act iv. Sc. 2.</i>
Are not within the leaf of pity writ.	<i>Act iv. Sc. 3.</i>
I'll example you with thievery : The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction Robs the vast sea : the moon 's an arrant thief, And her pale fire she snatches from the sun : The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves The moon into salt tears : the earth 's a thief, That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen From general excrement : each thing 's a thief.	<i>Act iv. Sc. 3.</i>

## JULIUS CÆSAR.

As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather.	<i>Act i. Sc. 1.</i>
Beware the Ides of March !	<i>Act i. Sc. 2.</i>
Well, honour is the subject of my story. I cannot tell what you and other men Think of this life ; but for my single self I had as lief not be, as live to be In awe of such a thing as I myself.	<i>Act i. Sc. 2.</i>



JULIUS CÆSAR—*continued.*]

Dar'st thou, Cassius, now  
Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
And swim to yonder point?—Upon the word,  
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,  
And bade him follow.

*Act i. Sc. 2.*

Help me, Cassius, or I sink!

*Act i. Sc. 2.*

Ye gods, it doth amaze me,  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the majestic world,  
And bear the palm alone.

*Act i. Sc. 2.*

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world  
Like a Colossus; and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
Men at some time are masters of their fates;  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

*Act i. Sc. 2.*

Conjure with them,  
*Brutus* will start a spirit as soon as *Cæsar*.  
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!  
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.

*Act i. Sc. 2.*

Let me have men about me, that are fat;  
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights;  
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.  
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,  
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,  
That could be mov'd to smile at anything.  
But, for mine own part, it was Greek to me.

*Act i. Sc. 2.**Act i. Sc. 2.**Act i. Sc. 2.*

Lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;  
But when he once attains the upmost<sup>1</sup> round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend.

*Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,  
And the first motion, all the interim is  
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:

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<sup>1</sup> 'utmost,' Singer, Knight.

JULIUS CÆSAR—*continued.*]

The Genius, and the mortal instruments,  
Are then in council; and the state of man,  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,  
He says, he does, being then most flattered. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

You are my true and honourable wife;  
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,  
In ranks and squadrons, and right form of war,  
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

When beggars die there are no comets seen;  
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.  
*Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Cowards die many times before their deaths;  
The valiant never taste of death but once. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

But I am constant as the northern star,  
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality,  
There is no fellow in the firmament. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

The choice and master spirits of this age. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Though last, not least, in love.<sup>1</sup> *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,  
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!  
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man  
That ever lived in the tide of times. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Cry "Havock!" and let slip the dogs of war. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent  
that you may hear. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him  
have I offended. I pause for a reply. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:  
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
The evil that men do lives after them,  
The good is oft interred with their bones. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*  
For Brutus is an honourable man;  
So are they all, all honourable men. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

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<sup>1</sup> See King Lear, *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

## [JULIUS CÆSAR—continued.]

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason ! *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world : now lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

See what a rent the envious Casca made. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

This was the most unkindest cut of all. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen ! *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :

I am no orator, as Brutus is.

. . . . . I only speak right on. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

When love begins to sicken and decay,

It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

You yourself

Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

The foremost man of all this world. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,

Than such a Roman. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,

Dash him to pieces ! *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,

But Brutus makes mine greater than they are. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

There is a tide in the affairs of men,

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life

Is bound in shallows, and in miseries. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

] JULIUS CÆSAR—*continued.*]

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius.  
 If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;  
 If not, why, then this parting was well made, *Act v. Sc. 1.*  
 The last of all the Romans, fare thee well! *Act v. Sc. 3.*  
 This was the noblest Roman of them all. *Act v. Sc. 5.*  
 His life was gentle; and the elements  
 So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up  
 And say to all the world, "This was a man!" *Act v. Sc. 5.*

## MACBETH.

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again,  
 In thunder, lightning, or in rain?  
 2 *Witch.* When the hurly-burly 's done,  
 When the battle 's lost and won. *Act i. Sc. 1.*  
 Fair is foul, and foul is fair. *Act i. Sc. 1.*  
 Sleep shall, neither night nor day,  
 Hang upon his penthouse lid. *Act i. Sc. 3.*  
 What are these,  
 So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;  
 That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,  
 And yet are on 't? *Act i. Sc. 3.*  
 If you can look into the seeds of time,  
 And say which grain will grow, and which will not. *Act i. Sc. 3.*  
 Stands not within the prospect of belief. *Act i. Sc. 3.*  
 The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
 And these are of them. *Act i. Sc. 3.*  
 The insane root  
 That takes the reason prisoner. *Act i. Sc. 3.*  
 And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths;  
 Win us with honest trifles, to betray us  
 In deepest consequence. *Act i. Sc. 3.*  
 Two truths are told,  
 As happy prologues to the swelling act  
 Of the imperial theme. *Act i. Sc. 3.*  
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs. *Act i. Sc. 3.*  
 Present fears  
 Are less than horrible imaginings. *Act i. Sc. 3.*



MACBETH—*continued.*]

- Nothing is  
But what is not. *Act i. Sc. 2.*
- Come what come may,  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day. *Act i. Sc. 3.*
- Nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it; he died,  
As one that had been studied in his death,  
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,  
As 't were a careless trifle. *Act i. Sc. 4.*
- There's no art  
To find the mind's construction in the face. *Act i. Sc. 4.*
- Yet do I fear thy nature :  
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness. *Act i. Sc. 5.*
- What thou wouldst highly,  
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,  
And yet wouldst wrongly win. *Act i. Sc. 5.*
- That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose. *Act i. Sc. 5.*
- Your face, my Thane, is as a book, where men  
May read strange matters. *Act i. Sc. 5.*
- This castle hath a pleasant seat : the air  
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses. *Act i. Sc. 6.*
- The heaven's breath  
Smells wooingly here. *Act i. Sc. 6.*
- Coigne of vantage. *Act i. Sc. 6.*
- If it were done, when 't is done, then 't were well  
It were done quickly : if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With his surcease, success; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—  
We 'd jump the life to come. *Act i. Sc. 7.*
- We but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips. *Act i. Sc. 7.*

MACBETH—*continued.*]

Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off;  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or Heaven's cherubin, horn'd  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air. *Act i. Sc. 7.*

I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent; but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,  
And falls on the other. *Act i. Sc. 7.*

I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people. *Act i. Sc. 7.*

Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,  
Like the poor cat i' the adage. *Act i. Sc. 7.*

I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more, is none. *Act i. Sc. 7.*

Nor time, nor place,  
Did then adhere. *Act i. Sc. 7.*

*Macb.* If we should fail,—

*Lady M.* We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,  
And we'll not fail. *Act i. Sc. 7.*

Memory, the warder of the brain. *Act i. Sc. 7.*

There's husbandry in heaven;  
Their candles are all out. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Shut up  
In measureless content. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:  
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain? *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

MACBETH—*continued.*]

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell  
That summons thee to Heaven or to Hell ! *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman  
Which gives the stern'st good night. *Act ii. Sc. 1.<sup>1</sup>*

The attempt, and not the deed,  
Confounds us. *Act ii. Sc. 1.<sup>1</sup>*

I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"  
Stuck in my throat. *Act ii. Sc. 1.<sup>1</sup>*

Methought, I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!  
Macbeth does murder sleep," the innocent sleep;  
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast. *Act ii. Sc. 1.<sup>1</sup>*  
Infirm of purpose ! *Act ii. Sc. 1.<sup>1</sup>*

My hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green—one red. *Act ii. Sc. 1.<sup>1</sup>*

The labour we delight in physics pain. *Act ii. Sc. 1.<sup>2</sup>*  
Confusion now hath made his master-piece.  
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o' the building. *Act ii. Sc. 1.<sup>2</sup>*

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of. *Act ii. Sc. 1.<sup>2</sup>*

A falcon, towering in her pride of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and killed. *Act ii. Sc. 2.<sup>1</sup>*

Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,  
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

*Mur.* We are men, my liege.

*Mac.* Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Things without all remedy,  
Should be without regard: what's done is done. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

<sup>1</sup> *Act ii. Sc. 1.* White, Dyce, Staunton. *Act ii. Sc. 2.* Cambridge, Singer, Knight.

<sup>2</sup> *Act ii. Sc. 1.* White, Dyce. *Act ii. Sc. 2.* Staunton. *Act ii. Sc. 3.* Cambridge, Singer, Knight.

<sup>3</sup> *Act ii. Sc. 2.* White, Dyce. *Act ii. Sc. 3.* Staunton. *Act ii. Sc. 4.* Cambridge, Singer, Knight.

MACBETH *continued.*]

We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Better be with the dead,  
Whom we to gain our peace have sent to peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;  
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;  
Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison,  
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,  
Can touch him further !

*Act iii. Sc. 2.*

In them Nature's copy 's not eterne.

*Act iii. Sc. 2.*

A deed of dreadful note.

*Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Now spurs the lated traveller apace,  
To gain the timely inn.

*Act iii. Sc. 3.*

But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in  
To saucy doubts and fears.

*Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both !

*Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Thou canst not say I did it : never shake  
Thy gory locks at me.

*Act iii. Sc. 4.*

The times have been,  
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,  
And there an end ; but now they rise again,  
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools.

*Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,  
Which thou dost glare with !

*Act iii. Sc. 4.*

What man dare, I dare  
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;  
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble.

*Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Hence, horrible shadow !  
Unreal mockery, hence !

*Act iii. Sc. 4.*

You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,  
With most admir'd disorder.

*Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder?  
Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once.

*Act iii. Sc. 4.**Act iii. Sc. 4.*



MACBETH—*continued.*]

Double, double toil and trouble.	<i>Act iv. Sc. 1.</i>
Eye of newt, and toe of frog.	<i>Act iv. Sc. 1.</i>
Black spirits and white,	
Red spirits and gray,	
Mingle, mingle, mingle,	
You that mingle may. <sup>1</sup>	<i>Act iv. Sc. 1.</i>
By the pricking of my thumbs,	
Something wicked this way comes :	
Open, locks, whoever knocks.	<i>Act iv. Sc. 1.</i>
How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?	<i>Act iv. Sc. 1.</i>
A deed without a name.	<i>Act iv. Sc. 1.</i>
I'll make assurance double sure,	
And take a bond of Fate.	<i>Act iv. Sc. 1.</i>
Show his eyes, and grieve his heart ;	
Come like shadows, so depart.	<i>Act iv. Sc. 1.</i>
What ! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom ?	
	<i>Act iv. Sc. 1.</i>
The weird sisters.	<i>Act iv. Sc. 1.</i>
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,	
Unless the deed go with it.	<i>Act iv. Sc. 1.</i>
When our actions do not,	
Our fears do make us traitors.	<i>Act iv. Sc. 2.</i>
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.	<i>Act iv. Sc. 3.</i>
Stands Scotland where it did ?	<i>Act iv. Sc. 3.</i>
Give sorrow words ; the grief that does not speak	
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.	<i>Act iv. Sc. 3.</i>
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,	
At one fell swoop ?	<i>Act iv. Sc. 3.</i>
I cannot but remember such things were,	
That were most precious to me.	<i>Act iv. Sc. 3.</i>
O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,	
And braggart with my tongue !	<i>Act iv. Sc. 3.</i>
Out, damned spot ! out, I say !	<i>Act v. Sc. 1.</i>
Fie, my lord, fie ! a soldier, and afeard ?	<i>Act v. Sc. 1.</i>

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<sup>1</sup> This song is found entire in "The Witch," by Thomas Middleton, *Act v. Sc. 2*, (*Works*, ed. Dyce,) iii. 328, and is there called *A charm Song about a Vessel*.

MACBETH --continued.]

All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.

*Act v. Sc. 1.*

My way of life<sup>1</sup>

Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,  
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

*Act v. Sc. 3.*

*Doct.* Not so sick, my lord,  
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,  
That keep her from her rest.

*Mach.* Cure her of that :  
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,  
And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,  
Which weighs upon the heart?

*Doct.* Therein the patient  
Must minister to himself.

*Mach.* Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.

*Act v. Sc. 3.*

I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
That should applaud again.

*Act v. Sc. 3.*

Hang out our banners on the outward walls;  
The cry is still, *They come*. Our castle's strength  
Will laugh a siege to scorn.

*Act v. Sc. 5.*

And my fell of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir,  
As life were in 't. I have supp'd full with horrors.

*Act v. Sc. 5*

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !  
Life 's but a walking shadow; a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more : it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

*Act v. Sc. 5.*

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<sup>1</sup> Johnson would read, 'May of life.'

MACBETH—*continued.*]

To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,  
That lies like truth : *Fear not, till Birnam wood*  
*Do come to Dunsinane.* *Act v. Sc. 5.*

Blow, wind ! come, wrack !  
At least we 'll die with harness on our back. *Act v. Sc. 5.*  
I bear a charmed life. *Act v. Sc. 7.<sup>1</sup>*

And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,  
That palter with us in a double sense ;  
That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope. *Act v. Sc. 7.<sup>1</sup>*  
Live to be the show and gaze o' the time. *Act v. Sc. 7.<sup>1</sup>*

Lay on, Macduff ;  
And damn'd be him that first cries, " Hold, enough !"  
*Act v. Sc. 7.<sup>1</sup>*

## HAMLET.

For this relief much thanks. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

But in the gross and scope of mine opinion,  
This bodes some strange eruption to our State. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Does not divide the Sunday from the week. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead  
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

And then it started, like a guilty thing  
Upon a fearful summons. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,  
The extravagant and erring spirit hies  
To his confine. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
The bird of dawning singeth all night long :  
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir<sup>2</sup> abroad ;  
The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike,  
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,  
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

<sup>1</sup> *Act v. Sc. 7*, White, Singer, Knight. *Act v. Sc. 8*, Cambridge, Dyce, Staunton.

<sup>2</sup> 'can walk,' White, Knight.

HAMLET—*continued.*]

The morn, in russet mantle clad, Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.	<i>Act i. Sc. 1.</i>
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye, With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage, In equal scale weighing delight and dole.	<i>Act i. Sc. 2.</i>
The head is not more native to the heart,	<i>Act i. Sc. 2.</i>
A little more than kin, and less than kind.	<i>Act i. Sc. 2.</i>
<i>Seems</i> , madam I <i>nay</i> , it is; I know not <i>seems</i> .	<i>Act i. Sc. 2.</i>
But I have that within, which passeth show; These but the trappings and the suits of woe.	<i>Act i. Sc. 2.</i>
O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt, Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew; Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd His canon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God! O God! How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable Seem to me all the uses of this world!	<i>Act i. Sc. 2.</i>
That it should come to this!	<i>Act i. Sc. 2.</i>
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother, That he might not beteem the winds of heaven Visit her face too roughly.	<i>Act i. Sc. 2.</i>
Why, she would hang on him, As if increase of appetite had grown By what it fed on.	<i>Act i. Sc. 2.</i>
Frailty, thy name is woman!	<i>Act i. Sc. 2.</i>
A little month.	<i>Act i. Sc. 2.</i>
Like Niobe, all tears.	<i>Act i. Sc. 2.</i>
A beast, that wants discourse of reason.	<i>Act i. Sc. 2.</i>
My father's brother, but no more like my father, Than I to Hercules.	<i>Act i. Sc. 2.</i>
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good.	<i>Act i. Sc. 2.</i>
Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.	<i>Act i. Sc. 2.</i>
In my mind's eye, Horatio.	<i>Act i. Sc. 2.</i>
He was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again.	<i>Act i. Sc. 2.</i>
Season your admiration for a while.	<i>Act i. Sc. 2.</i>
In the dead vast and middle of the night.	<i>Act i. Sc. 2.</i>
Armed at all points.	<i>Act i. Sc. 2.</i>



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HAMLET—*continued.*]

A countenance more  
In sorrow than in anger. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

It was, as I have seen it in his life,  
A sable silvered. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

Give it an understanding, but no tongue. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

Foul deeds will rise,  
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,  
If she unmask her beauty to the moon. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

The canker galls the infants of the spring,  
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed;  
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth  
Contagious blastments are most imminent. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,  
Show me the steep and thorny way to Heaven,  
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,  
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,  
And recks not his own rede. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

Give thy thoughts no tongue. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:  
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops<sup>1</sup> of steel. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,  
Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.  
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.  
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

Neither a borrower nor a lender be,  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
This above all,—to thine own self be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

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<sup>1</sup> 'hooks,' Singer.

HAMLET—*continued.*]

Springs to catch woodcocks. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

*Ham.* The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

*Hor.* It is a nipping and an eager air. *Act i. Sc. 4.*

But to my mind,—though I am native here,

And to the manner born,—it is a custom

More honour'd in the breach, than the observance. *Act i. Sc. 4.*

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us! *Act i. Sc. 4.*

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,

Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,

That I will speak to thee. *Act i. Sc. 4.*

Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell,

Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsed in death,

Have burst their cerements? why the sepulchre,

Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,

Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,

To cast thee up again? What may this mean,

That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel

Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,

Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,

So horribly to shake our disposition

With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls? *Act i. Sc. 4.*

I do not set my life at a pin's fee. *Act i. Sc. 4.*

My fate cries out,

And makes each petty artery in this body

As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.— *Act i. Sc. 4.*

Unhand me, gentlemen,

By Heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me. *Act i. Sc. 4.*

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark. *Act i. Sc. 4.*

I am thy father's spirit:

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,

And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,<sup>1</sup>

Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,

Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,

I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word

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<sup>1</sup> 'to lasting fires,' Singer.

HAMLET—*continued.*]

Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,  
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,  
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
 And each particular hair to stand on end,  
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine :  
 But this eternal blazon must not be  
 To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O list ! *Act i. Sc. 5.*  
 And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed  
 That rots itself<sup>1</sup> in ease on Lethe wharf. *Act i. Sc. 5.*  
                                     O my prophetic soul !  
 Mine uncle ! *Act i. Sc. 5.*  
 O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there ! *Act i. Sc. 5.*  
 But soft : methinks I scent the morning air :  
 Brief let me be. Sleeping within mine orchard,  
 My custom always in the afternoon. *Act i. Sc. 5.*  
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,  
 Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd ;  
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
 With all my imperfections on my head. *Act i. Sc. 5.*  
                                     Leave her to Heaven,  
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,  
 To prick and sting her. . . . .  
 The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,  
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire. *Act i. Sc. 5.*  
                                     While memory holds a seat  
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee ?  
 Yea, from the table of my memory  
 I 'll wipe away all trivial fond records. *Act i. Sc. 5.*  
 Within the book and volume of my brain. *Act i. Sc. 5.*  
 My tables, my tables,—meet it is, I set it down,  
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain ;  
 At least, I am sure it may be so in Denmark. *Act i. Sc. 5.*  
 There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave  
 To tell us this. *Act i. Sc. 5.*  
 There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
 Than are dreamt of in your<sup>2</sup> philosophy. *Act i. Sc. 5.*  
 Rest, rest, perturbed spirit ! *Act i. Sc. 5.*  
 The time is out of joint ; O cursed spite !  
 That ever I was born to set it right. *Act i. Sc. 5.*

<sup>1</sup> 'roots itself,' White, Dyce, Cambridge.<sup>2</sup> 'our,' White, Dyce, Knight.

HAMLET—*continued.*]

The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind;  
A savageness in unreclaimed blood. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

This is the very ecstasy of love. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Brevity is the soul of wit. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

More matter, with less art. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

That he is mad, 't is true : 't is true 't is pity,  
And pity 't is 't is true. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Find out the cause of this effect;  
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,  
For this effect defective comes by cause. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Doubt thou the stars are fire,  
Doubt that the sun doth move;  
Doubt truth to be a liar,  
But never doubt I love. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Still harping on my daughter. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

*Pol.* What do you read, my lord?

*Ham.* Words, words, words. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

They have a plentiful lack of wit. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Though this be madness, yet there's method in 't. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

On Fortune's cap we are not the very button. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Man delights not me; no, nor woman neither. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

I know a hawk from a hand-saw. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Come, give us a taste of your quality. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

The play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

They are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping?  
*Act ii. Sc. 2.*



HAMLET—*continued.*]

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
That he should weep for her? *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak  
With most miraculous organ.<sup>1</sup> *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

The Devil hath power  
To assume a pleasing shape. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

The play's the thing  
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

With devotion's visage,  
And pious action, we do sugar o'er  
The Devil himself. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

To be, or not to be; that is the question:—  
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep,—  
No more: and, by a sleep, to say we end  
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to,—'t is a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep:—  
To sleep! perchance, to dream: ay, there's the rub;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause. There's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life:  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels<sup>2</sup> bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,—  
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
And thus the native hue of resolution

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Chaucer, *The Nonnes Preestes Tale*, Line 15058.

<sup>2</sup> 'Who would these fardels,' White, Knight.

HAMLET—*continued.*]

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard their currents turn awry,  
 And lose the name of action. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Nymph, in thy orisons  
 Be all my sins remember'd. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*  
 Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.  
*Act iii. Sc. 1.*

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!  
 The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's eye, tongue, sword.  
*Act iii. Sc. 1.*

The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,  
 The observed of all observers! *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,  
 Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all  
 gently. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the ground-  
 lings. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

It out-herods Herod. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special  
 observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

To hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious  
 grieve. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Not to speak it profanely. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not  
 made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

O, reform it altogether. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man  
 As e'er my conversation coped withal. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

No; let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;  
 And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,  
 Where thrift may follow fawning. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

A man, that Fortune's buffets and rewards  
 Hast ta'en with equal thanks. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

HAMLET—*continued.*]

They are not a pipe for Fortune's finger  
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man  
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him  
In my heart's core, aye, in my heart of heart,  
As I do thee. Something too much of this. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

And my imaginations are as foul  
As Vulcan's stithy. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Here's metal more attractive. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Nay, then let the Devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot! *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

This is miching *mallecho*; it means mischief. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

*Ham.* Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

*Oph.* 'T is brief, my lord.

*Ham.* As woman's love. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

The lady doth protest<sup>2</sup> too much, methinks. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,  
The hart ungalled play;  
For some must watch, while some must sleep;  
Thus runs the world away. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

'T is as easy as lying. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

It will discourse most eloquent music. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Pluck out the heart of my mystery. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

*Ham.* Do you see yonder cloud that 's almost in shape of a camel?<sup>3</sup>

*Pol.* By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.

*Ham.* Methinks it is like a weasel.

*Pol.* It is back'd like a weasel.

*Ham.* Or, like a whale?

*Pol.* Very like a whale. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

They fool me to the top of my bent. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

'T is now the very witching time of night,  
When churchyards yawn, and Hell itself breathes out  
Contagion to this world. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

I will speak daggers to her, but use none. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

<sup>1</sup> See *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

<sup>2</sup> 'protests too much,' White, Knight.

<sup>3</sup> 'in shape like a camel'; so the folios.

HAMLET—*continued.*]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;  
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,  
A brother's murder *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Help, angels! make assay:  
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of steel,  
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

About some act,  
That has no relish of salvation in 't. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*  
Dead, for a ducat, dead. *Act iii. Sc. 4*

And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,  
if it be made of penetrable stuff. *Act iii. Sc. 4*  
False as dicers' oaths. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Look here, upon this picture, and on this;  
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.  
See, what a grace was seated on this brow:  
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;  
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;  
A station like the herald Mercury,  
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;  
A combination, and a form, indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

At your age,  
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*  
O shame! where is thy blush? *Act iii. Sc. 4*

A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,  
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,  
And put it in his pocket! *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

A king of shreds and patches. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*  
This is the very coinage of your brain. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Bring me to the test,  
And I the matter will re-word, which madness  
Would gamble from. Mother, for love of grace,  
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*  
Assume a virtue, if you have it not. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

I must be cruel, only to be kind:  
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind. *Act iii. Sc. 4*

For 't is the sport to have the engineer  
Hoist with his own petar. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*



HAMLET—*continued.*]

Diseases, desperate grown,  
By desperate appliance are relieved,  
Or not at all. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the  
fish that hath fed of that worm. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,  
Looking before and after, gave us not  
That capability and godlike reason,  
To fust in us unus'd. *Act iv. Sc. 4.*

Greatly to find quarrel in a straw,  
When honour 's at the stake. *Act iv. Sc. 4.*

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,  
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt. *Act iv. Sc. 5.*

We know what we are, but know not what we may be. *Act iv. Sc. 5.*

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,  
But in battalions. *Act iv. Sc. 5.*

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,  
That treason can but peep to what it would. *Act iv. Sc. 5.*

There 's rosemary, that 's for remembrance ; . . . and there is pansies,  
that 's for thoughts. *Act iv. Sc. 5.*

A very riband in the cap of youth. *Act iv. Sc. 7.*

One woe doth tread upon another's heel  
So fast they follow. *Act iv. Sc. 7.*

Cudgel thy brains no more about it. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Has this fellow no feeling of his business? *Act v. Sc. 1.*

The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

One, that was a woman, sir ; but, rest her soul, she's dead. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

How absolute the knave is ! we must speak by the card, or equivocation  
will undo us. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

The age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the  
heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Alas, poor Yorick ! I knew him, Horatio : a fellow of infinite jest, of most  
excellent fancy. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Where be your gibes now ? your gambols ? your songs ? your flashes of  
merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar ? *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Now get you to my lady's chamber and tell her, let her paint an inch  
thick, to this favour she must come. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

HAMLET—*continued.*]

To what base uses we may return, Horatio ! Why may not imagination  
trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole ?

*Act v. Sc. 1.*

Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Lay her i' the earth ;  
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,  
May violets spring.<sup>1</sup> *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Sweets to the sweet : farewell. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,  
And not t' have strewed thy grave. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

For though I am not splenetic and rash,  
Yet have I in me something dangerous. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Nay, and thou 'lt mouth,  
I 'll rant as well as thou. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Let Hercules himself do what he may,  
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

Into a towering passion. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry  
a cannon by our sides. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,  
And hurt my brother. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

A hit, a very palpable hit. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

Report me and my cause aright. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

This fell sergeant, death,  
Is strict in his arrest. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

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<sup>1</sup> Cf. Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, xviii.

## KING LEAR.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
To have a thankless child ! *Act i. Sc. 4.*

Striving to better, oft we mar what 's well. *Act i. Sc. 4.*

Down, thou climbing sorrow !  
Thy element 's below. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,  
Stain my man's cheeks. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks ! rage ! blow !  
*Act iii. Sc. 2.*

I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Tremble, thou wretch,  
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,  
Unwhipp'd of justice. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

I am a man  
More sinn'd against than sinning. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

O, that way madness lies ; let me shun that. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,  
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,  
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,  
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you  
From seasons such as these ? *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Take physic, pomp ;  
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Out-paramoured the Turk. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

'T is a naughty night to swim in. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

The green mantle of the standing pool. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

But mice, and rats, and such small deer,  
Have been Tom's food for seven long year. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

The prince of darkness is a gentleman. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

I 'll talk a word with this same learned Theban. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Fie, foh, and fum,  
I smell the blood of a British man. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

The little dogs and all,  
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.  
*Act iii. Sc. 6.*

KING LEAR—*continued.*]

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel, grim,  
Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym;  
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail. *Act iii. Sc. 6.*

Patience and sorrow strove,  
Who should express her goodliest. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

Half-way down  
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!  
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.  
The fishermen that walk upon the beach  
Appear like mice. *Act iv. Sc. 6.*

Ay, every inch a king. *Act iv. Sc. 6.*

Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination.  
*Act iv. Sc. 6.*

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;  
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. *Act iv. Sc. 6.*

Mine enemy's dog,  
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night  
Against my fire. *Act iv. Sc. 7.*

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices  
Make instruments to plague us.<sup>1</sup> *Act v. Sc. 3.*

Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass: he hates him,  
That would upon the rack of this tough world  
Stretch him out longer. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

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 OTHELLO.

That never set a squadron in the field,  
Nor the division of a battle knows. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

The bookish theoric. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Whip me such honest knaves. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve  
For daws to peck at. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

The wealthy curled darlings of our nation. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

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<sup>1</sup> 'scourge us,' Singer.



OTHELLO—*continued.*]

Most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors,  
My very noble and approv'd good masters,  
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
It is most true ; true, I have married her :  
The very head and front of my offending  
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,  
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace ;  
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd  
Their dearest action in the tented field ;  
And little of this great world can I speak,  
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle ;  
And, therefore, little shall I grace my cause  
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,  
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver  
Of my whole course of love.

*Act i. Sc. 3.*

Her father lov'd me ; oft invited me ;  
Still question'd me the story of my life,  
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
That I have pass'd.  
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,  
To the very moment that he bade me tell it :  
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field ;  
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach ;  
Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,  
And portance in my travel's history :  
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven,  
It was my hint to speak,—such was the process. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear,<sup>1</sup>  
Would Desdemona seriously incline. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

And often did beguile her of her tears,  
When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,  
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :  
She swore,—in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange ;  
'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful :  
She wish'd she had not heard it ; yet she wish'd  
That Heaven had made her such a man : she thank'd me ;

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<sup>1</sup> 'these things to hear,' Singer, Knight.

OTHELLO—*continued.*]

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,  
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake;  
 She loved me for the dangers I had passed,  
 And I loved her that she did pity them.  
 This only is the witchcraft I have used. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

I do perceive here a divided duty. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the thief.  
*Act i. Sc. 3.*

The tyrant custom, most grave senators,  
 Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war  
 My thrice-driven bed of down. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

I saw Othello's visage in his mind. *Act. i. Sc. 3.*

Put money in thy purse. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him  
 shortly as bitter as coloquintida. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

Framed to make women false. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

For I am nothing, if not critical. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

I am not merry; but I do beguile  
 The thing I am, by seeming otherwise. *Act. ii. Sc. 1.*

She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—

*Des.* To do what?

*Iago.* To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

*Des.* O, most lame and impotent conclusion! *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Egregiously an ass. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Potations pottle deep. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

King Stephen was a worthy peer,

His breeches cost him but a crown;

He held them sixpence all too dear,

With that he called the tailor, lown.<sup>1</sup> *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle  
 From her propriety. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Your name is great

In mouths of wisest censure. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

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<sup>1</sup> Though these lines are from an old ballad given in *Percy's Reliques* they are much altered by Shakespeare, and it is his version we sing in the nursery.

OTHELLO—*continued.*]

Cassio, I love thee;

But never more be officer of mine.

*Act ii. Sc. 3.*

*Iago.* What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

*Cas.* Ay, past all surgery.

*Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.

*Act ii. Sc. 3.*

O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

*Act ii. Sc. 3.*

O that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains!

*Act ii. Sc. 3.*

*Cas.* Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

*Iago.* Come, come; good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used.

*Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,  
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,  
Chaos is come again.<sup>1</sup>

*Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Speak to me as to thy thinkings,  
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts  
The worst of words.

*Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.  
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 't is something, nothing;  
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;  
But he that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.

*Act iii. Sc. 3.*

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;  
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock  
The meat it feeds on.

*Act iii. Sc. 3.*

But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,  
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly<sup>2</sup> loves!

*Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough.

*Act iii. Sc. 3.*

To be once in doubt,  
Is once to be resolved.

*Act iii. Sc. 3.*

If I do prove her haggard,  
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,  
I 'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,  
To prey at fortune.

*Act iii. Sc. 3.*

<sup>1</sup> For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,  
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again — *Venus and Adonis*.

<sup>2</sup> 'fondly,' White, Knight. 'soundly,' Staunton.

OTHELLO—*continued.*]

I am declined Into the vale of years.	<i>Act iii. Sc. 3.</i>
That we can call these delicate creatures ours, And not their appetites !	<i>Act iii. Sc. 3.</i>
Trifles, light as air, Are to the jealous confirmations strong As proofs of holy writ.	<i>Act iii. Sc. 3.</i>
Not poppy, nor mandragora, Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world, Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep Which thou ow'dst yesterday.	<i>Act iii. Sc. 3.</i>
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen, Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd at all.	<i>Act iii. Sc. 3.</i>
O, now, for ever, Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content ! Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars, That make ambition virtue ! O, farewell ! Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump, The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife, The royal banner, and all quality, Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war ! And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit, Farewell ! Othello's occupation's gone !	<i>Act iii. Sc. 3.</i>
Be sure of it : give me the ocular proof.	<i>Act iii. Sc. 3.</i>
No hinge, nor loop, To hang a doubt on.	<i>Act iii. Sc. 3.</i>
On horror's head horrors accumulate.	<i>Act iii. Sc. 3.</i>
But this denoted a foregone conclusion.	<i>Act iii. Sc. 3.</i>
Swell, bosom, with thy fraught, For 't is of aspics' tongues !	<i>Act iii. Sc. 3.</i>
They 'augh that win.	<i>Act iv. Sc. 1.</i>
But yet the pity of it, Iago ! O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago !	<i>Act iv. Sc. 1.</i>
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips.	<i>Act iv. Sc. 2.</i>
But, alas ! to make me A fixed figure, for the time of scorn To point his slow unmoving finger 't at.	<i>Act iv. Sc. 2.</i>

: 'slow and moving finger,' Knight, Staunton.



OTHELLO—*continued.*]

O Heaven! that such companions thou'dst unfold,  
And put in every honest hand a whip,  
To lash the rascals naked through the world. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

'Tis neither here nor there. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

He hath a daily beauty in his life. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

This is the night  
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Put out the light, and then—put out the light. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

One entire and perfect chrysolite. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

I have done the State some service, and they know it;  
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,  
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice: then, must you speak  
Of one that lov'd, not wisely, but too well;  
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,  
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,  
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away,  
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdu'd eyes,  
Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
Their med'cinable gum. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

'There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

My salad days,  
When I was green in judgment. *Act i. Sc. 5.*

For her own person,  
It beggared all description. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Come, thou monarch of the vine,  
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne. *Act ii. Sc. 7.*

Who does it the wars more than his captain can,  
Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,  
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,  
Than gain which darkens him. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA—*continued.*]

He wears the rose  
Of youth upon him. *Act iii. Sc. 11.*

This morning, like the spirit of a youth  
That means to be of note, begins betimes. *Act iv. Sc. 4.*

Sometime, we see a cloud that 's dragonish,  
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,  
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock. *Act iv. Sc. 12.*

That which is now a horse, even with a thought,  
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct. *Act iv. Sc. 12.*

Let 's do it after the high Roman fashion. *Act iv. Sc. 13.*

Mechanic slaves  
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

## CYMBELINE.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phoebus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chalic'd flowers that lies;  
And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Some griefs are med'cinable. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

No, 'tis slander,  
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue  
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Weariness  
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth,  
Finds the down pillow hard. *Act iii. Sc. 6.*

Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

None but the lark so shrill and clear!  
Now at Heaven's gate she claps her wings,  
The morn not waking till she sings.

John Lylye, *Alexander and Campaspe*, *Act v. Sc. 1.*

## PERICLES.

- 3 *Fish.* Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.  
 1 *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land : the great ones eat up the little ones.  
*Act ii. Sc. i.*

## POEMS.

- Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear.  
*Venus and Adonis. Line 145.*
- For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.  
*Lucrece. Line 1006.*
- Crabbed age and youth  
 Cannot live together. *The Passionate Pilgrim, viii.*
- Have you not heard it said full oft,  
 A woman's nay doth stand for naught? *Ibid. xiv.*
- As it fell upon a day  
 In the merry month of May.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid. xv.*
- She in thee  
 Calls back the lovely April of her prime. *Sonnet iii.*
- And stretched metre of an antique song. *Sonnet xvii.*
- But thy eternal summer shall not fade. *Sonnet xviii.*
- The painful warrior, famoused for fight,  
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,  
 Is from the books of honour razed quite,  
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd. *Sonnet xxv.*
- When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
 I summon up remembrance of things past. *Sonnet xxx.*
- Like stones of worth, they thinly placed are,  
 Or captain jewels in the carcanet. *Sonnet lii.*
- And art made tongue-tied by authority. *Sonnet lxvi.*
- And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,  
 And captive good attending captain ill. *Ibid.*
- The ornament of beauty is suspect,  
 A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air. *Sonnet lxx.*
- Do not drop in for an after-loss.  
 Ah, do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,  
 Come in the rearward of a conquered woe ;  
 Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,  
 To linger out a purpos'd overthrow. *Sonnet xc.*

<sup>1</sup> See Barnfield, p. 84

POEMS—*continued.*]

When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,  
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything. *Sonnet xcvi.*

And beauty, making beautiful old rhyme. *Sonnet cvi.*

My nature is subdu'd  
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand. *Sonnet cxi.*

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments : love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds. *Sonnet cxvi.*

That full star that ushers in the even. *Sonnet cxxxii.*

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies  
In the small orb of one particular tear !  
*A Lover's Complaint, St. xlii.*



FRANCIS BACON. 1561—1626.

WORKS (*Ed. Spedding and Ellis*).

Come home to men's business and bosoms.  
*Dedication to the Essays. Ed. 1625.*

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of  
truth. *Essay i. Of Truth.*

A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philo-  
sophy bringeth men's minds about to religion. *Essay xvi. Atheism.*

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune ; for they  
are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief.  
*Essay viii. Of Marriage and Single Life.*

Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times, and  
which have much veneration, but no rest.<sup>1</sup> *Essay xix. Empire.*

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be  
chewed and digested. *Essay l. Of Studies.*

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an  
exact man. *Ibid.*

Histories make men wise ; poets, witty ; the mathematics, subtle ;  
natural philosophy, deep ; moral, grave ; logic and rhetoric, able to  
contend. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Shelley, *Hellas*.



I hold every man a debtor to his profession; from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavour themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereunto.

*Maxims of the Law. Preface.*

Knowledge is power.—*Nam et ipsa scientia potestas est.*<sup>1</sup>

*Meditationes Sacrae. De Hæresibus.*

When you wander, as you often delight to do, you wander indeed, and give never such satisfaction as the curious time requires. This is not caused by any natural defect, but first for want of election, when you, having a large and fruitful mind, should not so much labour what to speak, as to find what to leave unspoken. Rich soils are often to be weeded.

*Letter of Expostulation to Coke.*

My Lord St. Albans said that nature did never put her precious jewels into a garret four stories high, and therefore that exceeding tall men had ever very empty heads.<sup>2</sup>

*Apothegm, No. 17.*

"Antiquitas sæculi juvenus mundi." These times are the ancient times, when the world is ancient, and not those which we account ancient *ordine retrogrado*, by a computation backward from ourselves.<sup>3</sup>

*Advancement of Learning. Book i. (1605).*

It [Poesy] was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shews of things to the desires of the mind.

*Ibid. Book ii.*

<sup>1</sup> A wise man is strong; yea, a man of knowledge increaseth strength.—*Prov. xxiv. 5.*

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Fuller, p. 125.

<sup>3</sup> As in the little, so in the great world, reason will tell you that old age or antiquity is to be accounted by the farther distance from the beginning and the nearer approach to the end. The times wherein we now live being in propriety of speech the most ancient since the world's creation.—George Hakewill, *An Apologie or Declaration of the Power and Providence of God in the Government of the World.* London, 1627.

For as old age is that period of life most remote from infancy, who does not see that old age in this universal man ought not to be sought in the times nearest his birth, but in those most remote from it?—Pascal, *Preface to the Treatise on Vacuum.*

We are Ancients of the earth,  
And in the morning of the times.

Tennyson, *The Day Dream. (L'Envoi.)*

It is worthy of remark that a thought which is often quoted from Francis Bacon occurs in [Giordano] Bruno's *Cena di Cenere*, published in 1584; I mean the notion that the later times are more aged than the earlier.—Whewell, *Philos. of the Inductive Sciences*, Vol. ii. p. 198, London, 1847.

ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING—*continued.*]

The sun, which passeth through pollutions and itself remains as pure as before.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.* Book ii.

For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and to the next ages. *From his Will.*



## RICHARD ALLISON.

There is a garden in her face,  
Where roses and white lilies grow ;  
A heavenly paradise is that place,  
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow :  
There cherries grow that none may buy  
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.  
*From An Howres Recreation in Musike, 1606.*

Those cherries fairly do enclose  
Of orient pearl a double row,  
Which, when her lovely laughter shows,  
They look like rosebuds fill'd with snow. *Ibid.*



## GEORGE PEELE. 1552—1598.

His golden locks time hath to silver turned ;  
O time too swift ! O swiftness never ceasing !  
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,  
But spurn'd in vaine ; youth waneth by encreasing.  
*Sonnet ad fin. Polyhymnia.*

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,  
And lovers' songs be turn'd to holy psalms ;  
A man at arms must now serve on his knees,  
And feed on prayers, which are old age's alms. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> The sun, though it passes through dirty places, yet remains as pure as before.—*Adv. of Learning, ed. Dewey.*

Spiritualis enim virtus sacramenti ita est ut lux : etsi per immundos transeat, non inquinatur.—St. Augustine, *Works, Vol. 3, In Johannis Evang., Cap. i. Tr. v. § 15.*

The sun reflecting upon the mud of strands and shores is unpolluted in his beam.—Taylor, *Holy Living, Ch. i. Sect. 3.*

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—Milton, *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.*

My merry, merry, merry roundelay  
 Concludes with Cupid's curse :  
 They that do change old love for new,  
 Pray gods, they change for worse !

*Cupid's Curse,  
 From the Arraignment of Paris.*



JOHN HEYWOOD. — — 1565.

The loss of wealth is loss of dirt,  
 As sages in all times assert ;  
 The happy man 's without a shirt.

*Be Merry Friends.*

Let the world slide, let the world go :  
 A fig for care, and a fig for woe !  
 If I can't pay, why I can owe,  
 And death makes equal the high and low.

*Ibid.*



SIR HENRY WOTTON. 1568—1639.

How happy is he born or taught,  
 That serveth not another's will ;  
 Whose armour is his honest thought,  
 And simple truth his utmost skill !

*The Character of a Happy Life.*

And entertains the harmless day  
 With a religious book or friend.

*Ibid.*

Lord of himself, though not of lands ;  
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

*Ibid.*

You meaner beauties of the night,  
 That poorly satisfy our eyes  
 More by your number than your light,  
 You common people of the skies ;  
 What are you when the moon<sup>1</sup> shall rise ?

*To his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia.*

I am but a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff.

*Preface to the Elements of Architecture.*

Hanging was the worst use man could be put to.

*The Disparity between Buckingham and Essex.*

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<sup>1</sup> "sun" in *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, Eds. 1651, 1672, 1685.

WOTTON—*continued.*]

An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the common-wealth.<sup>1</sup>

The itch of disputing will prove the scab of churches.<sup>2</sup>

*A Panegyric to King Charles.*



SIR JOHN HARRINGTON. 1561—1612.

Treason doth never prosper, what 's the reason?

Why if it prosper, none dare call it treason.<sup>3</sup>

*Epigrams. Book iv. Ep. 5.*



SAMUEL DANIEL. 1562—1619.

Unless above himself he can

Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

*To the Countess of Cumberland. Stanza 12.*



MICHAEL DRAYTON. 1563—1631.

For that fine madness still he did retain,

Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.

(Of Marlowe.) *To Henry Reynolds, of Poets and Poesy.*



RICHARD BARNFIELD. (*Born circa 1570.*)

As it fell upon a day

In the merry month of May,

Sitting in a pleasant shade

Which a grove of myrtles made.

*Address to the Nightingale.*

<sup>1</sup> In a letter to Velsers, 1612, Wotton says, "This merry definition of an Ambassador I had chanced to set down at my friend's Mr. Christopher Fleckamore, in his Album."

<sup>2</sup> In his will, he directed the stone over his grave to be thus inscribed:—

Hic jacet hujus sententiæ primus author :  
DISPUTANDI PRURITUS ECCLESiarUM SCABIES.  
Nomen alias quære.

*Walton's Life of Wotton.*

<sup>3</sup> Prosperum ac felix scelus  
Virtus vocatur.

*Seneca, Herc. Furens, 2, 250.*

This song, often attributed to Shakespeare, is now confidently assigned to Barnfield; it is found in his collection of Poems in *Divers Humours*, published in 1598.



DR. JOHN DONNE. 1573—1631.

He was the Word, that spake it;  
He took the bread and brake it;  
And what that Word did make it,  
I do believe and take it.

*Divine Poems. On the Sacrament.*

We understood  
Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood  
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,  
That one might almost say her body thought.

*Funeral Elegies. On the Death of Mistress Drury.*

She and comparisons are odious.<sup>1</sup>

*Elegy 8. The Comparison.*



BEN JONSON. 1574—1637.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine;  
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
And I'll not look for wine.<sup>2</sup>

*The Forest. To Celia.*

Still to be neat, still to be drest  
As you were going to a feast.<sup>3</sup>

*The Silent Woman. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Give me a look, give me a face,  
That makes simplicity a grace.  
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;  
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,  
Than all th' adulteries of art;  
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

*Ibid.*

In small proportion we just beauties see,  
And in short measures life may perfect be.

*Good Life, Long Life.*

Underneath this stone doth lie  
As much beauty as could die;  
Which in life did harbour give  
To more virtue than doth live.

*Epitaph on Elizabeth.*

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. iii. Sc. 3. Mem. 1. Subs. 2. Herbert, *Facula Prudentum*.

<sup>2</sup> Ἐμὶ δὲ μένους πρόπινε τοῖς ὄμμασιν. . . . Εἴ δὲ βούλει, τοῖς χιλίσιοι προσφύρουσα, πλήρου φιλημάτων τὸ ἔκπωμα, καὶ οὕτως δίδου. Philostratus, *Letter* xxiv.

<sup>3</sup> A true translation from Bonnefonius.

Underneath this sable hearse  
Lies the subject of all verse,  
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.  
Death! ere thou hast slain another,  
Learn'd and fair and good as she,  
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

*Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke.*<sup>1</sup>

Soul of the age!  
The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!  
My Shakespeare rise! I will not lodge thee by  
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie  
A little further, to make thee a room.<sup>2</sup>

*To the Memory of Shakespeare.*

Small Latin, and less Greek.

*Ibid.*

He was not of an age, but for all time.

*Ibid.*

Sweet swan of Avon!

*Ibid.*

Get money; still get money, boy;

No matter by what means.<sup>3</sup>

*Every Man in his Humour. Act ii. Sc. 3.*



#### CYRIL TOURNEUR.

A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em,  
To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.

*The Revenger's Tragedy. Act iii. Sc. 1.*



#### BISHOP HALL. 1574—1656.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.

*Christian Moderation. Introduc.*

Death borders upon our birth, and our cradle stands in the grave.<sup>4</sup>

*Epistles. Dec. iii. Ep. 2.*

<sup>1</sup> In a manuscript collection of Browne's poems preserved amongst the Lansdowne MSS., in the British Museum, this epitaph is ascribed to Browne (1590—1645).

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Basse, p. 125.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Pope, *Horace*, Book i. Ep. 1, Line 103.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. Young, *Night Thoughts*, N. 5, Line 719.

PHILIP MASSINGER. 1584—1640.

Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,  
And takes away the use of it; and my sword,  
Glued to my scabbard with wronged orphans' tears,  
Will not be drawn.

*A New Way to pay Old Debts. Act v. Sc. 1.*

This many-headed monster,<sup>1</sup>

*The Roman Actor. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Grim death.<sup>2</sup>

*Ibid. Act iv. Sc. 2.*



SIR THOMAS OVERBURY. 1581—1613.

In part to blame is she,  
Which hath without consent bin only tride:  
He comes to neere that comes to be denide.<sup>3</sup>

*A Wife. St. 36.*



JOHN FLETCHER. 1576—1625.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can  
Render an honest and a perfect man  
Commands all light, all influence, all fate.  
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.  
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,  
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

*Upon an "Honest Man's Fortune."*

All things that are  
Made for our general uses are at war,—  
Even we among ourselves.

*Ibid.*

Man is his own star, and that soul that can  
Be honest is the only perfect man.

*Ibid.*

And he that will to bed go sober,  
Falls with the leaf still in October.<sup>4</sup>

*Rollo, Duke of Normandy. Act ii. Sc. 2*

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Pope, *Satires*, Book ii. Ep. 1, Line 304.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Milton, *Par. Lost*, Book ii. Line 804.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Montague, *post*.

<sup>4</sup> The following well-known catch, or glee, is formed on this song :—  
He who goes to bed, and goes to bed sober,  
Falls as the leaves do, and dies in October;  
But he who goes to bed, and goes to bed mellow,  
Lives as he ought to do, and dies an honest fellow.

ROLLO, DUKE OF NORMANDY—*continued*.<sup>1</sup>

Three merry boys, and three merry boys,  
And three merry boys are we,  
As ever did sing in a hempen string  
Under the gallows-tree. *Ibid. Act. iii. Sc. 2.*

Hence, all you vain delights,  
As short as are the nights  
Wherein you spend your folly !  
There 's naught in this life sweet,  
If man were wise to see 't,  
But only melancholy ;  
O sweetest Melancholy !

*The Nice Valour. Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Fountain heads and pathless groves,  
Places which pale passion loves! *Ibid.*

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,  
Sorrow calls no time that 's gone :  
Violets plucked, the sweetest rain  
Makes not fresh nor grow again.<sup>1</sup>

*The Queen of Corinth. Act iii. Sc. 2.*



FRANCIS BEAUMONT. 1586—1616.

What things have we seen  
Done at the Mermaid ! heard words that have been  
So nimble and so full of subtile flame,  
As if that every one from whence they came  
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,  
And resolved to live a fool the rest  
Of his dull life. *Letter to Ben Jonson.*



BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

A soul as white as heaven. *The Maid's Tragedy. Act iv. Sc. 1.*  
There is a method in man's wickedness,  
It grows up by degrees.<sup>2</sup> *A King and no King. Act v. Sc. 4.*

<sup>1</sup> Weep no more, lady, weep no more,  
Thy sorrow is in vain ;  
For violets plucked the sweetest showers  
Will ne'er make grow again.  
*Percy's Reliques, The Friar of Orders Gray.*

<sup>2</sup> Nemo repente venit turpissimus.—Juvenal, ii. 83.



Calamity is man's true touchstone.<sup>1</sup>

*Four Plays in One. The Triumph of Honour. Sc. 1.*

The fit 's upon me now !

Come quickly, gentle lady :

The fit 's upon me now !

*Wit without Money. Act v. Sc. 5.*

Of all the paths lead to a woman's love

Pity 's the straightest.<sup>2</sup> *The Knight of Malta. Act i. Sc. 1.*

What 's one man's poison, signor,

Is another's meat or drink. *Love's Cure. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Nothing can cover his high fame, but Heaven ;

No pyramids set off his memories,

But the eternal substance of his greatness ;

To which I leave him. *The False One. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,

Merry spring-time's harbinger.

*The Two Noble Kinsmen. Act i. Sc. 1.*

O great corrector of enormous times,

Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider

Of dusty and old titles, that healest with blood

The earth when it is sick, and curest the world

O' the pluriſy of people. *Ibid. Act v. Sc. 1.*



RICHARD TARLTON. — — 1588.

The King of France, with forty thousand men,

Went up a hill, and so came down agen.

*From the Pigges Corantoe, 1642.*



THOMAS CAREW. 1589—1639.

He that loves a rosy cheek,

Or a coral lip admires,

Or from star-like eyes doth seek

Fuel to maintain his fires ;

As old Time makes these decay,

So his flames must waste away. *Disdain Returned.*

Then fly betimes, for only they

Conquer Love, that run away. *Conquest by Flight.*

Ignis aurum probat, miseria fortes viros.—Seneca, *De Prov.* v. 9.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Southerne, *post.*

GEORGE WITHER. 1588—1667.

Shall I, wasting in despair,  
Die because a woman 's fair?  
Or make pale my cheeks with care,  
'Cause another's rosy are?  
Be she fairer than the day,  
Or the flow'ry meads in May,  
If she be not so to me,  
What care I how fair she be?

*The Shepherd's Resolution.*

Jack shall pipe, and Gill shall dance. *Poem on Christmas.*

Hang sorrow ! care will kill a cat,  
And therefore let 's be merry. *Ibid.*

Though I am young, I scorn to flit  
On the wings of borrowed wit. *The Shepherd's Hunting.*

And I oft have heard defended  
Little said is soonest mended. *Ibid.*



THOMAS HOBBS. 1588—1679.

For words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them; but  
they are the money of fools. *The Leviathan. Part i. Ch. 4.*

And the life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.  
*Ibid. Ch. 13.*



JOHN SELDEN. 1584—1654.

Equity is a roguish thing : for law we have a measure, know what to  
trust to; equity is according to the conscience of him that is Chancellor,  
and as that is larger or narrower, so is equity. 'T is all one as if they  
should make the standard for the measure we call a foot a Chancellor's  
foot; what an uncertain measure would this be? One Chancellor has  
a long foot, another a short foot, a third an indifferent foot. 'T is the  
same in the Chancellor's conscience. *Table Talk. Equity.*

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they  
were easiest for his feet. *Friends.*

Commonly we say a judgment falls upon a man for something in him  
we cannot abide. *Judgments.*

No man is the wiser for his learning . . . wit and wisdom are born  
with a man. *Learning.*

Take a straw and throw it up into the air, you may see by that which way the wind is. *Libels.*

Thou little thinkest what a little foolery governs the world.<sup>1</sup> *Pope.*

Syllables govern 'he world. *Power.*



IZAAK WALTON. 1593—1683.

THE COMPLETE ANGLER.

Of which, if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge. *The Author's Preface.*

I am, Sir, a Brother of the Angle. *Part i. Ch. 1.*

Angling is somewhat like Poetry, men are to be born so.

*Part i. Ch. 7.*

Old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good.

*Part i. Ch. 4.*

We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler<sup>2</sup> said of strawberries: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did": and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling. *Part i. Ch. 5.*

Thus use your frog: put your hook, I mean the arming wire, through his mouth, and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming wire of your hook, or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire; and in so doing use him as though you loved him. *Part i. Ch. 8.*

This dish of meat is too good for any but anglers, or very honest men.

*Part i. Ch. 8.*

All that are lovers of virtue, . . . be quiet, and go a-Angling.

*Part i. Ch. 21.*



FRANCIS QUARLES. 1592—1644.

Sweet Phosphor, bring the day

Whose conquering ray

May chase these fogs;

Sweet Phosphor, bring the day!

Sweet Phosphor, bring the day;

Light will repay

The wrongs of night;

Sweet Phosphor, bring the day!

*Emblems, Book i. 14.*

<sup>1</sup> Behold, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed. Oxenstiern (1583—1654).

<sup>2</sup> William Butler, styled by Dr. Fuller in his *Worthies* (Suffolk) the "Æsculapius of the Age."

EMBLEMS—*continued.*]

Be wisely worldly, be not worldly wise. *Ibid. Book ii. 2.*

This house is to be let for life or years;  
Her rent is sorrow, and her income tears;  
Cupid 't has long stood void; her bills make known,  
She must be dearly let, or let alone. *Ibid. Book ii. 10, Ep. 10.*

The slender debt to nature 's quickly paid,  
Discharged, perchance, with greater ease than made.  
*Ibid. Book ii. 13.*

The next way home 's the farthest way about.  
*Ibid. Book iv. 2, Ep. 2.*



## GEORGE HERBERT. 1593—1633.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky. *Virtue*

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,  
A box where sweets compacted lie. *Ibid.*

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
Like seasoned timber, never gives. *Ibid.*

Like summer friends,  
Flies of estate and sunnenshine. *The Answer.*

A servant with this clause  
Makes drudgery divine;  
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws  
Makes that and the action fine. *The Elixir.*

A verse may find him who a sermon flies,  
And turn delight into a sacrifice. *The Church Porch.*

Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie;  
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*

The worst speak something good; if all want sense,  
God takes a text, and preacheth Pa-ti-ence. *Ibid.*

Bibles laid open, millions of surprises. *Sir.*

Man is one world, and hath  
Another to attend him. *Man.*

If goodness lead him not, yet weariness  
May toss him to my breast. *The Pulley.*

Wouldst thou both eat thy cake and have it? *The Sise.*

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Watts, *post.*



Do well and right, and let the world sink.<sup>1</sup>     *Country Parson. Ch. 29.*  
 His bark is worse than his bite.  
 After death the doctor.  
 Hell is full of good meanings and wishes.  
 No sooner is a temple built to God, but the devil builds a chapel hard by.  
 Comparisons are odious.  
 God's mill grinds slow but sure.  
 It is a poor sport that is not worth the candle.  
 To a close-shorn sheep, God gives wind by measure.  
 Help thyself, and God will help thee.     *Jacula Prudentum.*



## MARTYN PARKER.

Ye gentlemen of England  
 That live at home at ease,  
 Ah! little do you think upon  
 The dangers of the seas.



## SIR JOHN SUCKLING. 1609—1642.

Her feet beneath her petticoat  
 Like little mice stole in and out,  
 As if they feared the light;  
 But O, she dances such a way!  
 No sun upon an Easter-day  
 Is half so fine a sight.     *Ballad upon a Wedding.*

Her lips were red, and one was thin,  
 Compared with that was next her chin;  
 Some bee had stung it newly.     *Ibid.*

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?  
 Prithee, why so pale?  
 Will, when looking well can't move her,  
 Looking ill prevail?  
 Prithee, why so pale?     *Song.*

'T is expectation makes a blessing dear;  
 Heaven were not heaven, if we knew what it were.  
    *Against Fruition.*

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<sup>1</sup> Ruat cœlum, fiat voluntas tua. — Sir T. Browne, *Relig. Med. P. 2, Sec. xi.*

She is pretty to walk with,  
 And witty to talk with,  
 And pleasant, too, to think on. *Brennoralt. Act ii.*

Her face is like the milky way i' the sky,  
 A meeting of gentle lights without a name. *Ibid. Act iii.*

The prince of darkness is a gentleman.<sup>1</sup> *The Goblins.*



ROBERT HERRICK. 1591—1674.

Some asked me where the Rubies grew,  
 And nothing I did say;  
 But with my finger pointed to  
 The lips of Julia.

*The Rock of Rubies, and the Quarrie of Pearls.*

Some asked how Pearls did grow, and where?  
 Then spoke I to my Girl,  
 To part her lips, and showed them there  
 The quarelets of Pearl. *ibid.*

Her pretty feet, like snails, did creep  
 A little out, and then,<sup>2</sup>  
 As if they played at bo-peep,  
 Did soon draw in again. *On Her Feet.*

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,  
 Old Time is still a-flying,  
 And this same flower, that smiles to-day,  
 To-morrow will be dying.<sup>3</sup>  
*To the Virgins to make much of Time.*

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,  
 The shooting-stars attend thee;  
 And the elves also,  
 Whose little eyes glow  
 Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.  
*Night Piece to Julia*

Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,  
 Full and fair ones,—come and buy;  
 If so be you ask me where  
 They do grow, I answer, there,  
 Where my Julia's lips do smile,  
 There 's the land, or cherry-isle. *Cherry Ripe.*

<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare, *King Lear*, Act iii. Sc. 4.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Suckling, p. 93.

<sup>3</sup> Let us crown ourselves with rose buds, before they be withered.—  
*Wisdom of Solomon*, ii. 8.

Fall on me like a silent dew,  
Or like those maiden showers,  
Which, by the peep of day, do strew  
A baptism o'er the flowers.

*To Music, to becalm his Fever.*

Fair daffadills, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon :  
As yet the early rising sun  
Has not attained his noon.

*To Daffadills*

A sweet disorder in the dress  
Kindles in clothes a wantonness.

*Delight in Disorder.*

A winning wave, deserving note,  
In the tempestuous petticoat,—  
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie  
I see a wild civility,—  
Do more bewitch me, than when art  
Is too precise in every part.

*Ibid.*

Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave. *Sorrows Succeed.*

You say to me-wards your affection's strong ;  
Pray love me little, so you love me long.<sup>1</sup>

*Love me little, love me long.*

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt ;  
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.<sup>2</sup>

*Seek and Find.*



JAMES SHIRLEY. 1596—1666.

The glories of our blood and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things ;  
There is no armour against fate ;  
Death lays his icy hands on kings.

*Contention of Ajax and Ulysses, Sc. iii.*

Only the actions of the just<sup>3</sup>

Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.<sup>4</sup>

*Ibid.*

Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

*The Last Conqueror. Stanza 1.*

<sup>1</sup> Love me little, love me long.—Marlowe, *The Jew of Malta*, Act iv. Sc. 5.

<sup>2</sup> Nil tam difficile est quin quaerendo investigari possit.—Terence, *Heauton Timorumenos*, iv. 2, 8.

<sup>3</sup> The sweet remembrance of the just  
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

*Psalm xci. 4. Common Prayer.*

<sup>4</sup> 'their dust.' Works, ed. Dyce, Vol. vi.

JOHN KEPLER. 1571—1630.

It may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited six thousand years for an observer. From *Brewster's Martyrs of Science*, p. 197.



RICHARD LOVELACE. 1618—1658.

Oh! could you view the melody

Of every grace,

And music of her face,<sup>1</sup>

You'd drop a tear;

Seeing more harmony

In her bright eye,

Than now you hear.

*Orpheus to Beasts.*

I could not love thee, dear, so much,

Loved I not honour more.

*To Lucasta, on going to the Wars.*

When flowing cups pass swiftly round

With no allaying Thames.<sup>2</sup>

*To Allhea from Prison, ii.*

Fishes, that tittle in the deep,

Know no such liberty.

*Ibid.*

Stone walls do not a prison make,

Nor iron bars a cage;

Minds innocent and quiet take

That for an hermitage;

If I have freedom in my love,

And in my soul am free,

Angels alone that soar above

Enjoy such liberty.

*Ibid. iv.*



JOHN WEBSTER. ———1638.

'T is just like a summer bird-cage in a garden; the birds that are without despair to get in, and the birds that are within despair and are in a consumption, for fear they shall never get out.<sup>3</sup>

*The White Devil. Act i. Sc. 2.*

<sup>1</sup> There is music in the beauty, and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument.—Sir Thomas Browne, *Relig. Med. Part 2.*

Cf. Byron, *Bride of Abydos, Canto i. St. 6.*

<sup>2</sup> A cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tyber in 't.—Shakespeare, *Coriolanus, Act ii. Sc. 1.*

<sup>3</sup> Le mariage est comme une forteresse assiégée; ceux qui sont dehors



THE WHITE DEVIL—*continued.*]

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,  
 Since o'er shady groves they hover,  
 And with leaves and flowers do cover  
 The friendless bodies of unburied men. *Ibid. Act i. Sc. 2.*

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,  
 But look'd to near have neither heat nor light.  
*Ibid. Act iv. Sc. 4.*

RICHARD CRASHAW. *Circa 1616—1650.*

The conscious water saw its God and blushed.<sup>1</sup>  
*Translation of Epigram on John ii.*

Whoe'er she be,  
 That not impossible she,  
 That shall command my heart and me.  
*Wishes to his Supposed Mistress.*

Where'er she lie,  
 Locked up from mortal eye,  
 In shady leaves of destiny. *Ibid.*

Days that need borrow  
 No part of their good morrow,  
 From a fore-spent night of sorrow. *Ibid.*

Life that dares send  
 A challenge to his end,  
 And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend ! *Ibid.*

Sydneian showers  
 Of sweet discourse, whose powers  
 Can crown old Winter's head with flowers. *Ibid.*

veulent y entrer, et ceux qui sont dedans veulent en sortir.—Un proverbe Arabe. Quitard, *Etudes sur les Proverbes Français*, p. 102.

It happens as with cages : the birds without despair to get in, and those within despair of getting out.—Montaigne, *Essays*, Ch. v. Vol. iii.

Wedlock, indeed, hath oft compared been  
 To public feasts, where meet a public rout,  
 Where they that are without would fain go in,  
 And they that are within would fain go out.

Sir John Davis, *Contention betwixt a Wife, a Widow, and a Maid.* (From Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*, Lond. 1826.)

Is not marriage an open question, when it is alleged, from the beginning of the world, that such as are in the institution wish to get out, and such as are out wish to get in?—Emerson, *Representative Men : Montaigne.*

<sup>1</sup> Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit.

*Epig. Sacra. Aquæ in vinum versæ*, p. 299.

A happy soul, that all the way  
To heaven hath a summer's day.

*In Praise of Lessius's Rule of Health.*

The modest front of this small floor,  
Believe me, reader, can say more  
Than many a braver marble can,—

"Here lies a truly honest man!" *Epitaph upon Mr. Ashton.*



THOMAS HEYWOOD. ——— 1649.

The world's a theatre, the earth a stage  
Which God and nature do with actors fill.

*Apology for Actors. 1612.*

Seven cities warr'd for Homer being dead;  
Who living had no rooffe to shrowd his head.<sup>1</sup>

*The Hierarchie of the blessed Angells. Lond. 1635, p. 207.*



SIR JOHN DENHAM. 1613—1668.

Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,  
Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold;  
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,  
Search out his bottom, but survey his shore.

*Cooper's Hill, Line 165.*

O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream  
My great example, as it is my theme!  
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;  
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full.

*Line 189.*

Actions of the last age are like almanacs of the last year.

*The Sophy. A Tragedy.*

But whither am I strayed? I need not raise  
Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise;  
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built;  
Nor needs thy juster title the foul guilt  
Of Eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,  
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.<sup>2</sup>

*On Mr. John Fletcher's Works.*

<sup>1</sup> Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,  
Through which the living Homer begged his bread. *Anon.*

<sup>2</sup> Poets are sultans, if they had their will;  
For every author would his brother kill.

Orrery, "in one of his Prologues," says Johnson.  
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,  
Bear like the Turk, no brother near the throne.

Pope, *Prologue to the Satires, Line 197.*

## THOMAS DEKKER. — — 1641.

And though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,  
There 's a lean fellow beats all conquerors. *Old Fortunatus.*

The best of men  
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer ;  
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit.  
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.<sup>1</sup>

*The Honest Whore. Part i. Act i. Sc. 12.*

We are ne'er like angels till our passion dies.  
*Ibid. Part ii. Act i. Sc. 2.*

To add to golden numbers, golden numbers.  
*Patient Grissell. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Honest labour bears a lovely face. *Ibid.*



## ABRAHAM COWLEY. 1618—1667.

What shall I do to be for ever known,  
And make the age to come my own? *The Motto.*

His time is for ever, everywhere his place.  
*Friendship in Absence.*

We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine ;  
But search of deep philosophy,  
Wit, eloquence, and poetry ;  
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.  
*On the Death of Mr. William Harvey.*

His *faith*, perhaps, in some nice tenets might  
Be wrong ; his *life*, I 'm sure, was in the right.<sup>2</sup>  
*On the Death of Crashaw.*

We grieved, we sighed, we wept : we never blushed before.  
*Discourse concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell.*

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,  
And drinks and gapes for drink again ;  
The plants suck in the earth, and are  
With constant drinking fresh and fair.  
*From Anacreon. Drinking.*

Why  
Should every creature drink but I ?  
Why, man of morals, tell me why? *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Of the offspring of the gentilman Jafeth, come Habraham, Moyses, Aron, and the profettys ; and also the Kyng of the right lyne of Mary. of whom that gentilman Jhesus was borne.—Juliana Berners, *Heraldic Blazonry*.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Pope, *Essay on Man*, Ep. iii. Line 306.

Th' adorning thee with so much art  
 Is but a barb'rous skill;  
 'T is like the poisoning of a dart,  
 'Too apt before to kill. *The Waiting Maid.*

Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,  
 But an eternal now does always last.<sup>1</sup> *Dauides. Vol. i. Book I.*  
 The monster London . . . .

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,  
 And all the fools that crowd thee so,  
 Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,  
 A village less than Islington will grow,  
 A solitude almost. *Of Solitude.*

God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.<sup>2</sup>  
*The Garden. Essay v.*  
 Hence ye profane, I hate ye all,  
 Both the great vulgar and the small. *Horace. Book iii. Ode 1.*



SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT. 1605—1668.

Th' assembled souls of all that men held wise.  
*Gondibert. Book ii. Canto v. St. 37.*



EDMUND WALLER. 1605—1687.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,<sup>3</sup>  
 Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made.  
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,  
 As they draw near to their eternal home.  
*Verses upon his Divine Poesy.*

Under the tropic is our language spoke,  
 And part of Flanders hath received our yoke.  
*Upon the Death of the Lord Protector.*

A narrow compass! and yet there  
 Dwelt all that 's good, and all that 's fair:  
 Give me but what this riband bound,  
 Take all the rest the sun goes round. *On a Girdle.*

<sup>1</sup> One of our poets (which is it?) speaks of an *everlasting now*.—Southey, *The Doctor*, p. 63.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Cowper, *post*.

<sup>3</sup> Drawing near her death, she sent most pious thoughts as harbingers to heaven; and her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken body.—Fuller, *The Holy and the Profane State*, Book i. Ch. ii.



How small a part of time they share  
That are so wondrous sweet and fair! *Go, lovely rose.*

That eagle's fate and mine are one,  
Which, on the shaft that made him die,  
Espied a feather of his own,  
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.<sup>1</sup>  
*To a Lady singing a Song of his Composing.*

The yielding marble of her snowy breast.  
*On a Lady passing through a Crowd of People.*

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,  
And every conqueror creates a muse. *Panegyric on Cromwell.*

For all we know  
Of what the blessed do above  
Is, that they sing and that they love.  
*While I listen to thy voice.*

Poets lose half the praise they should have got,  
Could it be known what they discreetly blot.  
*Upon Roscommon's Trans. of Horace, De Arte Poetica.*

Could we forbear dispute, and practise love,  
We should agree as angels do above. *Divine Love. Canto iii.*



MARQUIS OF MONTROSE. 1612—1650.

He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
That dares not put it to the touch  
To gain or lose it all. *My Dear and only Love.<sup>2</sup>*  
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,  
And famous by my sword. *Ibid.*



JOHN MILTON. 1608—1674.

PARADISE LOST.

Of Man's first disobedience and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world and all our woe. *Book i. Line 1.*

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Byron, *post.*

<sup>2</sup> From Napier's *Mem. of Montrose*, Vol. i. App. xxxiv.

That puts it not unto the touch,  
To win or lose it all.

From Napier's *Montrose and the Covenanters*, Vol. ii. p. 566.

PARADISE LOST—*continued.*]

Or if Sion hill  
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook, that flowed  
Fast by the oracle of God. *Book i. Line 10.*

Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme. *Book i. Line 16.*

What in me is dark  
Illumine, what is low raise and support;  
That to the height of this great argument  
I may assert eternal Providence,  
And justify the ways of God to men. *Book i. Line 22.*

As far as Angel's ken. *Book i. Line 59.*

Yet from those flames  
No light, but rather darkness visible. *Book i. Line 62.*

Where peace  
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes,  
That comes to all. *Book i. Line 65.*

What though the field be lost?  
All is not lost; th' unconquerable will,  
And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
And courage never to submit or yield. *Book i. Line 105.*

To be weak is miserable,  
Doing or suffering. *Book i. Line 157.*  
And out of good still to find means of evil. *Book i. Line 165.*

Farewell happy fields,  
Where joy for ever dwells: hail, horrors; hail. *Book i. Line 249.*

A mind not to be changed by place or time.  
The mind is its own place, and in itself  
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven. *Book i. Line 253.*

Here we may reign secure, and in my choice  
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:  
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven. *Book i. Line 261.*

Heard so oft  
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge  
Of battle. *Book i. Line 275.*

His spear, to equal which the tallest pine,  
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast  
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,  
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps  
Over the burning marle. *Book i. Line 292.*

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks  
In Vailombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades  
High over-arch'd imbower. *Book i. Line 302.*

PARADISE LOST—*continued.*]

Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen! *Book i. Line 330.*

Spirits when they please  
Can either sex assume, or both. *Book i. Line 423.*

Execute their airy purposes. *Book i. Line 430.*

When night  
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons  
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine. *Book i. Line 500.*

Th' imperial ensign, which, full high advanc'd,  
Shone like a meteor, streaming to the wind. *Book i. Line 536.*

Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:  
At which the universal host up sent  
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond  
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night. *Book i. Line 540.*

In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood  
Of flutes and soft recorders. *Book i. Line 550.*

His form had yet not lost  
All her original brightness, nor appear'd  
Less than archangel ruined, and th' excess  
Of glory obscured. *Book i. Line 591.*

In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexes monarchs. *Book i. Line 597.*

Thrice he assayed, and thrice in spite of scorn  
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth. *Book i. Line 619.*

Who overcomes  
By force, hath overcome but half his foe. *Book i. Line 648.*

Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell  
From heaven; for ev'n in heaven his looks and thoughts  
Were always downward bent, admiring more  
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,  
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd  
In vision beatific. *Book i. Line 679.*

Let none admire  
That riches grow in hell: that soil may best  
Deserve the precious bane. *Book i. Line 690.*

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge  
Rose, like an exhalation. *Book i. Line 710.*

From morn  
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,  
A summer's day; and with the setting sun  
Dropt from the zenith like a falling star. *Book i. Line 742.*

PARADISE LOST—*continued.*]

Fairy elves,  
Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side,  
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,  
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon  
Sits arbitress. *Book i. Line 781.*

High on a throne of royal state, which far  
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,  
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand  
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,  
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd  
To that bad eminence. *Book ii. Line 1.*

Surer to prosper than prosperity  
Could have assured us. *Book ii. Line 39.*

The strongest and the fiercest spirit  
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair. *Book ii. Line 44.*

Rather than be less,  
Cared not to be at all. *Book ii. Line 47.*

My sentence is for open war. *Book ii. Line 51.*

That in our proper motion we ascend  
Up to our native seat: descent and fall  
To us is adverse. *Book ii. Line 75.*

When the scourge  
Inexorable, and the torturing hour  
Calls us to penance. *Book ii. Line 90.*

Which, if not victory, is yet revenge. *Book ii. Line 105.*

But all was false and hollow; though his tongue  
Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear  
The better reason, to perplex and dash  
Maturest counsels. *Book ii. Line 112.*

Th' ethereal mould  
Incapable of stain would soon expel  
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,  
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope  
Is flat despair. *Book ii. Line 139.*

For who would lose,  
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,  
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost  
In the wide womb of uncreated night?  
His red right hand. *Book ii. Line 146.*  
*Book ii. Line 175.*



PARADISE LOST—*continued.*]

Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved. *Book ii. Line 185.*

The never-ending flight  
Of future days. *Book ii. Line 221.*

Our torments also may in length of time  
Become our elements. *Book ii. Line 279*

With grave  
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed  
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven  
Deliberation sat, and public care;  
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,  
Majestic though in ruin. Sage he stood,  
With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear  
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look  
Drew audience and attention still as night  
Or summer's noontide air. *Book ii. Line 300.*

The palpable obscure. *Book ii. Line 406.*

Long is the way  
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light. *Book ii. Line 432.*

Their rising all at once was as the sound  
Of thunder heard remote. *Book ii. Line 476.*

The lowering element  
Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape. *Book ii. Line 490.*

Oh, shame to men! devil with devil damn'd  
Firm concord holds, men only disagree  
Of creatures rational. *Book ii. Line 496.*

In discourse more sweet,  
For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,  
Others apart sat on a hill retired,  
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high  
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,  
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;  
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost. *Book ii. Line 555.*

Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy. *Book ii. Line 565.*

Arm the obdured breast  
With stubborn patience as with triple steel. *Book ii. Line 568*

A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog,  
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,  
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air  
Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of fire.

PARADISE LOST—*continued.*]

Thither by harpy-footed Furies hal'd  
 At certain revolutions all the damn'd  
 Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change  
 Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,  
 From beds of raging fire to starve in ice  
 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
 Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round,  
 Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire. *Book ii. Line 592.*

O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,  
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death.  
*Book ii. Line 620.*

Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire. *Book ii. Line 628.*

The other shape—  
 If shape it might be call'd that shape had none  
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,  
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,  
 For each seem'd either—black it stood as night,  
 Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,  
 And shook a dreadful dart. *Book ii. Line 665.*

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape?  
*Book ii. Line 681.*

Back to thy punishment,  
 False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings. *Book ii. Line 699.*

So spake the grisly terror. *Book ii. Line 704.*

Incens'd with indignation Satan stood  
 Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,  
 That fires the length of Ophiucus huge  
 In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair  
 Shakes pestilence and war. *Book ii. Line 707.*

Their fatal hands  
 No second stroke intend. *Book ii. Line 712.*

Hell  
 Grew darker at their frown. *Book ii. Line 719.*

I fled, and cried out DEATH!  
 Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd  
 From all her caves, and back resounded DEATH.  
*Book ii. Line 787.*

Before mine eyes in opposition sits  
 Grim Death, my son and foe. *Book ii. Line 803.*

Death  
 Grinned horrible a ghastly smile, to hear  
 His famine should be filled. *Book ii. Line 845.*

PARADISE LOST—*continued.*]

On a sudden open fly  
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound  
 Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
 Harsh thunder. *Book ii. Line 879.*

Where eldest Night  
 And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold  
 Eternal anarchy amidst the noise  
 Of endless wars, and by confusion stand :  
 For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,  
 Strive here for mastery. *Book ii. Line 894.*

Into this wild abyss,  
 The womb of Nature and perhaps her grave. *Book ii. Line 910.*

O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,  
 With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,  
 And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies. *Book ii. Line 948.*

With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,  
 Confusion worse confounded. *Book ii. Line 995.*

So he with difficulty and labour hard  
 Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour he. *Book ii. Line 1021.*

And fast by, hanging in a golden chain  
 This pendent world, in bigness as a star  
 Of smallest magnitude close by the moon. *Book ii. Line 1051.*

Hail, holy light ! offspring of heaven first-born. *Book iii. Line 1.*

The rising world of waters dark and deep. *Book iii. Line 11.*

Thoughts, that voluntary move  
 Harmonious numbers. *Book iii. Line 37.*

Thus with the year  
 Seasons return ; but not to me returns  
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,  
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
 Or flock, or herds, or human face divine ;  
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark  
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men  
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair  
 Presented with a universal blank  
 Of nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,  
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. *Book iii. Line 48.*  
 Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall. *Book iii. Line 99.*  
 Dark with excessive bright. *Book iii. Line 380.*

PARADISE LOST—*continued.*]

Eremites and friars,  
 White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery. *Book iii. Line 474.*

Since called  
 The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown. *Book iii. Line 495.*

And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps  
 At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity  
 Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill  
 Where no ill seems. *Book iii. Line 686.*  
 The hell within him. *Book iv. Line 20.*

Now conscience wakes despair  
 That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory  
 Of what he was, what is, and what must be. *Book iv. Line 23.*

At whose sight all the stars  
 Hide their diminish'd heads. *Book iv. Line 34.*

A grateful mind  
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
 Indebted and discharg'd. *Book iv. Line 55.*

Which way shall I fly  
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?  
 Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;  
 And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep,  
 Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide,  
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven. *Book iv. Line 79.*  
 Such joy ambition finds. *Book iv. Line 92.*

So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,  
 Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost.  
 Evil, be thou my good. *Book iv. Line 108.*

That practis'd falsehood under saintly shew,  
 Deep malice to conceal couch'd with revenge. *Book iv. Line 122.*

Sabeian odours from the spicy shore  
 Of Arabie the blest. *Book iv. Line 162.*

And on the Tree of Life  
 The middle tree and highest there that grew,  
 Sat like a cormorant. *Book iv. Line 194.*  
 A heaven on earth. *Book iv. Line 208.*  
 Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose. *Book iv. Line 256.*

For contemplation he and valour form'd,  
 For softness she and sweet attractive grace;  
 He for God only, she for God in him.  
 His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd



PARADISE LOST—*continued.*]

Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks  
Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad.

*Book iv. Line 297.*

Implied

Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,  
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,  
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,  
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.

*Book iv. Line 307.*

Adam the goodliest man of men since born  
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.

*Book iv. Line 323.*

And with necessity,

The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.

*Book iv. Line 393.*

As Jupiter

On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds  
That shed May flowers.

*Book iv. Line 499.*

Imparadis'd in one another's arms.

*Book iv. Line 505.*

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray  
Had in her sober livery all things clad;  
Silence accompany'd; for beast and bird,  
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,  
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;  
She all night long her amorous descant sung;  
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament  
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led  
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,  
Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

*Book iv. Line 598.*

The timely dew of sleep.

*Book iv. Line 614.*

With thee conversing I forget all time;  
All seasons and their change, all please alike.  
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,  
When first on this delightful land he spreads  
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth  
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on  
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night  
With this her solemn bird and this fair moon,  
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train:  
But neither breath of morn when she ascends

PARADISE LOST—*continued.*]

With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun  
 On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,  
 Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,  
 Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night  
 With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,  
 Or glitt'ring starlight, without thee is sweet. *Book iv. Line 639.*

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.  
*Book iv. Line 677.*

Eas'd the putting off  
 These troublesome disguises which we wear.  
*Book iv. Line 739.*

Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source  
 Of human offspring. *Book iv. Line 750.*

Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve. *Book iv. Line 800.*

Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear  
 Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure  
 Touch of celestial temper. *Book iv. Line 810.*

Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,  
 The lowest of your throng. *Book iv. Line 830.*

Abash'd the devil stood,  
 And felt how awful goodness is, and saw  
 Virtue in her shape how lovely. *Book iv. Line 846.*

All hell broke loose. *Book iv. Line 918.*

Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd. *Book iv. Line 987.*

The starry cope  
 Of heaven. *Book iv. Line 992*

Fled  
 Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.  
*Book v. Line 1014.*

Now morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime  
 Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,  
 When Adam wak'd, so custom'd, for his sleep  
 Was aery-light, from pure digestion bred. *Book v. Line 3.*

Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
 Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,  
 Shot forth peculiar graces. *Book v. Line 13.*

My latest found,  
 Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight. *Book v. Line 18.*

Good, the more  
 Communicated, more abundant grows. *Book v. Line 71.*

PARADISE LOST—*continued.*]

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!

*Book v. Line 153.*

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,

If better thou belong not to the dawn.

*Book v. Line 166.*

A wilderness of sweets.

*Book v. Line 294.*

Another morn

Risen on mid-noon.

*Book v. Line 310.*

So saying, with despatchful looks in haste

She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent.

*Book v. Line 331.*

Nor jealousy

Was understood, the injur'd lover's hell.

*Book v. Line 449.*

The bright consummate flower.

*Book v. Line 481.*

Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers.

*Book v. Line 601.*

They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet

Quaff immortality and joy.

*Book v. Line 637.*

Satan; so call him now, his former name

Is heard no more in heaven.

*Book v. Line 658.*

Midnight brought on the dusky hour

Friendliest to sleep and silence.

*Book v. Line 667.*

Innumerable as the stars of night,

Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the sun

Impearls on every leaf and every flower.

*Book v. Line 745.*

So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found

Among the faithless, faithful only he.

*Book v. Line 896.*

Morn,

Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand

Unbar'd the gates of light.

*Book vi. Line 2.*

Servant of God, well done.

*Book vi. Line 29.*

Arms on armour clashing bray'd

Horrible discord, and the madding wheels

Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise

Of conflict.

*Book vi. Line 209.*

Far off his coming shone.

*Book vi. Line 768.*

More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd

To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,

On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues.

*Book vii. Line 24.*

Still govern thou my song,

Urania, and fit audience find, though few.

*Book vii. Line 30.*

PARADISE LOST—*continued.*]

Heaven open'd wide  
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound  
On golden hinges moving. *Book vii. Line 205.*

Hither, as to their fountain, other stars  
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light. *Book vii. Line 364.*

Now half appear'd  
The tawny lion, pawing to get free  
His hinder parts. *Book vii. Line 463.*

Indued  
With sanctity of reason. *Book vii. Line 507.*

The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear  
So charming left his voice, that he awhile  
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear.  
*Book viii. Line 1.*

And grace that won who saw to wish her stay.  
*Book viii. Line 43.*

And, touch'd by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.  
*Book viii. Line 47.*

With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,  
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb. *Book viii. Line 83.*

To know  
That which before us lies in daily life,  
Is the prime wisdom. *Book viii. Line 192.*

Liquid lapse of murmuring streams. *Book viii. Line 263.*

And feel that I am happier than I know. *Book viii. Line 282.*

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,  
In every gesture dignity and love. *Book viii. Line 488.*

Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,  
That would be wooed, and not unsought be won.  
*Book viii. Line 502.*

She what was honour knew,  
And with obsequious majesty approv'd  
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower  
I led her, blushing like the morn : all heaven,  
And happy constellations on that hour  
Shed their selectest influence ; the earth  
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill ;  
Joyous the birds ; fresh gales and gentle airs  
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings  
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub.  
*Book viii. Line 508.*



PARADISE LOST—*continued.*]

So well to know  
Her own, that what she wills to do or say  
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best. *Book viii. Line 548.*

Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part ;  
Do thou but thine. *Book viii. Line 561.*

Those graceful acts,  
Those thousand decencies, that daily flow  
From all her words and actions. *Book viii. Line 600.*

To whom the angel with a smile that glow'd  
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue. *Book viii. Line 618.*

My unpremeditated verse. *Book ix. Line 23.*  
Pleas'd me, long choosing and beginning late. *Book ix. Line 26.*

Unless an age too late, or cold  
Climate, or years, damp my intended wing. *Book ix. Line 44.*

Revenge, at first though sweet,  
Bitter ere long back on itself recoils. *Book ix. Line 171.*

The work under our labour grows,  
Luxurious by restraint. *Book ix. Line 208.*

Smiles from reason flow,  
To brute deny'd, and are of love the food. *Book ix. Line 239.*

For solitude sometimes is best society,  
And short retirement urges sweet return. *Book ix. Line 249.*

At shut of evening flowers. *Book ix. Line 278.*

As one who long in populous city pent,  
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air. *Book ix. Line 445.*

So glozed the tempter. *Book ix. Line 549.*

Hope elevates, and joy  
Brightens his crest. *Book ix. Line 633.*

Left that command  
Sole daughter of his voice.<sup>1</sup> *Book ix. Line 652.*

Earth felt the wound ; and Nature from her seat,  
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,  
That all was lost. *Book ix. Line 782.*

In her face excuse  
Came prologue, and apology too prompt. *Book ix. Line 853.*

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Wordsworth, *Ode to Duty*, *post*.

PARADISE LOST—*continued.*]

A pillar'd shade  
High overarch'd, and echoing walks between. *Book ix. Line 1106.*

Yet I shall temper so  
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most  
Them fully satisfy'd, and thee appease. *Book x. Line 77.*  
So scented the grim Feature, and upturn'd  
His nostril wide into the murky air,  
Sagacious of his quarry from so far. *Book x. Line 279.*

How gladly would I meet  
Mortality my sentence, and be earth  
Insensible! how glad would lay me down  
As in my mother's lap! *Book x. Line 775.*

Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave  
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades?  
*Book xi. Line 269.*

Then purged with euphrasy and rue  
The visual nerve, for he had much to see. *Book xi. Line 414.*

Moping melancholy,  
And moon-struck madness. *Book xi. Line 485.*

And over them triumphant Death his dart  
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invok'd.  
*Book xi. Line 491.*

So mayst thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop  
Into thy mother's lap. *Book xi. Line 535.*

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st  
Live well; how long or short permit to heaven.<sup>1</sup>  
*Book xi. Line 553.*

A bevy of fair women. *Book xi. Line 582.*

Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them soon;  
The world was all before them, where to choose  
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.  
They, hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,  
Through Eden took their solitary way. *Book xii. Line 645.*

## PARADISE REGAINED.

Beauty stands  
In the admiration only of weak minds  
Led captive. *Book ii. Line 220.*  
Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wreck'd.  
*Book ii. Line 228.*

<sup>1</sup> Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.—Martial, *lib. x. 47; 14.*

PARADISE REGAINED—*continued.*]

Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise.

*Book iii. Line 56.*

Elephants endors'd with towers.

*Book iii. Line 329.*

Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,

Meroe, Nilotic isle.

*Book iv. Line 70.*

Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreath'd.

*Book iv. Line 76.*

The childhood shows the man

As morning shows the day.<sup>1</sup>

*Book iv. Line 220.*

Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts

And eloquence.

*Book iv. Line 240.*

The olive grove of Academe,

Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird

Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long.

*Book iv. Line 244.*

Thence to the famous orators repair,

Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence

Wielded at will that fierce democratic,

Shook the arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece,

To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne.

*Book iv. Line 267.*

Socrates . . .

Whom well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd

Wisest of men.

*Book iv. Line 274.*

Deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself.

*Book iv. Line 327.*

As children gath'ring pebbles on the shore.<sup>2</sup>

*Book iv. Line 330.*

Till morning fair

Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray.

*Book iv. Line 426.*

## SAMSON AGONISTES.

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon!

*Line 80.*

The sun to me is dark

And silent as the moon,

When she deserts the night

Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.

*Line 86.*

Ran on embattled armies clad in iron.

*Line 129.*

Just are the ways of God,

And justifiable to men;

Unless there be who think not God at all.

*Line 293.*

What boots it at one gate to make defence,

And at another to let in the foe?

*Line 560.*

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Wordsworth, *post.*

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Newton, p. 140.

SAMSON AGONISTES—*continued.*]

But who is this? what thing of sea or land?  
 Female of sex it seems,  
 That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,  
 Comes this way sailing  
 Like a stately ship  
 Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles  
 Of Javan or Gadire,  
 With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,  
 Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,  
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play,  
 An amber scent of odorous perfume  
 Her harbinger.

*Line 710.*

He's gone, and who knows how he may report  
 Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?  
 For evil news rides post, while good news baits.

*Line 1350.**Line 1538.*

And as an evening dragon came,  
 Assailant on the perched roosts  
 And nests in order rang'd  
 Of tame villatic fowl.  
 Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail  
 Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,  
 Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair,  
 And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

*Line 1692.**Line 1721.*

## COMUS.

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot  
 Which men call Earth.

*Line 5.*

That golden key  
 That opes the palace of eternity.  
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows.  
 The star that bids the shepherd fold.  
 Midnight shout and revelry,  
 Tipsy dance and jollity.  
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,  
 The nice morn, on the Indian steep  
 From her cabin'd loop-hole peep.

*Line 13.**Line 38.**Line 93.**Line 103.**Line 138.*

When the gray-hooded Even,  
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,  
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.

*Line 188.*

A thousand fantasies  
 Begin to throng into my memory,  
 Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,  
 And airy tongues, that syllable men's names  
 On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.

*Line 207*



COMUS—*continued.*]

O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,  
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings ! *Line 213.*

Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud  
Turn forth her silver lining on the night ? *Line 221.*

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould  
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment ? *Line 244.*

How sweetly did they float upon the wings  
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,  
At every fall smoothing the raven down  
Of darkness till it smiled. *Line 249.*

Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd sou  
And lap it in Elysium. *Line 256.*

Such sober certainty of waking bliss. *Line 263.*

I took it for a faery vision  
Of some gay creatures of the element,  
That in the colours of the rainbow live  
And play i' th' plighted clouds. *Line 298.*

It were a journey like the path to heaven,  
To help you find them. *Line 303.*

With thy long-levell'd rule of streaming light. *Line 340.*

Virtue could see to do what virtue would  
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon  
Were in the flat sea sunk. *Line 373.*

He that has light within his own clear breast  
May sit in the centre and enjoy bright day ;  
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts  
Benighted walks under the midday sun. *Line 381.*

The unsunn'd heaps

Of miser's treasure. *Line 398.*

'T is chastity, my Brother, chastity :  
She that has that is clad in complete steel. *Line 420.*

Some say no evil thing that walks by night  
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,  
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost  
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,  
No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,  
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity. *Line 432.*

So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,  
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,  
A thousand liveried angels lacky her,  
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt. *Line 458.*

COMUS—*continued.*]

How charming is divine philosophy !  
 Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose ;  
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,<sup>1</sup>  
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,  
 Where no crude surfeit reigns. *Line 476.*  
 Fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance. *Line 550.*

I was all ear,  
 And took in strains that might create a soul  
 Under the ribs of death. *Line 560.*

If this fail,  
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,  
 And earth's base built on stubble. *Line 597.*

The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,  
 But in another country, as he said,  
 Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil ;  
 Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain  
 Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon. *Line 631.*

Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,  
 And yet came off. *Line 646.*

And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons. *Line 727.*

It is for homely features to keep home,  
 They had their name thence. *Line 748.*

What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,  
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn ? *Line 752.*

Swinish gluttony  
 Ne'er looks to heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,  
 But with besotted base ingratitude  
 Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. *Line 777.*

Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,  
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence. *Line 790.*

His rod revers'd,  
 And backward mutters of dissevering power. *Line 816.*

Sabrina fair,  
 Listen where thou art sitting  
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,  
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting  
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair. *Line 859.*

But now my task is smoothly done,  
 I can fly, or I can run. *Line 1012.*

Or, if Virtue feeble were,  
 Heaven itself would stoop to her. *Line 1022.*

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<sup>1</sup> As sweet and musical  
 As bright Apollo's lute. *Love's Labour's Lost. Act iv. Sc. 3.*

## LYCIDAS.

I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,  
And with forc'd fingers rude,  
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year. *Line 3.*

He knew  
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme. *Line 10.*

Without the meed of some melodious tear. *Line 14.*

Under the opening eyelids of the morn. *Line 26.*

The gadding vine. *Line 40.*

And strictly meditate the thankless Muse. *Line 66.*

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair. *Line 68.*

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise<sup>1</sup>  
(That last infirmity of noble mind)  
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;  
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,  
And slits the thin-spun life. *Line 70.*

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil. *Line 78.*

It was that fatal and perfidious bark,  
Built in the eclipse and rigg'd with curses dark. *Line 100.*

The pilot of the Galilean lake. *Line 109.*

Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,  
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,  
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,  
The glowing violet,  
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd wood-bine,  
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
And every flower that sad embroidery wears. *Line 139.*

So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky. *Line 168.*

To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new. *Line 193*

<sup>1</sup> Erant quibus appetentior famæ videretur, quando etiam sapientibus cupido gloriæ nobilissima exuitur.—Tacitus, *Histor.* iv. 6.

## ARCADES.

Under the shady roof  
Of branching elm star-proof.

*Line 88.*

## L' ALLEGRO.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest, and youthful jollity,  
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles.

*Line 25.*

Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides.  
Come, and trip it as you go,  
On the light fantastic toe.

*Line 31.*

And every shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

*Line 67.*

Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;  
Towers and battlements it sees  
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,  
Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

*Line 75.*

Herbs, and other country messes,  
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses.

*Line 85.*

To many a youth, and many a maid,  
Dancing in the chequer'd shade.

*Line 95.*

Then to the spicy nut-brown ale.

*Line 100.*

Tower'd cities please us then,  
And the busy hum of men.

*Line 117.*

Ladies, whose bright eyes  
Rain influence, and judge the prize.

*Line 121.*

Such sights as youthful poets dream  
On summer eves by haunted stream.  
Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
If Jonson's learned sock be on,  
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,  
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

*Line 129.*

And ever, against eating cares  
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
Married to immortal verse,  
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
In notes, with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.

*Line 135.*



L' ALLEGRO—*continued.*]

Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony. *Line 143*

## IL PENSEROSO.

The gay motes that people the sunbeams. *Line 8*  
And looks commercing with the skies,  
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes. *Line 39*  
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,  
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet. *Line 45*  
And add to these retired Leisure,  
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure. *Line 49*  
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
Most musical, most melancholy ! *Line 61*  
To behold the wandering moon,  
Riding near her highest noon,  
Like one that had been led astray  
Through the heaven's wide pathless way ;  
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,  
Stooping through a fleecy cloud. *Line 67*  
Where glowing embers through the room  
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom. *Line 79*  
Save the cricket on the hearth. *Line 82*  
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy  
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,  
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,  
Or the tale of Troy divine. *Line 97*  
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
Such notes as, warbled to the string,  
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek. *Line 105*  
Or call up him that left half told  
The story of Cambuscan bold. *Line 109*  
Where more is meant than meets the ear. *Line 120*  
Ending on the rustling leaves,  
With minute drops from off the eaves. *Line 129*  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light. *Line 139*  
Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain. *Line 173*  
Nor war or battle's sound  
Was heard the world around.

*Hymn on Christ's Nativity. Line 53*

IL PENSEROSO—*continued.*]

Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold. *Line 135.*

Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail. *Line 172.*

The cracles are dumb,

No voice or hideous hum

Runs thro' the arched roof in words deceiving.

Apollo from his shrine

Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.

No nightly trance, or breathed spell

Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the prophetic cell. *Line 173.*

From haunted spring, and dale

Edg'd with poplar pale,

The parting genius is with sighing sent. *Line 184.*

Peor and Baälim

Forsake their temples dim. *Line 197.*

Under a star-y-pointing pyramid.

Dear son of memory, great heir of fame.

*Epitaph on Shakespeare. Line 4.*

And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,

'That kings for such a tomb would wish to die. *Line 15.*

## SONNETS.

Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day. *To the Nightingale.*

As ever in my great task-master's eye.

*On his being arrived to the Age of Twenty-Three.*

'The great Emathian conqueror bid spare

The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower

Went to the ground.

*When the Assault was intended to the City.*

That old man eloquent.

*To the Lady Margaret Ley.*

'That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.

*On the Detraction which followed upon my Writing  
Certain Treatises.*

License they mean when they cry liberty.

*On the Same.*

Peace hath her victories

No less renown'd than war. *To the Lord General Cromwell.*

Thousands at His bidding speed,

And post o'er land and ocean without rest;

They also serve who only stand and wait. *On his Blindness.*

In mirth, that after no repenting draws. *To Cyriac Skinner.*

SONNETS—*continued.*]

For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains.  
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,  
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,  
 And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains. *Ibid.*

Yet I argue not  
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
 Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer  
 Right onward. *To the Same.*  
 Of which all Europe rings from side to side. *Ibid.*  
 But O, as to embrace me she inclin'd,  
 I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.  
*On his Deceased Wife.*

Have hung  
 My dank and dropping weeds  
 To the stern god of sea.  
*Translation of Horace. Book i. Ode 5.*

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.  
*The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.*

A poet soaring in the high reason of his fancies, with his garland and  
 singing robes about him. *The Reason of Church Government. Book ii.*

By labour and intent study (which I take to be my portion in this life),  
 joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave some-  
 thing so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die. *Ibid.*

Beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of  
 delightful studies. *Ibid.*

He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in  
 laudable things ought himself to be a true poem.  
*Apology for Smeectymnus.*

Litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees.  
*Tractate of Education.*

I shall detain you no longer in the demonstration of what we should not  
 do, but strait conduct ye to a hillside, where I will point ye out the right  
 path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first  
 ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect, and  
 melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more  
 charming. *Ibid.*

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it  
 were an injury and sullenness against Nature not to go out and see her  
 riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth. *Ibid.*

TRACTATE OF EDUCATION—*continued.*]

Enflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages. *Ibid.*

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself. *Areopagitica.*

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. *Ibid.*

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and seeks her adversary. *Ibid.*

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam. *Ibid.*

Who ever knew truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter?

*Ibid.*

By this time, like one who had set out on his way by night, and travelled through a region of smooth and idle dreams, our history now arrives on the confines, where daylight and truth meet us with a clear dawn, representing to our view, though at far distance, true colours and shapes.

*History of England. Book i. ad fin.*

Men of most renowned virtue have sometimes by transgressing most truly kept the law. *Tetrarchordon.*

For such kind of borrowing as this, if it be not bettered by the borrower, among good authors is accounted Plagiarism.

*Iconoclastes, xxiv. ad fin.*



THOMAS FULLER. 1608—1661.

## THE HOLY AND THE PROFANE STATE.

*Ed. Nichols, 1841.*

Drawing near her death, she sent most pious thoughts as harbingers to heaven; and her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken body.<sup>1</sup>

*The Life of Monica.*

But our captain counts the image of God, nevertheless his image, cut in ebony as if done in ivory.

*The Good Sea-Captain.*

The lion is not so fierce as painted.<sup>2</sup>

*Of Expecting Preferment.*

Their heads sometimes so little, that there is no room for wit; sometimes so long, that there is no wit for so much room.

*Of Natural Fools.*

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Waller, p. 100.

<sup>2</sup> The lion is not so fierce as they paint him.—Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum.*



The Pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of  
their founders. *Of Tombs.*

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have  
lost. *Of Books.*

They that marry ancient people, merely in expectation to bury them,  
hang themselves, in hope that one will come and cut the halter. *Of Marriage.*

To smell to a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body; no less are  
thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul. *The Court Lady.*

Often the cockloft is empty, in those whom Nature hath built many  
stories high.<sup>1</sup> *Andronicus. Ad. fin. 1.*



FRANCIS DUC DE ROCHEFOUCAULD. 1613—1680.

Philosophy triumphs easily over past, and over future evils, but present  
evils triumph over philosophy.<sup>2</sup> *Maxim 23.*

Hypocrisy is a sort of homage that vice pays to virtue. *Maxim 227.*

In the adversity of our best friends we often find something which does  
not displease us.<sup>3</sup> *Maxim 245.*



WILLIAM BASSE. 1613—1648.

Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh  
To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie  
A little nearer Spenser, to make room  
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.<sup>4</sup>

*On Shakespears.*



HENRY VAUGHAN. 1621—1695.

I see them walking in an air of glory  
Whose light doth trample on my days;  
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,  
Mere glimmering and decays. *They are all gone.*

<sup>1</sup> My Lord St. Albans said that wise nature did never put her precious  
jewels into a garret four stories high, and therefore that exceeding tall men  
had ever very empty heads.—Bacon, *Apothegm*, No. 17.

<sup>2</sup> This same philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an arrant jade  
on a journey.—Goldsmith, *The Good-Natured Man*, Act i.

<sup>3</sup> I am convinced that we have a degree of delight and that no small one  
in the real misfortunes and pains of others.—Burke, *The Sublime and  
Beautiful*. Pt. 1, Sec. 14, 15.

<sup>4</sup> I will not lodge thee by  
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie  
A little further, to make thee a room.

Jonson, *To the Memory of Shakespeare*.

THEY ARE ALL GONE—*continued.*]

Dear beauteous death, the jewel of the just. *Ibid.*  
 And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams  
 Call to the soul when man doth sleep,  
 So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,  
 And into glory peep. *Ibid.*



SAMUEL BUTLER. 1600—1680.

HUDIBRAS.

And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,  
 Was beat with fist instead of a stick. *Part i. Canto i. Line 11.*  
 We grant, altho' he had much wit,  
 He was very shy of using it. *Part i. Canto i. Line 45.*  
 Beside, 't is known he could speak Greek  
 As naturally as pigs squeak;  
 That Latin was no more difficile  
 Than to a blackbird 't is to whistle. *Part i. Canto i. Line 51.*  
 He could distinguish, and divide  
 A hair, 'twixt south and south-west side. *Part i. Canto i. Line 67.*  
 For rhetoric, he could not ope  
 His mouth, but out there flew a trope. *Part i. Canto i. Line 81.*  
 For all a rhetorician's rules  
 Teach nothing but to name his tools. *Part i. Canto i. Line 89.*  
 For he, by geometric scale,  
 Could take the size of pots of ale. *Part i. Canto i. Line 121.*  
 And wisely tell what hour o' th' day  
 The clock does strike, by Algebra. *Part i. Canto i. Line 125.*  
 Whatever sceptic could inquire for,  
 For every why he had a wherefore. *Part i. Canto i. Line 131.*  
 Where entity and quiddity,  
 The ghosts of defunct bodies fly. *Part i. Canto i. Line 145.*  
 He knew what 's what, and that 's as high<sup>1</sup>  
 As metaphysic wit can fly. *Part i. Canto i. Line 149.*  
 Such as take lodgings in a head  
 That 's to be let unfurnished.<sup>2</sup> *Part i. Canto i. Line 161.*  
 'T was Presbyterian true blue. *Part i. Canto i. Line 191.*

<sup>1</sup> He said he knew what was what. — Skelton, *Why come ye not to Courte?* Line 1106.

<sup>2</sup> Often the cockloft is empty in those whom Nature hath built many stories high.—Fuller, *Holy and Profane State*. Andronicus, *Ad. fin.* 1.

HUDIBRAS—*continued.*]

And prove their doctrine orthodox,  
By apostolic blows and knocks. *Part i. Canto i. Line 199.*

Compound for sins they are inclined to,  
By damning those they have no mind to. *Part i. Canto i. Line 215.*

The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,  
For want of fighting was grown rusty,  
And ate into itself for lack  
Of somebody to hew and hack. *Part i. Canto i. Line 359.*

For rhyme the rudder is of verses,  
With which, like ships, they steer their courses. *Part i. Canto i. Line 463.*

And force them, though it were in spite  
Of Nature, and their stars, to write. *Part i. Canto i. Line 647.*

Quoth Hudibras, "I smell a rat;<sup>1</sup>  
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate." *Part i. Canto i. Line 821.*

Or shear swine, all cry and no wool.<sup>2</sup> *Part i. Canto i. Line 852.*

With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,  
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang. *Part i. Canto ii. Line 831.*

Ay me! what perils do environ  
The man that meddles with cold iron.<sup>3</sup> *Part i. Canto iii. Line 1.*

Nor do I know what is become  
Of him, more than the Pope of Rome. *Part i. Canto iii. Line 263.*

He had got a hurt  
O' th' inside of a deadlier sort. *Part i. Canto iii. Line 309.*

For those that run away, and fly,  
Take place at least o' th' enemy.<sup>4</sup> *Part i. Canto iii. Line 609.*

I am not now in fortune's power;  
He that is down can fall no lower.<sup>5</sup> *Part i. Canto iii. Line 877.*

Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse,  
And sayings of philosophers. *Part i. Canto iii. Line 1011.*

If he that in the field is slain  
Be in the bed of honour lain,  
He that is beaten may be said  
To lie in honour's truckle-bed. *Part i. Canto iii. Line 1047.*

<sup>1</sup> See Proverbs, *post*.

<sup>2</sup> And so his Highness schal have thereof, but as had the man that scheryd his Hogge, *moche Crye and no Wull*.—Fortescue (1395—1485), *Treatise on Absolute and Limited Monarchy*, Ch. x.

<sup>3</sup> Ay me, how many perils do unfold  
The righteous man, to make him daily fall.

Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, Book i. Canto 8. St. 1.

<sup>4</sup> See *Appendix, post*: *He that fights and runs away*. <sup>5</sup> Cf. Bunyan, p. 137.

HUDIBRAS—*continued.*]

When pious frauds and holy shifts  
Are dispensations and gifts. *Part i. Canto iii. Line 1145.*

Friend Ralph, thou hast  
Outrun the constable at last. *Part i. Canto iii. Line 1367.*

Some force whole regions, in despite  
O' geography, to change their site;  
Make former times shake hands with latter,  
And that which was before, come after;  
But those that write in rhyme still make  
The one verse for the other's sake;  
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,  
I think 's sufficient at one time. *Part ii. Canto i. Line 23.*

Some have been beaten till they know  
What wood a cudgel 's of by th' blow;  
Some kick'd until they can feel whether  
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather. *Part ii. Canto i. Line 221.*

Quoth she, I 've heard old cunning staggers  
Say, fools for arguments use wagers. *Part ii. Canto i. Line 297.*

For what is worth in anything,  
But so much money as 't will bring? *Part ii. Canto i. Line 465.*

Love is a boy by poets styl'd;  
Then spare the rod and spoil the child. *Part ii. Canto i. Line 843.*

The sun had long since in the lap  
Of Thetis taken out his nap,  
And, like a lobster boiled, the morn  
From black to red began to turn. *Part ii. Canto ii. Line 29.*

Have always been at daggers-drawing,  
And one another clapper-clawing. *Part ii. Canto ii. Line 79.*

For truth is precious and divine,  
Too rich a pearl for carnal swine. *Part ii. Canto ii. Line 257.*

He that imposes an oath makes it,  
Not he that for convenience takes it:  
Then how can any man be said  
To break an oath he never made? *Part ii. Canto ii. Line 377.*

As the ancients  
Say wisely, Have a care o' th' main chance,<sup>2</sup>  
And look before you ere you leap;<sup>2</sup>  
For as you sow, y' are like to reap.<sup>3</sup> *Part ii. Canto ii. Line 501.*

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He that spareth his rod hateth his son.—*Proverbs*, ch. xiii. 24.

<sup>2</sup> See *Proverbs*, *post.*

<sup>3</sup> Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.—*Galatians*, ch. vi. 7.

Cf. Tusser, *ante*, p. 4.



HUDIBRAS—*continued.*]

Doubtless the pleasure is as great  
Of being cheated, as to cheat. *Part ii. Canto iii. Line 1.*

He made an instrument to know  
If the moon shine at full or no. *Part ii. Canto iii. Line 261.*

Each window like a pill'ry appears,  
With heads thrust thro' nailed by the ears.  
*Part ii. Canto iii. Line 391.*

To swallow gudgeons ere they 're caught,  
And count their chickens ere they 're hatched.  
*Part ii. Canto iii. Line 923.*

There 's but the twinkling of a star  
Between a man of peace and war. *Part ii. Canto iii. Line 957.*

As quick as lightning in the breech,  
Just in the place where honour 's lodged,  
As wise philosophers have judged;  
Because a kick in that place more  
Hurts honour, than deep wounds before.  
*Part ii. Canto iii. Line 1067.*

As men of inward light are wont  
To turn their optics in upon 't. *Part iii. Canto i. Line 481.*

Still amorous, and fond, and billing,  
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling. *Part iii. Canto i. Line 587.*

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?  
About two hundred pounds a year.  
And that which was proved true before,  
Prove false again? Two hundred more.  
*Part iii. Canto i. Line 1277.*

'Cause grace and virtue are within  
Prohibited degrees of kin;  
And therefore no true saint allows  
They should be suffer'd to espouse. *Part iii. Canto i. Line 1293.*  
Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,  
Though he gave his name to our old Nick.  
*Part iii. Canto i. Line 1313.*

With crosses, relics, crucifixes,  
Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes;  
The tools of working out Salvation  
By mere mechanic operation. *Part iii. Canto i. Line 1495.*

True as the dial to the sun,  
Although it be not shin'd upon. *Part iii. Canto ii. Line 175.*

For those that fly may fight again,  
Which he can never do that 's slain.<sup>1</sup> *Part iii. Canto iii. Line 243.*

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<sup>1</sup> See Appendix. *lost: He that fights and runs away.*

HUDIBRAS—*continued.*]

He that complies against his will  
 Is of his own opinion still. *Part iii. Canto iii. Line 547.*  
 With books and money plac'd for show,  
 Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,  
 And for his false opinion pay. *Part iii. Canto iii. Line 624.*



## ANDREW MARVELL. 1620—1678.

And all the way, to guide their chime,  
 With falling oars they kept the time. *Bermudas.*  
 In busy companies of men. *The Garden. (Translated.)*  
 Annihilating all that 's made  
 To a green thought in a green shade. *Ibid.*  
 The world in all doth but two nations bear,  
 The good, the bad, and these mixed everywhere. *The Loyal Scot.*  
 The inglorious arts of peace.  
*Upon Cromwell's return from Ireland.*  
 He nothing common did, or mean,  
 Upon that memorable scene. *Ibid.*  
 So much one man can do,  
 That does both act and know. *Ibid.*



## JOHN DRYDEN. 1631—1701.

## ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

None but the brave deserves the fair. *Line 15.*  
 With ravish'd ears  
 The monarch hears,  
 Assumes the god,  
 Affects to nod,  
 And seems to shake the spheres. *Line 37.*  
 Bacchus, ever fair and young. *Line 54.*  
 Rich the treasure,  
 Sweet the pleasure,  
 Sweet is pleasure after pain. *Line 58.*  
 Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;  
 Fought all his battles o'er again;  
 And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain.  
*Line 66.*  
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
 Fallen from his high estate,  
 And weltering in his blood;

ALEXANDER'S FEAST—*continued.*]

Deserted, at his utmost need,  
 By those his former bounty fed;  
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,  
 With not a friend to close his eyes. *Line 77.*  
 For pity melts the mind to love. *Line 96.*  
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,  
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.  
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble;  
 Honour, but an empty bubble;  
 Never ending, still beginning,  
 Fighting still, and still destroying.  
 If all the world be worth the winning,  
 Think, O think it worth enjoying:  
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
 Take the good the gods provide thee. *Line 97.*  
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again. *Line 120.*  
 And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy. *Line 154.*  
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire. *Line 160.*  
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies,  
 She drew an angel down. *Line 169.*

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,  
 In him alone 't was natural to please. *Part i. Line 27.*  
 A fiery soul, which, working out its way,  
 Fretted the pygmy-body to decay,  
 And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.<sup>1</sup> *Part i. Line 156.*  
 Great wits are sure to madness near allied,  
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide.<sup>2</sup> *Part i. Line 163.*  
 And all to leave what with his toil he won,  
 To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a son. *Part i. Line 169.*  
 Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state. *Part i. Line 174.*  
 And heaven had wanted one immortal song.  
 But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,  
 And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.<sup>3</sup> *Part i. Line 197.*

<sup>1</sup> He was one of a lean body and visage, as if his eager soul, biting for anger at the clog of his body, desired to fret a passage through it.—Fuller, *Holy and Profane State. Life of Duke d'Alva.*

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Pope, *Essay on Man, Ep. i, Line 226.*

<sup>3</sup> Greatnesse on goodnesse loves to slide, not stand,  
 And leaves, for Fortune's ice, Vertue's ferme land.

From *Knolles's History* (under a portrait of Mustapha I.).

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL—*continued.*]

The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,  
 The young men's vision, and the old men's dream !<sup>1</sup>  
*Part i. Line 238.*  
 Behold him setting in his western skies,  
 The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise.<sup>2</sup> *Part i. Line 268.*  
 Than a successive title, long and dark,  
 Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark. *Part i. Line 301.*  
 Not only hating David, but the king. *Part i. Line 512.*  
 Who think too little, and who talk too much. *Part i. Line 534.*  
 A man so various, that he seem'd to be  
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome ;  
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,  
 Was everything by starts, and nothing long.  
 But in the course of one revolving moon,  
 Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.<sup>3</sup> *Part i. Line 545.*  
 So over-violent, or over-civil,  
 That every man with him was God or Devil. *Part i. Line 557.*  
 His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen. *Part i. Line 645.*  
 Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense  
 Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence. *Part i. Line 868.*  
 Beware the fury of a patient man.<sup>4</sup> *Part i. Line 1005.*  
 Made still a blundering kind of melody ;  
 Spurr'd boldly on, and dash'd through thick and thin,  
 Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in.  
*Part ii. Line 413.*  
 For every inch that is not fool is rogue. *Part ii. Line 463*

## CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,  
 And whistled as he went, for want of thought. *Line 84.*  
 One fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,  
 And gaping mouth, that testified surprise. *Line 107.*  
 She hugged the offender, and forgave the offence.  
 Sex to the last.<sup>5</sup> *Line 367.*

<sup>1</sup> Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions.—*Joel* ii. 28.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Young, *Night Thoughts*, v. 661.

<sup>3</sup> Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,  
 Augur, schœnobates, medicus, magus, omnia novit.  
Juvenal, *Sat.* iii. *Line 76.*

<sup>4</sup> Furor fit læsa sæpius patientia.—Publius Syrus.

<sup>5</sup> Cf. Pope, *Eloisa to Abelard*, *Line 192.*



CYMON AND IPHIGENIA—*continued.*]

And raw in fields the rude militia swarms;  
Mouths without hands : maintained at vast expense,  
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence;  
Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,  
And ever, but in times of need, at hand. *Line 400.*

Of seeming arms to make a short essay,  
Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day. *Line 407*

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,  
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.  
The wise for cure on exercise depend;  
God never made his work for man to mend. *Epistle xiii. Line 92.*

And threatening France, plac'd like a painted Jove,  
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand. *Annus Mirabilis. Stanza 39.*

Men met each other with erected look,  
The steps were higher that they took,  
Friends to congratulate their friends made haste;  
And long-inveterate foes saluted as they pass'd. *Threnodia Augustalis. Line 124.*

For truth has such a face and such a mien,  
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.<sup>1</sup> *The Hind and Panther. Line 33.*

And kind as kings upon their coronation day. *Ibid. Line 271.*

But Shadwell never deviates into sense. *Mac Flecknoe. Line 20.*

And torture one poor word ten thousand ways. *Ibid. Line 208.*

Fool, not to know that love endures no tie,  
And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.<sup>2</sup> *Palamon and Arcite. Book ii. Line 758.*

For Art may err, but Nature cannot miss. *The Cock and Fox. Line 452.*

And that one hunting, which the Devil design'd  
For one fair female, lost him half the kind. *Theodore and Honoria.*

Three Poets, in three distant ages born,  
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Pope, *Essay on Man*, Ep. ii. Line 217.

<sup>2</sup> Perjuria ridet amantum  
Jupiter.

Tibullus, *Lib. iii. El. 7, Line 17.*

This proverb Dryden repeats in *Amphitryon*, Act i. Sc. 2.

The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,  
 The next in majesty, in both the last.  
 The force of Nature could no further go;  
 To make a third, she join'd the former two.<sup>1</sup>

*Under Mr. Milton's Picture.*

A very merry, dancing, drinking,  
 Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

*The Secular Masque. Line 40.*

Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.

*Epistle to Congreve. Line 19.*

Be kind to my remains; and O defend,  
 Against your judgment, your departed friend! *Ibid. Line 72.*

Happy who in his verse can gently steer,  
 From grave to light; from pleasant to severe.<sup>2</sup>

*The Art of Poetry. Canto i. Line 75.*

Since heaven's eternal year is thine.

*Elegy on Mrs. Killegrew. Line 15.*

Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.<sup>3</sup>

*Ibid. Line 70.*

Above any Greek or Roman name.<sup>4</sup>

*Upon the Death of Lord Hastings. Line 76.*

He was exhal'd; his great Creator drew  
 His spirit, as the sun the morning dew.<sup>5</sup>

*On the Death of a very Young Gentleman.*

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,

This universal frame began:

From harmony to harmony

Through all the compass of the notes it ran,

The diapason closing full in Man.

*A Song for St. Cecilia's Day. Line 11.*

Happy the man, and happy he alone,

He who can call to-day his own:

He who, secure within, can say,

To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day.

*Imitation of Horace. Book i. Ode 29. Line 65.*

Not heaven itself upon the past has power;

But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

*Ibid. Line 71.*

<sup>1</sup> Græcia Mæonidam, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,  
 Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

Selvaggi, *Ad Joannem Miltonum.*

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Pope, *Essay on Man*, Ep. iv. Line 379.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Pope, *Epitaph on Gay*.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. Pope, *Satires and Epistles*, Book ii. Ep. 1, Line 26.

<sup>5</sup> Cf. Young, *Night Thoughts*, v. Line 600.

IMITATION OF HORACE—*continued.*]

I can enjoy her while she 's kind;  
But when she dances in the wind,  
And shakes the wings, and will not stay,  
I puff the prostitute away. *Ibid. Line 81.*

And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm. *Ibid. Line 87.*

Arms and the man I sing, who, forced by fate  
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate. *Virgil. Æneid, 1.*

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,  
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

*Ovid. Metamorphoses. Book xv. Line 155.*

She knows her man, and when you rant and swear,  
Can draw you to her with a single hair.<sup>1</sup>

*Persius. Satire v. Line 245.*

Look round the habitable world, how few  
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue!

*Juvenal. Satire x.*

Thespis, the first professor of our art,  
At country wakes sung ballads from a cart.

*Prologue to Lee's Sophonisba.*

Errors like straws upon the surface flow;  
He who would search for pearls must dive below.

*All for Love. Prologue.*

Men are but children of a larger growth. *Ibid. Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Your ignorance is the mother of your devotion to me.

*The Maiden Queen. Act i. Sc. 2.*

But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be;  
Within that circle none durst walk but he.

*The Tempest. Prologue.*

I am as free as nature first made man,  
Ere the base laws of servitude began,  
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

*The Conquest of Granada. Part i. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Forgiveness to the injured does belong;  
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.<sup>2</sup>

*Ibid. Part ii. Act i. Sc. 2.*

What precious drops are those,  
Which silently each other's track pursue,  
Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew?

*Ibid. Part ii. Act iii. Sc. 1.*

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Pope, *The Rape of the Lock*, Canto ii. Line 27.

<sup>2</sup> Quos læserunt et oderunt.—Seneca, *De Ira*, Lib. ii. cap. xxxiii.

Proprium humani ingenii est odisse quem læseris.—Tacitus, *Agricola*,

42, 4.

The offender never pardons.—Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*.

When I consider life, 't is all a cheat.  
 Yet, fooled with hope, men favour the deceit;  
 Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay :  
 To-morrow 's falser than the former day ;  
 Lies worse; and while it says, " We shall be blest  
 With some new joys," cuts off what we possess.  
 Strange cozenage ! none would live past years again,  
 Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain ;  
 And from the dregs of life think to receive  
 What the first sprightly running could not give.

*Aureng-zebe. Act iv. Sc. 1.*

All delays are dangerous in war.<sup>1</sup> *Tyrannic Love. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Pains of love be sweeter far  
 Than all other pleasures are. *Ibid. Act iv. Sc. 1.*

His hair just grizzled  
 As in a green old age. *Œdipus. Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,  
 But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long ;  
 Even wondered at, because he dropt no sooner.  
 Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years ;  
 Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more :  
 Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,  
 The wheels of weary life at last stood still. *Ibid. Act iv. Sc. 1.*

She, though in full-blown flower of glorious beauty,  
 Grows cold, even in the summer of her age.

*Ibid. Act iv. Sc. 1.*

There is a pleasure sure  
 In being mad which none but madmen know.<sup>2</sup>  
*The Spanish Friar. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

This is the porcelain clay of humankind.<sup>3</sup>  
*Don Sebastian. Act i. Sc. 1.*

I have a soul that, like an ample shield,  
 Can take in all, and verge enough for more.<sup>4</sup> *Ibid. Act i. Sc. 1.*

A knock-down argument : 't is but a word and a blow.  
*Amphitryon. Act i. Sc. 1.*

The true Amphitryon. *Ibid. Act iv. Sc. 1.*  
 The spectacles of books. *Essay on Dramatic Poetry.*

<sup>1</sup> Delays have dangerous ends.—Shakespeare, *King Henry VI. Part i. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Cowper, *post.*

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Byron, *Don Juan, Canto iv. St. 11.*

<sup>4</sup> Cf. Gray, *post.*



STEPHEN HARVEY.

And there 's a lust in man no charm can tame  
Of loudly publishing our neighbour's shame;  
On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,  
While virtuous actions are but born and die.

*Juvenal. Satire ix.*



JOHN BUNYAN. 1628—1688.

And so I penned  
It down, until at last it came to be,  
For length and breadth, the bigness which you see.

*Apology for His Book.*

Some said, "John, print it," others said, "Not so,"  
Some said, "It might do good," others said, "No." *Ibid.*

The name of the slough was Despond. *Pilgrim's Progress. Part i.*

It beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town where 't is kept is  
lighter than vanity. *Ibid. Part i.*

Some things are of that nature as to make  
One's fancy chuckle, while his heart doth ache.

*The Author's Way of sending forth his  
Second Part of the Pilgrim.*

He that is down needs fear no fall.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid. Part ii*



RICHARD BAXTER. 1615—1691.

I preached as never sure to preach again,  
And as a dying man to dying men.  
*Love breathing Thanks and Praise.*



EARL OF ROSCOMMON. 1633—1684.

Remember Milo's end,  
Wedged in that timber which he strove to rend.  
*Essay on Translated Verse. Line 87.*  
Choose an author as you choose a friend. *Ibid. Line 96.*  
Immodest words admit of no defence,  
For want of decency is want of sense. *Ibid. Line 113.*  
The multitude is always in the wrong. *Ibid. Line 184.*  
My God, my Father, and my Friend,  
Do not forsake me at my end. *Translation of Dies Irae.*

<sup>1</sup> From Anderson's *British Poets*, Vol. xii. p. 697.

<sup>2</sup> He that is down can fall no lower.—Butler, *Hudibras*, Part i. Canto iii. Line 877.

ROGER L'ESTRANGE. 1616—1740.

Though this may be play to you,

'T is death to us.

*Fables from Several Authors. Fable 398.*



JOHN TILLOTSON. 1630—1694.

If God were not a necessary Being of himself, he might almost seem to be made for the use and benefit of men.<sup>1</sup>

*Sermon 93, 1712.*



MATTHEW HENRY. 1662—1714.

To their own second and sober thoughts.<sup>2</sup>

*Exposition, Job vi. 29. (London, 1710.)*



SIR JOHN POWELL. ———1713.

Let us consider the reason of the case. For nothing is law that is not reason.<sup>3</sup>

*Coggs vs. Bernard, 2 Ld. Raym. 911.*



RICHARD RUMBOLD. ———1685.

I never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world, ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden. *When on the Scaffold (1685). Macaulay, Hist. of England.*



EARL OF ROCHESTER. 1647—1680.

Angels listen when she speaks :

She's my delight, all mankind's wonder ;

But my jealous heart would break,

Should we live one day asunder.

*Song.*

Here lies our sovereign lord the king,

Whose word no man relies on ;

He never says a foolish thing,

Nor ever does a wise one.

*Written on the Bedchamber Door of Charles II.*

And ever since the conquest have been fools.

*Artemisia in the Town to Chloe in the Country.*

<sup>1</sup> Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudroit l'inventer.—Voltaire, *A l'Auteur du livre des trois imposteurs, Epit. cxi.*

<sup>2</sup> I consider biennial elections as a security that the sober, second thought of the people shall be law.—Fisher Ames, *Speech on Biennial Elections, 1788.*

<sup>3</sup> Reason is the life of the law ; nay, the common law itself is nothing else but reason. . . . The law, which is perfection of reason.—Coke, *Institute, Book i. Fol. 976.*

For pointed satire I would Buckhurst choose,  
The best good man with the worst-natured muse.

*An Allusion to Satire x. Horace, Book i.*

A merry monarch, scandalous and poor. *On the King.*



SIR CHARLES SEDLEY. 1639—1701.

When change itself can give no more,  
'T is easy to be true.

*Reasons for Constancy.*



SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. 1649—1720.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,  
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well. *Essay on Poetry.*

There 's no such thing in nature, and you 'll draw  
A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw. *Ibid.*

Read Homer once, and you can read no more,  
For all books else appear so mean, so poor;  
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,  
And Homer will be all the books you need. *Ibid.*



HENRY ALDRICH. 1647—1710.

If on my theme I rightly think,  
There are five reasons why men drink :  
Good wine, a friend, because I 'm dry,  
Or least I should be by and by,  
Or any other reason why.<sup>1</sup> *Biog. Britannica. Vol. i. p. 131.*



THOMAS OTWAY. 1651—1685.

O woman ! lovely woman ! nature made thee  
To temper man ; we had been brutes without you.  
Angels are painted fair, to look like you :  
There 's in you all that we believe of heaven ;  
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,  
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

*Venice Preserved. Act i. Sc. 1.*

<sup>1</sup> These lines are a translation of a Latin epigram (erroneously ascribed to Aldrich in the *Biog. Brit.*) which Menage and De la Monnoye attribute to Père Sirmond.

Si bene commemini, causæ sunt quinque bibendi ;  
Hospitis adventus ; præsens sitis atque futura ;  
Et vini bonitas, et quælibet altera causa.

*Menagiana, Vol. i. p. 172.*

VENICE PRESERVED—*continued.*]

Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life;  
 Dear as these eyes, that weep in fondness o'er thee.<sup>1</sup>

*Ibid.* Act i. Sc. 1.

What mighty ills have not been done by woman?  
 Who was 't betray'd the Capitol? A woman!  
 Who lost Mark Antony the world? A woman!  
 Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,  
 And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman!  
 Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!

*The Orphan.* Act iii. Sc. 1.



## ANDREW FLETCHER OF SALTOUN. 1653—1716.

I knew a very wise man that believed that, if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.

*Letter to the Marquis of Montrose, the Earl of Rothes, etc.*



## ISAAC NEWTON. 1642—1727.

I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.<sup>2</sup>

*Brewster's Memoirs of Newton.* Vol. ii. Ch. 27.



## NATHANIEL LEE. 1655—1692.

Then he will talk—good gods! how he will talk!<sup>3</sup>

*Alexander the Great.* Act i. Sc. 3.

When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war.

*Ibid.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

'T is beauty calls, and glory shows the way.<sup>4</sup>

*Ibid.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

Man, false man, smiling, destructive man.

*Theodosius.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Gray, *The Bard*, Part i. St. 3.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Milton, *Paradise Reg.*, Book iv. Lines 327—330.

<sup>3</sup> It would talk,

Lord! how it talked!

Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Scornful Lady*, Act v. Sc. 1.

<sup>4</sup> 'leads the way,' in the stage editions, which contain various interpolations, among them

"See the conquering hero comes,  
 Sound the trumpet, beat the drums."



JOHN NORRIS. 1657—1711.

How fading are the joys we dote upon !  
 Like apparitions seen and gone ;  
 But those which soonest take their flight  
 Are the most exquisite and strong ;  
 Like angels' visits, short and bright,<sup>1</sup>  
 Mortality 's too weak to bear them long. *The Parting.*

—□—

DR. WALTER POPE. 1630—1714.

May I govern my passion with absolute sway,  
 And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away.  
*The Old Man's Wish.*

—□—

THOMAS SOUTHERNE. 1660—1746.

Pity 's akin to love.<sup>2</sup> *Oroonoka. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

—□—

JOHN DENNIS. 1657—1734.

A man who could make so vile a pun would not scruple to pick a pocket.<sup>3</sup>  
 They will not let my play run ; and yet they steal my thunder.<sup>4</sup>

—□—

JOHN POMFRET. 1667—1703.

We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,  
 And still adore the hand that gives the blow.<sup>5</sup>  
*Verses to his Friend under Affliction.*  
 Heaven is not always angry when he strikes,  
 But most chastises those whom most he likes. *Ibid.*

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<sup>1</sup> Cf. Campbell, *post*.

<sup>2</sup> *Vio.* I pity you.

*Oli.* That 's a degree to Love.

Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night, Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Of all the paths that lead to woman's love

Pity 's the straightest.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Knight of Malta, Act i. Sc. 1.*

<sup>3</sup> This on the authority of *The Gentleman's Magazine, Vol li. p. 324.*

<sup>4</sup> Our author, for the advantage of this play [Appius and Virginia], had invented a new species of thunder, which was approved of by the actors, and is the very sort that at present is used in the theatre. The tragedy, however, was coldly received notwithstanding such assistance, and was acted but a short time. Some nights after, Mr. Dennis being in the pit, at the representation of Macbeth, heard his own thunder made use of; upon which he rose in a violent passion, and exclaimed, with an oath, that it was his thunder. "See," said he, "how the rascals use me ! They will not let my play run ; and yet they steal my thunder."—*Biog. Britannica, Vol. v. p. 103.*

<sup>5</sup> Bless the hand that gave the blow.

Dryden, *The Spanish Friar, Act ii. Sc. 1.*

DANIEL DEFOE. 1663—1731.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,  
The Devil always builds a chapel there;<sup>1</sup>  
And 't will be found, upon examination,  
The latter has the largest congregation.

*The True-Born Englishman. Part i. Line 1.*

Great families of yesterday we show,  
And lords, whose parents were the Lord knows who.

*Ibid. Lin. ult.*

—□—

RICHARD BENTLEY. 1662—1742.

It is a maxim with me that no man was ever written out of reputation  
but by himself. *Monk's Life of Bentley, p. 90.*

—□—

TOM BROWN. 1663—1704.

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,  
The reason why I cannot tell;  
But this alone I know full well,  
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.<sup>2</sup>

—□—

MATTHEW PRIOR. 1664—1721.

Be to her virtues very kind;  
Be to her faults a little blind. *An English Padlock.*

Abra was ready ere I call'd her name;  
And, though I call'd another, Abra came.

*Solomon on the Vanity of the World. Book ii. Line 364.*

For hope is but the dream of those that wake.<sup>3</sup>  
*Ibid. Book iii. Line 102.*

Who breathes, must suffer, and who thinks, must mourn;

And he alone is bless'd who ne'er was born. *Ibid. Book iii. Line 240.*

<sup>1</sup> See Proverbs, *post*.

<sup>2</sup> A slightly different version is found in Brown's Works collected and published after his death.

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare;

Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te.—Martial, *Ep. i. xxxiii.*

Je ne vous aime pas, Hylas;

Je n'en saurois dire la cause,

Je sais seulement un chose;

C'est que je ne vous aime pas.

Bussy, *Comte de Rabutin, Epistle 33, Book i.*

<sup>3</sup> This thought is ascribed to Aristotle by Diogenes Laertius, *Lib. v. § 18.*

Ἐρωτηθεὶς τί ἐστιν ἡλιπὶς; Ἐγγυγορέας, ἴππιν, ἰούππιον.

Menage, in his *Observations upon Laertius*, says that Stobæus (*Serm. cix.*) ascribes it to Pindar, whilst Ælian (*Var. Hist. xiii. 20*) refers it to Plato:

Ἐλίσγει ὁ Πλάτων τὰς ἡλιπιδας ἰγ. ηγε, ὅτων ἀνθ, ὥπων ὀνύχους εἶναι.

Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart,  
And often took leave; but was loth to depart.

*The Thief and the Cordelier.*

Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em,  
And, oft repeating, they believe 'em.

*Alma. Canto iii. Line 13.*

And thought the nation ne'er would thrive  
Till all the whores were burnt alive.

*Paul Purganti.*

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,  
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior;  
The son of Adam and of Eve:

Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?<sup>1</sup> *Epitaph on Himself.*

Odds life! must one swear to the truth of a song?

*A Better Answer.*

That, if weak women went astray,  
Their stars were more in fault than they.

*Hans Carvel.*

The end must justify the means.

*Ibid.*

That air and harmony of shape express,  
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.<sup>2</sup>

*Henry and Emma.*

Our hopes, like tow'ring falcons, aim

At objects in an airy height;

The little pleasure of the game

Is from afar to view the flight.<sup>3</sup> *To the Hon. Charles Montague.*

From ignorance our comfort flows,

The only wretched are the wise.<sup>4</sup>

*Ibid.*

They never taste who always drink;

They always talk who never think.

*Upon a Passage in the Scaligerana.*



HENRY CAREY. 1663—1743.

God save our gracious king,

Long live our noble king,

God save the king.

*God save the King.*

<sup>1</sup> The following epitaph was written long before the time of Prior:—

Johnnie Carnegie lais heer.

Descendit of Adam and Eve,

Gif ony con gang hieher,

Ise willing give him leve.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Pope, *Moral Essays*, *Epistle ii. Line 43.*

<sup>3</sup> But all the pleasure of the game

Is afar off to view the flight.

Variations in a copy printed 1692.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. Gray, *Eton College*, *post.*

Aldeborontiphoscophornio !

Where left you Chrononhotonthologos? *Chronon. Act i. Sc. 1.*

His cogitative faculties immers'd

In cogibundity of cogitation.

*Ibid. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Let the singing singers

With vocal voices, most vociferous,

In sweet vociferation, out-vociferize

Ev'n sound itself.

*Ibid. Act i. Sc. 1.*

To thee, and gentle Rigdom Funnidos,

Our gratulations flow in streams unbounded. *Ibid. Act i. Sc. 3.*

Go call a coach, and let a coach be called,

And let the man who calleth be the caller ;

And in his calling let him nothing call,

But Coach ! Coach ! Coach ! O for a coach, ye gods !

*Ibid. Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Genteel in personage,

Conduct, and equipage ;

Noble by heritage,

Generous and free. *The Contrivances, Act i. Sc. 2.*

What a monstrous tail our cat has got !

*The Dragon of Wantley. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Of all the girls that are so smart,

There 's none like pretty Sally.<sup>1</sup> *Sally in our Alley.*

Of all the days that 's in the week

I dearly love but one day,

And that 's the day that comes betwixt

A Saturday and Monday.

*Ibid.*



SAMUEL GARTH. 1670—1719.

To die is landing on some silent shore,

Where billows never break, nor tempests roar ;

Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 't is o'er.

*The Dispensary.<sup>2</sup> Canto iii. Line 225.*

<sup>1</sup> Of all the girls that e'er was seen,

There 's none so fine as Nelly.

Swift, *Ballad on Miss Nelly Bennet.*

<sup>2</sup> Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy,

Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.

Christopher Codrington, *On Garth's Dispensary.*



## JONATHAN SWIFT. 1667—1745.

I've often wished that I had clear,  
For life, six hundred pounds a year,  
A handsome house to lodge a friend,  
A river at my garden's end.

*Imitation of Horace. Book ii. Sat. 6.*

So geographers, in Afric maps,<sup>1</sup>  
With savage pictures fill their gaps,  
And o'er unhabitable downs  
Place elephants for want of towns.

*Poetry, a Rhapsody.*

Where Young must torture his invention  
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.

*Ibid.*

Hobbes clearly proves, that every creature  
Lives in a state of war by nature.

*Ibid.*

So, naturalists observe, a flea  
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;  
And these have smaller still to bite 'em;  
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.

*Ibid.*

Libertas et natale solum;

Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em.

*Verses occasioned by Whitshead's Motto on his Coach.*

A college joke to cure the dumps.

*Cassimus and Peter.*

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,  
That flattery 's the food of fools;  
Yet now and then your men of wit  
Will condescend to take a bit.

*Cadenus and Vanessa.*

The two noblest things, which are sweetness and light.

*Battle of the Books.*

And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together

*Gulliver's Travels. Part ii. Ch. vii. Voyage to Brobdingnag.*

He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers.

*Ibid. Part iii. Ch. v. Voyage to Laputa.*

Seamen have a custom, when they meet a whale, to fling him out an empty tub by way of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ship.<sup>2</sup>

*Tale of a Tub, Preface.*

<sup>1</sup> As geographers crowd into the edges of their maps parts of the world which they do not know about, adding notes in the margin to the effect that beyond this lies nothing but sandy deserts full of wild beasts and unapproachable bogs.—Plutarch, *Thesens*.

<sup>2</sup> In Sebastian Munster's *Cosmography*, there is a cut of a ship, to which

Bread is the staff of life.

*Tale of a Tub.*

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

*Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent. *Ibid.*

A nice man is a man of nasty ideas. *Ibid.*

Not die here in a rage like a poisoned rat in a hole.

*Letter to Bolingbroke, March 21, 1729.*

I shall be like that tree, I shall die at the top. *Scott's Life of Swift.*<sup>1</sup>



ALAIN RENÉ LE SAGE. 1668—1747.

I wish you all sorts of prosperity with a little more taste.

*Gil Blas. Book vii. Ch. 4.*



COLLEY CIBBER. 1671—1757.

So mourned the dame of Ephesus her love;

And thus the soldier, armed with resolution,

Told his soft tale, and was a thriving wooer.

*Richard III. Altered. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Now by St. Paul the work goes bravely on. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome

Outlives in fame the pious fool that raised it. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

I've lately had two spiders

Crawling upon my startled hopes.

Now tho' thy friendly hand has brushed 'em from me,

Yet still they crawl offensive to my eyes;

I would have some kind friend to tread upon 'em. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

Off with his head! so much for Buckingham! *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

And the ripe harvest of the new-mown hay

Gives it a sweet and wholesome odour. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

With clink of hammers<sup>2</sup> closing rivets up. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

a whale was coming too close for her safety, and of the sailors throwing a tub to the whale evidently to play with. This practice is also mentioned in an old prose translation of the *Ship of Fools*.—Sir James Mackintosh, *Appendix to the Life of Sir Thomas More*.

<sup>1</sup> When the poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa," was the general topic of conversation some one said, "Surely that Vanessa must be an extraordinary woman, that could inspire the Dean to write so finely upon her." Mrs. Johnson smiled and answered, that "she thought that point not quite so clear, for it was well known the Dean could write finely upon a broom stick."—Johnson's *Life of Swift*.

<sup>2</sup> With busy hammers.—Shakespeare, *Henry V., Act iv. Chorus*.

RICHARD III.—*continued.*]

Perish that thought! No, never be it said  
That Fate itself could awe the soul of Richard.  
Hence, babbling dreams; you threaten here in vain;  
Conscience, avaunt, Richard's himself again!  
Hark! the shrill trumpet sounds, to horse, away,  
My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray. *Ibid. Act v. Sc. 3*  
A weak invention of the enemy.<sup>1</sup> *Act v. Sc. 3.*



SUSANNAH CENTLIVRE. 1667—1723.

The real Simon Pure. *A Bold Stroke for a Wife. Act v. Sc. 1.*



SIR RICHARD STEELE. 1671—1729.

(Lady Elizabeth Hastings.) Though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behaviour; to love her was a liberal education.<sup>2</sup> *The Tatler. No. 49.*



JOSEPH ADDISON. 1672—1719.

CATO.

'The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,  
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,  
The great, the important day, big with the fate  
Of Cato, and of Rome. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Thy steady temper, Portius,  
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,  
In the calm lights of mild philosophy. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

'T is not in mortals to command success,  
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it. *Act i. Sc. 2*  
Blesses his stars and thinks it luxury. *Act i. Sc. 4*

'T is pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul;  
I think the Romans call it stoicism. *Act i. Sc. 4*

Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget  
The pale, unripened beauties of the north. *Act i. Sc. 4*

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,  
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.  
The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex. *Act i. Sc. 4*

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A thing devised by the enemy.—Shakespeare, *Richard III.*, *Act v. Sc. 3.*

<sup>2</sup> Leigh Hunt incorrectly ascribes this expression to Congreve.

CATO—*continued.*]

My voice is still for war.  
 Gods! can a Roman senate long debate  
 Which of the two to choose, slavery or death? *Act ii. Sc. 1.*  
 A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty  
 Is worth a whole eternity in bondage. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*  
 The woman that deliberates is lost. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*  
 When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,  
 The post of honour is a private station. *Act iv. Sc. 4.*  
 It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!—  
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
 This longing after immortality?  
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,  
 Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul  
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
 'T is the divinity that stirs within us;  
 'T is heaven itself that points out an hereafter,  
 And intimates eternity to man.  
 Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought! *Act v. Sc. 1.*  
 I'm weary of conjectures,—this must end 'em.  
 Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,  
 My bane and antidote, are both before me:  
 This in a moment brings me to an end;  
 But this informs me I shall never die.  
 The soul, secured in her existence, smiles  
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,  
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
 The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds. *Act v. Sc. 1.*  
 From hence, let fierce contending nations know  
 What dire effects from civil discord flow. *Act v. Sc. 4.*  
 Unbounded courage and compassion joined,  
 Tempering each other in the victor's mind,  
 Alternately proclaim him good and great,  
 And make the hero and the man complete.  
*The Campaign. Line 219.*  
 And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,  
 Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid. Line 291.*  
 And those that paint them truest praise them most.<sup>2</sup>  
*Ibid. Line ult.*

<sup>1</sup> This line is frequently ascribed to Pope, as it is found in the *Dunciad*, Book iii. *Line 261.*

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Pope, *Eloisa to Abelard*, *Lin. ult.*



For wheresoe'er I turn my ravished eyes,  
 Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,  
 Poetic fields encompass me around.  
 And still I seem to tread on classic ground.<sup>1</sup>

*A Letter from Italy.*

The spacious firmament on high,  
 With all the blue ethereal sky,  
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
 Their great Original proclaim.

*Ode.*

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
 And nightly to the listening earth  
 Repeats the story of her birth;  
 While all the stars that round her burn,  
 And all the planets in their turn,  
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

*Ibid.*

For ever singing, as they shine,  
 The hand that made us is divine.

*Ibid.*



SIR ROBERT WALPOLE. 1674—1746.

Flowery oratory he despised. He ascribed to the interested views of themselves or their relatives the declarations of pretended patriots, of whom he said, All those men have their price.<sup>2</sup>

*From Coxe's Memoirs of Walpole. Vol. iv. p. 369.*

Anything but history, for history must be false. *Walpoliana. No. 141.*

The gratitude of place-expectants is a lively sense of future favours.<sup>3</sup>



AMBROSE PHILIPS. 1671—1749.

Studious of ease and fond of humble things.

*From Holland to a Friend in England.*



ISAAC WATTS. 1674—1748.

DIVINE SONGS.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,

How many poor I see !

What shall I render to my God

For all his gifts to me?

*Song iv.*

<sup>1</sup> Malone states that this was the first time the phrase "classic ground," since so common, was ever used.

<sup>2</sup> The political axiom, *All men have their price*, is commonly ascribed to Walpole.

<sup>3</sup> Hazlitt, in his *Wit and Humour*, says, "This is Walpole's phrase."

DIVINE SONGS—*continued.*]

A flower, when offered in the bud,  
Is no vain sacrifice. *Song xii.*

And he that does one fault at first,  
And lies to hide it, makes it two.<sup>1</sup> *Song xv.*

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,  
For God hath made them so;  
Let bears and lions growl and fight,  
For 't is their nature too. *Song xvi.*

Your little hands were never made  
To tear each other's eyes. *Ibid.*

How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day,  
From every opening flower ! *Song xx.*

For Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do. *Ibid.*

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, three in one;  
Be honour, praise, and glory given,  
By all on earth, and all in heaven.  
*Glory to the Father and the Son.*

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber !  
Holy angels guard thy bed !  
Heavenly blessings without number  
Gently falling on thy head. *A Cradle Hymn.*

'T is the voice of the sluggard ; I heard him complain,  
" You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again."  
*The Sluggard.*

Hark ! from the tombs a doleful sound. *A Funeral Thought.*

Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings  
Should keep in tune so long.

*Hymns and Spiritual Songs. Book ii. Hymn 19.*

Were I so tall to reach the pole,  
Or grasp the ocean with my span,  
I must be measur'd by my soul :  
The mind 's the standard of the man.<sup>2</sup>

*Horæ Lyricæ. Book ii. False Greatness.*

<sup>1</sup> Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie ;  
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.

Herbert, *The Church Porch.*

<sup>2</sup> I do not distinguish by the eye, but by the mind, which is the proper judge of the man. — Seneca, *On a Happy Life*, Ch. i. (L'Estrange's Abstract.)

## WILLIAM CONGREVE. 1670—1729.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,  
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.

*The Mourning Bride. Act i. Sc. 1.*

By magic numbers and persuasive sound. *Ibid. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,  
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned. *Ibid. Act iii. Sc. 8.*

For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,  
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds. *Ibid. Act v. Sc. 12.*

If there's delight in love, 't is when I see  
That heart which others bleed for bleed for me.

*The Way of the World. Act iii. Sc. 12.*

Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first  
magnitude, *Love for Love. Act ii. Sc. 5.*

Hannibal was a very pretty fellow in those days.

*The Old Bachelor. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure;  
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid. Act v. Sc. 1.*

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,  
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.<sup>2</sup> *Letter to Colham.*



## NICHOLAS ROWE. 1673—1718.

As if Misfortune made the throne her seat,  
And none could be unhappy but the great.<sup>3</sup>

*The Fair Penitent. Prologue.*

Is she not more than painting can express,  
Or youthful poets fancy when they love? *Ibid. Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Is this that haughty gallant, gay Lothario? *Ibid. Act v. Sc. 1.*



## JOHN PHILIPS. 1676—1708.

My galligaskins, that have long withstood  
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,  
By time subdued, (what will not time subdue!)

A horrid chasm disclosed. *The Splendid Shilling. Line 121.*

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii. Sc. 2; Quarles, *Euchiridion*, Canto 4, xl.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Young, *Night Thoughts*, i. Line 1.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Young, *The Love of Fame, Satire i. Line 238.*

BISHOP BERKELEY. 1684—1753.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;<sup>1</sup>

The four first acts already past,

A fifth shall close the drama with the day;

Time's noblest offspring is the last.

*On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America.*



HENRY ST. JOHN, VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE. 1678—1751.

I have read somewhere or other, in Dionysius of Halicarnassus, I think, that History is Philosophy teaching by examples.<sup>2</sup>

*On the Study and Use of History. Letter 2.*



GEORGE FARQUHAR. 1678—1707.

*Cos.* Pray now, what may be that same bed of honour?

*Kite.* Oh! a mighty large bed! bigger by half than the great bed at Ware: ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another.

*The Recruiting Officer. Act i. Sc. 1.*

I believe they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly.

*The Beaux' Stratagem. Act iii. Sc. 1.*

'T was for the good of my country that I should be abroad.<sup>3</sup>

*Ibid. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Necessity, the mother of invention.

*The Twin Rivals. Act 1.*



THOMAS PARNELL. 1679—1717.

Still an angel appear to each lover beside,

But still be a woman to you.

*When thy beauty appears.*

Remote from man, with God he passed the days,

Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

*The Hermit. Line 5.*

We call it only pretty Fanny's way.

*An Elegy to an Old Beauty.*

Let those love now who never lov'd before,

Let those who always loved now love the more.

*Translation of the Pervigilium Veneris.<sup>4</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> Westward the star of empire takes its way.

Epigraph to Bancroft's *History of the United States*.

<sup>2</sup> Dionysius of Halicarnassus, *Ars Rhet.* xi. 2 (p. 398, R.), says:—  
Παιδεία ἃ αἱ ἱστορίαι ἢ ἱστορίαι τῶν ἡρώων τοῦτο καὶ Θουκυδίδης λέγει λίγην, πρὸ  
ἱστορίας λίγην, ὅτι καὶ ἱστορία φιλοσοφία ἵστίον ἐκ παραδειγμάτων, quoting  
Thucydides, I. 22.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Barrington, *post*.

<sup>4</sup> Written in the time of Julius Cæsar, and by some ascribed to Catullus—  
Cras amet qui numquam amavit;  
Quique amavit, cras amet.



JANE BRERETON. 1685—1740.

The picture, placed the busts between,  
Adds to the thought much strength;  
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,  
But Folly 's at full length.

*On Beau Nash's Picture at full length, between the  
Busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Pope.<sup>1</sup>*

—□—

AARON HILL. 1685—1750.

First, 'hen, a woman will, or won 't, depend on 't;  
If she will do 't, she will; and there 's an end on 't.  
But if she won 't, since safe and sound your trust is,  
Fear is affront, and jealousy injustice.<sup>2</sup> *Epilogue to Zara.*

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,  
And it stings you for your pains;  
Grasp it like a man of mettle,  
And it soft as silk remains.

*Verses written on a Window in Scotland.*

'T is the same with common natures:  
Use 'em kindly, they rebel;  
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,  
And the rogues obey you well. *Ibid.*

—□—

SIR SAMUEL TUKE. — — 1673.

He is a fool who thinks by force or skill  
To turn the current of a woman's will.

*Adventures of Five Hours. Act v. Sc. 3.*

—□—

EDWARD YOUNG. 1684—1765.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep! *Night i. Line 1.*  
Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,  
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth  
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world. *Night i. Line 18.*

<sup>1</sup> From Dyce's *Specimens of British Poetesses*. This epigram is generally ascribed to Chesterfield; see Campbell's *Specimens*, Note, p. 521.

<sup>2</sup> The following lines are copied from the pillar erected on the mount in the Dane John Field, Canterbury:—*Examiner*, May 31, 1829.

Where is the man who has the power and skill  
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?  
For if she will, she will, you may depend on 't;  
And if she won't she won't: so there 's an end on 't.

NIGHT THOUGHTS—*continued.*]

Creation sleeps! 'Tis as the gen'ral pulse  
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;  
An awful pause! prophetic of her end. *Night i. Line 23.*

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time,  
But from its loss. *Night i. Line 55.*

Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour. *Night i. Line 67.*

To waft a feather or to drown a fly. *Night i. Line 154.*

Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?  
Thy shaft flew thrice: and thrice my peace was slain;  
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.  
*Night i. Line 212.*

Be wise to-day; 't is madness to defer.<sup>1</sup> *Night i. Line 390.*

Procrastination is the thief of time. *Night i. Line 393.*

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;  
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan. *Night i. Line 417.*

All men think all men mortal but themselves. *Night i. Line 424.*

He mourns the dead who lives as they desire. *Night ii. Line 24.*

And what its worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.  
*Night ii. Line 51.*

Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed:  
Who does the best his circumstance allows,  
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more. *Night ii. Line 90.*

"I've lost a day"—the prince who nobly cried,  
Had been an emperor without his crown. *Night ii. Line 99.*

Ah! how unjust to nature, and himself,  
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man. *Night ii. Line 112.*

The spirit walks of every day deceased. *Night ii. Line 180.*

Time flies, death urges, knells call, heaven invites,  
Hell threatens. *Night ii. Line 292.*

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,  
And ask them what report they bore to heaven.  
*Night ii. Line 376.*

Thoughts shut up want air,  
And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun. *Night ii. Line 466.*

How blessings brighten as they take their flight!  
*Night ii. Line 602.*

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<sup>1</sup> Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,  
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.  
Congreve, *Letter to Cobham.*

NIGHT THOUGHTS—*continued.*]

The chamber where the good man meets his fate  
 Is privileged beyond the common walk  
 Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven. *Night ii. Line 633.*  
 A death-bed's a detector of the heart. *Night ii. Line 641.*  
 Woes cluster; rare are solitary woes;  
 They love a train, they tread each other's heel.<sup>1</sup> *Night iii. Line 63.*  
     Beautiful as sweet!  
 And young as beautiful! and soft as young!  
 And gay as soft! and innocent as gay! *Night iii. Line 81.*  
 Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;  
 And if in death still lovely, lovelier there;  
 Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love. *Night iii. Line 104.*  
 Heaven's Sovereign saves all beings but himself  
 That hideous sight, a naked human heart. *Night iii. Line 226.*  
 The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave,  
 The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm.  
     *Night iv. Line 10.*  
 Man makes a death which nature never made. *Night iv. Line 15.*  
 Wishing, of all employments, is the worst. *Night iv. Line 71.*  
 Man wants but little, nor that little long.<sup>2</sup> *Night iv. Line 118.*  
 A God all mercy is a God unjust. *Night iv. Line 233*  
 'Tis impious in a good man to be sad. *Night iv. Line 676.*  
 A Christian is the highest style of man.<sup>3</sup> *Night iv. Line 788.*  
 Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die. *Night iv. Line 843.*  
 By night an atheist half believes a God. *Night v. Line 177.*  
 Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew,  
 She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heaven.<sup>4</sup> *Night v. Line 600.*  
 We see time's furrows on another's brow,  
 And death intrench'd, preparing his assault;  
 How few themselves in that just mirror see! *Night v. Line 627.*

<sup>1</sup> One woe doth tread upon another's heel,—  
 So fast they follow. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, Act iv. Sc. 7.  
 Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave.  
     Herrick, *Hesperides*, *Sorrows Succeed*.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Goldsmith, *post*.

<sup>3</sup> A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman.—Hare, *Guesses at Truth*.  
 His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.

Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel*, Pt. i. L. 645.

<sup>4</sup> He was exhal'd; his great Creator drew  
 His spirit, as the sun the morning dew.

Dryden, *On the Death of a very Young Gentleman*.

NIGHT THOUGHTS—*continued.*]

- Like our shadows,  
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.<sup>1</sup> *Night v. Line 661.*
- While man is growing, life is in decrease;  
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.  
Our birth is nothing but our death begun.<sup>2</sup> *Night v. Line 717.*
- That life is long which answers life's great end.  
*Night v. Line 773.*
- The man of wisdom is the man of years. *Night v. Line 775.*
- Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow. *Night v. Line 1011.*
- Pygmies are pygmies still, though perched on Alps;  
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.  
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself;  
Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids;  
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall. *Night vi. Line 309.*
- And all may do what has by man been done. *Night vi. Line 606.*
- The man that blushes is not quite a brute. *Night vii. Line 496.*
- Prayer ardent opens heaven. *Night viii. Line 721.*
- A man of pleasure is a man of pains. *Night viii. Line 793.*
- To frown at pleasure, and to smile in pain. *Night viii. Line 1045.*
- Final Ruin fiercely drives  
Her ploughshare o'er creation.<sup>3</sup> *Night ix. Line 167.*
- 'T is elder Scripture, writ by God's own hand;  
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man. *Night ix. Line 644.*
- An undevout astronomer is mad. *Night ix. Line 771.*
- The course of nature is the art of God.<sup>4</sup> *Night ix. Line 1267.*

## LOVE OF FAME.

- The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,  
Reigns more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart. *Satire i. Line 51.*
- Some, for renown, on scraps of learning dote,  
And think they grow immortal as they quote. *Satire i. Line 89.*

<sup>1</sup> Behold him setting in his western skies,  
The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise.

Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel*, Line 268.

<sup>2</sup> Death borders upon our birth, and our cradle stands in the grave.—  
Bishop Hall, *Epistles*, Dec. iii. *Epist.* ii.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Burns, *post.*

<sup>4</sup> In brief, all things are artificial; for Nature is the art of God.—Sir  
Thomas Browne, *Relig. Med.*, Pt. i. *Sect.* xvi.



LOVE OF FAME—*continued.*]

None think the great unhappy, but the great.<sup>1</sup>

*Satire i. Line 238.*

Where nature's end of language is declined,

And men talk only to conceal the mind.<sup>2</sup> *Satire ii. Line 207.*

Be wise with speed;

A fool at forty is a fool indeed. *Satire ii. Line 232.*

Think naught a trifle, though it small appear;

Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,

And trifles life. *Satire vi. Line 208.*

One to destroy is murder by the law;

And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;

To murder thousands takes a specious name,

War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame. *Satire vii. Line 55.*

How commentators each dark passage shun,

And hold their farthing candle to the sun.<sup>3</sup> *Satire vii. Line 97.*

Their feet through faithless leather met the dirt,

And oftener changed their principles than shirt.

*Epistle to Mr. Pope. Line 277.*

Accept a miracle, instead of wit,—

See two dull lines with Stanhope's pencil writ.

*Lines written with the Diamond Pencil of Lord Chesterfield.<sup>4</sup>*

Time elaborately thrown away. *The Last Day. Book i.*

There buds the promise of celestial worth. *Ibid. Book iii.*

In records that defy the tooth of time. *The Statesman's Creed.*

Great let me call him, for he conquered me.

*The Revenge. Act i. Sc. 1.*

The blood will follow where the knife is driven,

The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear. *Ibid. Act v. Sc. 1.*

Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,

With whom revenge is virtue. *Ibid. Act v. Sc. 2.*

<sup>1</sup> As if Misfortune made the throne her seat,  
And none could be unhappy but the great.

Rowe, *The Fair Penitent, Prologue.*

<sup>2</sup> The germ of this thought is found in Jeremy Taylor: Lloyd, South, Butler, Young, and Goldsmith have repeated it after him; see Appendix, *Speech given to man to conceal his thoughts.*

<sup>3</sup> But to enlarge or illustrate this power and effects of love is to set a candle in the sun.—Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy, Pt. iii. Sect. 2. Mem. 1. Subs. 2.*

I forbear to light a candle to the sun.—Selden, *Preface to Mare Clausum, ed. 1635.*

To match the candle with the sun.—Surrey, *A Praise of His Love.*

<sup>4</sup> From Mitford's *Life of Young.* See also Spence's *Anecdotes, p. 378.*

BARTON BOOTH. 1681—1733.

True as the needle to the pole,  
Or as the dial to the sun.<sup>1</sup>

*Song.*



ALEXANDER POPE. 1688—1744.

ESSAY ON MAN.

Awake, my St. John ! leave all meaner things  
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.  
Let us (since life can little more supply  
Than just to look about us, and to die)  
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man ;  
A mighty maze ! but not without a plan.

*Epistle i. Line 1.*

Together let us beat this ample field,  
Try what the open, what the covert yield.

*Epistle i. Line 2.*

Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,  
And catch the manners living as they rise ;  
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,  
But vindicate the ways of God to man.<sup>2</sup>

*Epistle i. Line 13.*

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate.

*Epistle i. Line 77.*

Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,  
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.

*Epistle i. Line 83.*

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,  
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,  
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,  
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

*Epistle i. Line 87.*

Hope springs eternal in the human breast :  
Man never is, but always to be blest.  
The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,  
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.  
Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutored mind  
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind.

*Epistle i. Line 95.*

Far as the solar walk or milky way.

*Epistle i. Line 102.*

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

*Epistle i. Line 111.*

<sup>1</sup> True as the dial to the sun,  
Although it be not shin'd upon.

Butler, *Hudibras*, Pt. iii. C. 2, L. 175.

<sup>2</sup> And justify the ways of God to men.

Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book i. Line 26.

## ESSAY ON MAN—continued.]

In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;  
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.  
 Pride still is aiming at the blessed abodes,  
 Men would be angels, angels would be gods.

*Epistle i. Line 123.*

Die of a rose in aromatic pain.

*Epistle i. Line 200.*

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!  
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.<sup>1</sup>

*Epistle i. Line 217.*

What thin partitions sense from thought divide.<sup>2</sup>

*Epistle i. Line 226.*

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

*Epistle i. Line 267.*

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,  
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees.

*Epistle i. Line 272.*

As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,  
 As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:  
 To Him no high, no low, no great, no small;  
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all!

*Epistle i. Line 277.*

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;  
 All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;  
 All discord, harmony not understood;  
 All partial evil, universal good;  
 And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,  
 One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.<sup>3</sup>

*Epistle i. Line 289.*

- <sup>1</sup> Much like a subtle spider which doth sit,  
 In middle of her web, which spreadeth wide;  
 If aught do touch the utmost thread of it,  
 She feels it instantly on every side.

Sir John Davies (1570—1626), *The Immortality of the Soul*.

Our souls sit close and silently within,  
 And their own web from their own entrails spin;  
 And when eyes meet far off, our sense is such,  
 That, spider-like, we feel the tenderest touch.

Dryden, *Mariage à la Mode*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

- <sup>2</sup> Great wits are sure to madness near allied,  
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

Dryden, *ante*, p. 131.

"Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ fuit." Seneca, *De Tranquillitate Animi*, xvii. 10, quotes this from Aristotle, who gives as one of his *Problemata* (xxx. 1.), *Διὰ τί πάντες ἴσοι πιστοὶ γιγνῶσιν ἄνδρες ἢ κατὰ φιλοσοφίαν ἢ πολιτικὴν ἢ ποίησιν ἢ εἰχίας φαίνεται μιταγχολικοὶ ὅσσις.*

<sup>3</sup> Whatever is, is in its causes just.

Dryden, *Œdipus*, Act iii. Sc. 1.

ESSAY ON MAN—*continued.*]

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;  
The proper study of mankind is man.<sup>1</sup> *Epistle ii. Line 1*

Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd;  
Still by himself abused or disabused;  
Created half to rise, and half to fall;  
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;  
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd;  
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!<sup>2</sup> *Epistle ii. Line 13.*

Fix'd like a plant, on his peculiar spot,  
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot. *Epistle ii. Line 63.*

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,  
Reason the card, but passion is the gale. *Epistle ii. Line 107.*

And hence one master-passion in the breast,  
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest. *Epistle ii. Line 131.*

The young disease, that must subdue at length,  
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength.  
*Epistle ii. Line 135.*

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,<sup>3</sup>  
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace. *Epistle ii. Line 217.*

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,  
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree. *Epistle ii. Line 231.*

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,  
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:  
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,  
A little louder, but as empty quite;  
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,  
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age,  
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before,  
Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.  
*Epistle ii. Line 275.*

Learn of the little nautilus to sail,  
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.  
*Epistle iii. Line 177.*

<sup>1</sup> La vraie science et le vray étude de l'homme c'est l'homme.—Charron, *De la Sagesse*, Lib. i. Ch. i.

<sup>2</sup> Quelle chimère est-ce donc que l'homme ! quelle nouveauté, quel chaos, quel sujet de contradiction ! Juge de toutes choses, imbécile ver de terre, dépositaire du vrai, amas d'incertitude, gloire et rebut de l'univers.—Pascal, *Systèmes des Philosophes*, xxv.

<sup>3</sup> For truth has such a face and such a mien,  
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.

Dryden, *The Hind and Panther*, Line 33.



ESSAY ON MAN—*continued.*]

Th' enormous faith of many made for one. *Epistle iii. Line 242.*

For forms of government let fools contest ;  
 Whate'er is best administer'd is best :  
 For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight ;  
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.<sup>1</sup>

*Epistle iii. Line 303.*

In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,  
 But all mankind's concern is charity. *Epistle iii. Line 307.*

O happiness ! our being's end and aim !  
 Good, pleasure, ease, content ! whate'er thy name :  
 That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,  
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die. *Epistle iv. Line 1.*

Order is Heaven's first law. *Epistle iv. Line 49.*

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,  
 Lie in three words—health, peace, and competence.  
*Epistle iv. Line 79.*

The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy.  
*Epistle iv. Line 168.*

Honour and shame from no condition rise ;  
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies. *Epistle iv. Line 193.*

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow ;  
 The rest is all but leather or prunello. *Epistle iv. Line 203.*

What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards ?  
 Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards.  
*Epistle iv. Line 215.*

A wit 's a feather, and a chief a rod ;  
 An honest man 's the noblest work of God.<sup>2</sup> *Epistle iv. Line 247.*

Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart :  
 One self-approving hour whole years outweighs  
 Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas :  
 And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels  
 Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels. *Epistle iv. Line 254.*

<sup>1</sup> His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might  
 Be wrong ; his life, I'm sure, was in the right.  
 Cowley, *On the Death of Crashaw.*

<sup>2</sup> Man is his own star, and that soul that can  
 Be honest is the only perfect man.  
 Fletcher, *Upon an Honest Man's Fortune*

ESSAY ON MAN—*continued.*]

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,  
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind !  
Or, ravish'd with the whistling of a name,<sup>1</sup>  
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame !<sup>2</sup>

*Epistle iv. Line 281.*

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),  
" Virtue alone is happiness below." *Epistle iv. Line 309.*

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,  
But looks through nature up to nature's God.<sup>3</sup>  
*Epistle iv. Line 331.*

Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer  
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.<sup>4</sup> *Epistle iv. Line 379.*

Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,  
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale? *Epistle iv. Line 385.*

Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend.  
*Epistle iv. Line 390.*

That virtue only makes our bliss below,  
And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know.  
*Epistle iv. Line 397.*

## MORAL ESSAYS.

To observations which ourselves we make,  
We grow more partial for the observer's sake. *Epistle i. Line 11.*

Like following life through creatures you dissect,  
You lose it in the moment you detect. *Epistle i. Line 29.*

Half our knowledge we must snatch, not take. *Epistle i. Line 40.*

'T is from high life high characters are drawn ;  
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn. *Epistle i. Line 135.*

'T is education forms the common mind :  
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined. *Epistle i. Line 145.*

<sup>1</sup> Charm'd with the foolish whistling of a name.

Cowley, *Trans. Georgics*, Book ii. *Line 458.*

<sup>2</sup> May see thee now, though late, redeem thy name,  
And glorify what else is damn'd to fame.

Savage, *Character of Foster.*

<sup>3</sup> You will find that it is the modest, not the presumptuous inquirer, who makes a real and safe progress in the discovery of divine truths. One follows nature and nature's God—that is, he follows God in his works and in his word.—Bolingbroke, *A Letter to Mr. Pope.*

<sup>4</sup> Happy who in his verse can gently steer,  
From grave to light : from pleasant to severe.

Dryden, *The Art of Poetry*, C. i. *Line 75.*

Heureux qui, dans ses vers, sait d'une voix légère  
Passer du grave au doux, du plaisant au sévère.

Boileau, *L'Art Poétique*, Chant I<sup>er</sup>

MORAL ESSAYS—*continued.*]

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,  
Tenets with books, and principles with times.<sup>1</sup>

*Epistle i. Line 172.*

Odious! in woollen! 't would a saint provoke,  
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.

*Epistle i. Line 246.*

And you, brave Cobham! to the latest breath  
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death.

*Epistle i. Line 262.*

Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,  
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

*Epistle ii. Line 15.*

Choose a firm cloud before it fall, and in it  
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.

*Epistle ii. Line 19.*

Fine by defect, and delicately weak.<sup>2</sup>

*Epistle ii. Line 43.*

With too much quickness ever to be taught;  
With too much thinking to have common thought.

*Epistle ii. Line 97.*

To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,  
Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor.

*Epistle ii. Line 149.*

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,  
Content to dwell in decencies forever.

*Epistle ii. Line 163.*

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;  
But every woman is at heart a rake.

*Epistle ii. Line 215.*

See how the world its veterans rewards!  
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards.

*Epistle ii. Line 243.*

Oh! bless'd with temper whose unclouded ray  
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day.

*Epistle ii. Line 257.*

She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,  
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules.

*Epistle ii. Line 261.*

And mistress of herself, though china fall.

*Epistle ii. Line 268.*

Woman 's at best a contradiction still.

*Epistle ii. Line 270.*

Who shall decide, when doctors disagree,  
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?

*Epistle iii. Line 1.*

Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!

That lends corruption lighter wings to fly. *Epistle iii. Line 39.*

<sup>1</sup> Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis.

Borbonius.

<sup>2</sup> Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.

Prior, Henry and Emma.

MORAL ESSAYS—*continued.*]

But thousands die without or this or that,  
Die, and endow a college or a cat. *Epistle iii. Line 95.*

The ruling passion, be it what it will,  
The ruling passion conquers reason still. *Epistle iii. Line 153.*

Extremes in nature equal good produce;  
Extremes in man concur to general use. *Epistle iii. Line 161.*

Rise, honest muse ! and sing The Man of Ross.  
*Epistle iii. Line 250.*

Ye little stars ! hide your diminish'd rays.<sup>1</sup> *Epistle iii. Line 282.*

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,  
Will never mark the marble with his name. *Epistle iii. Line 285.*

Where London's column, pointing at the skies,  
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies. *Epistle iii. Line 339.*

Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,  
And though no science, fairly worth the seven.  
*Epistle iv. Line 43.*

To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,  
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.<sup>2</sup> *Epistle iv. Line 149.*

Statesman, yet friend to truth ! of soul sincere,  
In action faithful, and in honour clear;  
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end.  
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend. *Epistle v. Line 67.*

## AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

'T is with our judgments as our watches, none  
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.<sup>3</sup> *Part i. Line 9.*

One science only will one genius fit;  
So vast is art, so narrow human wit. *Part i. Line 60.*

From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,  
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art. *Part i. Line 154.*

<sup>1</sup> At whose sight all the stars  
Hide their diminished heads.

Milton, *Par. Lost*, Book iv. Line 34.

<sup>2</sup> In the reign of Charles II. a certain worthy divine at Whitehall thus addressed himself to the auditory at the conclusion of his sermon:—"In short, if you don't live up to the precepts of the Gospel, but abandon yourselves to your irregular appetites, you must expect to receive your reward in a certain place which 't is not good manners to mention here."—Tom Brown, *Laconics*.

<sup>3</sup> But as when an authentic watch is shown,  
Each man winds up and rectifies his own,  
So in our very judgments, &c.

Suckling. *Epilogue to Aglaurea*.



ESSAY ON CRITICISM—*continued.*]

Pride, the never-failing vice of fools. *Part ii. Line 4.*

A little learning is a dangerous thing ;  
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring :  
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
 And drinking largely sobers us again.<sup>1</sup> *Part ii. Line 15.*

Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise ! *Part ii. Line 32.*  
 Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.<sup>2</sup>  
*Part ii. Line 53.*

True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,  
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.  
*Part ii. Line 97.*

Words are like leaves ; and where they most abound,  
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found. *Part ii. Line 109.*  
 Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,  
 Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.  
*Part ii. Line 126.*

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,  
 Alike fantastic if too new or old :  
 Be not the first by whom the new are tried,  
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside. *Part ii. Line 133.*

Some to church repair,  
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there. *Part ii. Line 142.*  
 These equal syllables alone require,  
 Though oft the ear the open vowels tire,  
 While expletives their feeble aid do join,  
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line. *Part ii Line 144.*

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,  
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.<sup>3</sup>  
*Part ii. Line 158.*

<sup>1</sup> A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.—Bacon, *Essays, Of Atheism*.

A little skill in antiquity inclines a man to Popery ; but depth in that study brings him about again to our religion.—Fuller, *Holy State, The True Church Antiquary*.

<sup>2</sup> "High characters," cries one, and he would see  
 Things that ne'er were, nor are, nor e'er will be.

Suckling, *Epilogue to The Goblin*.

There 's no such thing in nature, and you 'll draw  
 A faultless monster, which the world ne'er saw.

Sheffield, *Essay on Poetry*.

<sup>3</sup> Solvuntur, tardosque trahit sinus ultimus orbes.

Virgil, *Georgics, Lib. iii. 424.*

ESSAY ON CRITICISM—*continued.*]

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,  
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.  
 'T is not enough no harshness gives offence;  
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense.  
 Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,  
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;  
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
 The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.  
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,  
 The line too labours, and the words move slow;  
 Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,  
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

*Part ii. Line 162.*

For fools admire, but men of sense approve. *Part ii. Line 191.*

But let a lord once own the happy lines,  
 How the wit brightens! how the style refines! *Part ii. Line 220.*

Envy will merit as its shade pursue,  
 But, like a shadow, proves the substance true. *Part ii. Line 266.*

To err is human, to forgive divine. *Part ii. Line 325.*

All seems infected that th' infected spy,  
 As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye. *Part ii. Line 358.*

And make each day a critic on the last. *Part iii. Line 12.*

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,  
 And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.  
*Part iii. Line 15.*

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,  
 With loads of learned lumber in his head. *Part iii. Line 53.*

Most authors steal their works, or buy;  
 Garth did not write his own Dispensary. *Part iii. Line 59.*

For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.<sup>1</sup> *Part iii. Line 66.*

Led by the light of the Mæonian star. *Part iii. Line 89.*

Content if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,  
 The learn'd reflect on what before they knew.<sup>2</sup> *Part iii. Line 180.*

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<sup>1</sup> That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.  
 Shakespeare, *Richard III.*, Act i. Sc. 3.

<sup>2</sup> "Indocti discant et ament meminisse periti."

This Latin hexameter, which is commonly ascribed to Horace, appeared for the first time as an epigraph to President Hénault's *Abrégé Chronologique*, and in the preface to the third edition of this work, Hénault acknowledges that he had given it as a translation of this couplet.



EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT—*continued.*]

Friend to my life, which did not you prolong,  
The world had wanted many an idle song. *Line 27.*

Oblig'd by hunger and request of friends. *Line 44.*

Fir'd that the house rejects him, "'Sdeath ! I 'll print it,  
And shame the fools." *Line 61.*

No creature smarts so little as a fool. *Line 84.*

Destroy his fib, or sophistry—in vain !  
The creature 's at his dirty work again. *Line 91.*

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,  
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came. *Line 127.*

Pretty ! in amber to observe the forms  
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms !  
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,  
But wonder how the devil they got there. *Line 169.*

Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;  
And he whose fustian 's so sublimely bad,  
It is not poetry, but prose run mad. *Line 186.*

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,  
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne. *Line 197.*

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;  
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,  
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike. *Line 201.*

By flatterers besieg'd,  
And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;  
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,  
And sit attentive to his own applause. — *Line 207.*

Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?  
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he ? *Line 213.*

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,  
That tends to make one worthy man my foe. *Line 283.*

Satire or sense, alas ! can Sporus feel ?  
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel ? *Line 307.*

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,  
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way. *Line 315.*

Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust. *Line 333.*

That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,  
But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song. *Line 340.*



EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT—*continued.*]

Me, let the tender office long engage  
 To rock the cradle of reposing age,  
 With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,  
 Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;  
 Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,  
 And keep awhile one parent from the sky. *Line 408.*

## SATIRES, EPISTLES, AND ODES OF HORACE.

Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.  
*Satire i. Book ii. Line 6.*

Satire 's my weapon, but I 'm too discreet  
 To run amuck, and tilt at all I meet. *Satire i. Book ii. Line 69.*  
 But touch me, and no minister so sore;  
 Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time  
 Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme;  
 Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,  
 And the sad burden of some merry song.  
*Satire i. Book ii. Line 76.*

There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl,  
 The feast of reason and the flow of soul.  
*Satire i. Book ii. Line 127.*

For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,  
 Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.<sup>1</sup>  
*Satire ii. Book ii. Line 159.*

Give me again my hollow tree,  
 A crust of bread, and liberty. *Satire vi. Book ii. Line 220.*  
 Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.  
*Epilogue to the Satires. Dialogue i. Line 136.*

To Berkeley every virtue under heaven.  
*Epilogue to the Satires. Dialogue ii. Line 76.*

When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one.  
*Epistle i. Book i. Line 38.*

Get place and wealth; if possible, with grace;  
 If not, by any means get wealth and place.<sup>2</sup>  
*Epistle i. Book i. Line 109.*

<sup>1</sup> Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.  
*The Odyssey, Book xv. Line 84.*

<sup>2</sup> Get money; still get money, boy;  
 No matter by what means.  
*Jonson, Every Man in his Humour, Act ii. Sc. 3.*

EPISTLES OF HORACE—*continued.*]

Above all Greek, above all Roman fame.<sup>1</sup>

*Epistle i. Book ii. Line 26.*

The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease.

*Epistle i. Book ii. Line 108.*

One simile that solitary shines

In the dry desert of a thousand lines.

*Epistle i. Book ii. Line 111.*

Who says in verse what others say in prose.

*Epistle i. Book ii. Line 202.*

Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join

The varying verse, the full resounding line,

The long majestic march, and energy divine.

*Epistle i. Book ii. Line 267.*

The last and greatest art, the art to blot.

*Epistle i. Book ii. Line 281.*

Who pants for glory, finds but short repose;

A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.

*Epistle i. Book ii. Line 300.*

The many-headed monster of the pit.<sup>2</sup>

*Epistle i. Book ii. Line 305.*

"Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise."<sup>3</sup>

*Epistle i. Book ii. Line 413.*

Years following years steal something every day;

At last they steal us from ourselves away.

*Epistle ii. Book ii. Line 72.*

The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg.

*Epistle ii. Book ii. Line 85.*

Words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spoke.

*Epistle ii. Book ii. Line 168.*

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!

They had no poet, and they died.

*Ode 9. Book iv.*

<sup>1</sup> Above any Greek or Roman name.

Dryden, *Upon the Death of Lord Hastings.*

<sup>2</sup> This many-headed monster.—Massinger, *The Roman Actor*, Act iii. Sc. 2. Scott, *Lady of the Lake*, Canto v. St. 30.

Many-headed multitude.—Sidney, *Arcadia*, Book ii. Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, Act. ii. Sc. 3.

<sup>3</sup> This line is from a poem entitled *To the Celebrated Beauties of the British Court*. Bell's *Fugitive Poetry*, Vol. iii. p. 118.

The following epigram is from *The Grove*. London, 1721.

When one good line did much my wonder raise,

In Br—st's works, I stood resolved to praise;

And had, but that the modest author cries

"Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise."

*On a Certain Line of Mr. Br——, Author of a Copy of Verses called the British Beauties.*

EPISTLES OF HORACE—*continued.*]

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night :  
God said, " Let Newton be ! " and all was light.

*Epitaph intended for Sir Isaac Newton.*

Ye Gods ! annihilate but space and time,  
And make two lovers happy.

*Martinus Scriblerus on the Art of Sinking in Poetry. Ch. 11.*

## THE DUNCIAD.

O thou ! whatever title please thine ear,  
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver !  
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,  
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy-chair. *Book i. Line 21.*

Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,  
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,  
And solid pudding against empty praise. *Book i. Line 52.*

Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,  
But lived in Settle's numbers one day more. *Book i. Line 89.*

While pensive poets painful vigils keep,  
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep. *Book i. Line 93.*

Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,  
In pleasing memory of all he stole. *Book i. Line 127.*

How index-learning turns no student pale,  
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail. *Book i. Line 279.*

And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke. *Book ii. Line 34.*

Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn,  
And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn. *Book iii. Line 109.*

All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.  
*Book iii. Line 158.*

Silence, ye wolves ! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,  
And makes night hideous ;<sup>1</sup>—answer him, ye owls.  
*Book iii. Line 165.*

A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.<sup>2</sup> *Book iv. Line 50*

The right divine of kings to govern wrong. *Book iv. Line 188.*

Stuff the head

With all such reading as was never read :  
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,  
And write about it, goddess, and about it. *Book iv. Line 249*

<sup>1</sup> Making night hideous.—Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, Act i. Sc. 4.

<sup>2</sup> See Cowper, *post.*

THE DUNCIAD—*continued.*]

Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,  
 And gather'd every vice on Christian ground. *Book iv. Line 311.*  
 Judicious drank, and greatly daring din'd. *Book iv. Line 318.*  
 Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,  
 And heard thy everlasting yawn confess  
 The pains and penalties of idleness. *Book iv. Line 342.*  
 E'en Palinurus nodded at the helm. *Book iv. Line 614.*  
 Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,  
 And unawares Morality expires.  
 Nor public flame, nor private dares to shine;  
 Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!  
 Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restor'd;  
 Light dies before thy uncreating word:  
 Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;  
 And universal darkness buries all. *Book iv. Line 649.*

## ELOISA TO ABELARD.

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,  
 Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid. *Line 51.*  
 Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,  
 And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole. *Line 57.*  
 Curse on all laws but those which love has made.  
 Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,  
 Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies. *Line 74.*  
 And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence.<sup>1</sup> *Line 192.*  
 How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!  
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot. *Line 207.*  
 One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight;  
 Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight.<sup>2</sup> *Line 273.*  
 See my lips tremble and my eyeballs roll;  
 Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul. *Line 323.*  
 He best can paint them who shall feel them most. *Line ult.*  
 Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,  
 But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd,  
 Where order in variety we see,  
 And where, though all things differ, all agree.  
*Windsor Forest. Line 13.*

<sup>1</sup> She hugged the offender and forgave the offence.

Dryden, *Cymon and Iphigenia*, Line 107.

<sup>2</sup> Priests, tapers, temples, swam before my sight.

Edmund Smith, *Phædra and Hippolytus*.



WINDSOR FOREST—*continued.*]

A mighty hunter, and his prey was man. *Ibid.* Line 62.

From old Belerium to the northern main. *Ibid.* Line 316.

Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call;

She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.

*The Temple of Fame.* Line 513.

Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;

O grant an honest fame, or grant me none! *Ibid.* Lin. *ult.*

I am his Highness's dog at Kew;

Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you? *On the Collar of a Dog.*

There, take, (says Justice,) take ye each a shell;

We thrive at Westminster on fools like you;

'T was a fat oyster—live in peace—adieu.<sup>1</sup>

*Verbatim from Boileau.*

Father of all! in every age,

In every clime ador'd,

By saint, by savage, and by sage,

Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

*The Universal Prayer.* Stanza 1.

And binding nature fast in fate,

Left free the human will.

*Stanza 3.*

And deal damnation round the land.

*Stanza 7.*

Teach me to feel another's woe,

To hide the fault I see;

That mercy I to others show,

That mercy show to me.<sup>2</sup>

*Stanza 10.*

Vital spark of heavenly flame!

Quit, O quit this mortal frame!

*The Dying Christian to his Soul.*

Hark! they whisper; angels say,

Sister Spirit, come away!

*Ibid.*

Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

*Ibid.*

Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!

O grave! where is thy victory?

O death! where is thy sting?

*Ibid.*

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,

Thus unlamented let me die;

Steal from the world, and not a stone

Tell where I lie.

*Ode on Solitude.*

<sup>1</sup> "Tenez voilà," dit-elle, "à chacun une ecaille,  
Des sottises d'autrui nous vivons au Palais;  
Messieurs, l'huitre étoit bonne. Adieu. Vivez en paix."

*Épître, ii. (à M. L'Abbé des Roches.)*

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Spenser *The Faerie Queene*, Book iv. C. 1. St. 42.

What beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade  
Invites my steps and points to yonder glade?<sup>1</sup>

*To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady. Line 1.*

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,  
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,  
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,  
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd.

*Ibid. Line 51.*

And bear about the mockery of woe  
To midnight dances, and the public show.

*Ibid. Line 57.*

How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,  
To whom related, or by whom begot;  
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;  
'T is all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

*Ibid. Line 71.*

Such were the notes thy once lov'd poet sung,  
Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.

*Epist. to Robert, Earl of Oxford.*

Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,  
Or gave his father grief but when he died.

*Epitaph on the Hon. S. Harcourt.*

The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died.

*Epitaph on Mrs. Corbet.*

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;  
In wit a man, simplicity a child.<sup>2</sup>

*Epitaph on Gay.*

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,  
And greatly falling with a falling state.  
While Cato gives his little senate laws,  
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?

*Prologue to Mr. Addison's Cato.*

The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole  
Can never be a mouse of any soul.<sup>3</sup>

*The Wife of Bath. Her Prologue. Line 298.*

Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,  
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise.

*Ibid. Line 369.*

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;  
Knock as you please, there 's nobody at home.<sup>4</sup>

*Epigram.*

<sup>1</sup> What gentle ghost, besprent with April dew,  
Hails me so solemnly to yonder yew?

Ben Jonson, *Elegy on the Lady Jane Pawlet.*

<sup>2</sup> Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

Dryden, *Elegy on Mrs. Killegrew.*

<sup>3</sup> I hold a mouse's hert not worth a leek,  
That hath but oon hole to sterte to.

Chaucer, *The Prologue of The Wyfe of Bath, V. 572.*

<sup>4</sup> Cf. Cowper, *post.*

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few.<sup>1</sup>

*Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

I never knew any man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian. *Ibid.*

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ILIAD.

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring  
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly goddess, sing! *Book i. Line 1.*  
The distant Trojans never injured me. *Book i. Line 200.*  
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod;  
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god. *Book i. Line 684.*  
She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen. *Book iii. Line 208.*  
Not two strong men the enormous weight could raise;  
Such men as live in these degenerate days. *Book v. Line 371.*  
Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,  
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;  
Another race the following spring supplies;  
They fall successive, and successive rise. *Book vi. Line 181.*  
Who dares think one thing, and another tell,  
My heart detests him as the gates of hell. *Book ix. Line 412.*  
A generous friendship no cold medium knows,  
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows.  
*Book ix. Line 725.*

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ODYSSEY.

Few sons attain the praise  
Of their great sires, and most their sires disgrace. *Book ii. Line 315.*  
Far from gay cities and the ways of men. *Book xiv. Line 410.*  
Who love too much, hate in the like extreme. *Book xv. Line 79.*  
True friendship's laws are by this rule exprest,  
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.<sup>2</sup>  
*Book xv. Line 83.*  
Whatever day  
Makes man a slave takes half his worth away.  
*Book xvii. Line 392.*

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<sup>1</sup> From Roscoe's edition of Pope, *Vol. v. p. 376*; originally printed in Motte's *Miscellanies*, 1727. In the edition of 1736, Pope says, "I must own that the prose part (The Thoughts on Various Subjects), at the end of the second volume, was wholly mine. January, 1734."

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *Satire ii. Book ii. Line 160, p. 169.*

ODYSSEY—*continued.*]

Yet, taught by time, my heart has learned to glow  
For others' good, and melt at others' woe. *Book xviii. Line 279.*

This is the Jew  
That Shakespeare drew.<sup>1</sup>



THOMAS TICKELL. 1686—1740.

Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;  
And saints who taught, and led the way to Heaven.  
*On the Death of Mr. Addison. Line 41.*

Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd  
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade. *Ibid. Line 45.*

There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high  
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid. Line 81.*

The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid.  
*To a Lady; with a Present of Flowers.*

I hear a voice you cannot hear,  
Which says I must not stay,  
I see a hand you cannot see,  
Which beckons me away. *Coöin and Lucy.*



DR. GEORGE SEWELL. ———1726.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,  
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on. *The Suicide.*



JOHN GAY. 1688—1732.

'T was when the sea was roaring  
With hollow blasts of wind,  
A damsel lay deploring,  
All on a rock reclin'd.  
*The What D' ye call 't. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

<sup>1</sup> On the 14th of February, 1741, Macklin established his fame as an actor, in the character of Shylock, in the "Merchant of Venice." . . . Macklin's performance of this character so forcibly struck a gentleman in the pit, that he, as it were involuntarily, exclaimed,

"This is the Jew  
That Shakespeare drew."

It has been said that this gentleman was Mr. Pope, and that he meant his panegyric on Macklin as a satire against Lord Lansdowne.—*Biog. Dram. Vol. i. Pt. ii. p. 469.*

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Porteus, *Death*, Line 318.

I have taught you, my dear flock, for above thirty years how to live; and I will show you in a very short time how to die.—Sandys, *Anglorum Speculum*, p. 903.



## [THE WHAT D'YE CALL 'T—continued.]

So comes a reckoning when the banquet 's o'er,  
The dreadful reckoning, and men smile no more.

*Ibid. Act ii. Sc. 9.*

'T is woman that seduces all mankind;  
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts.

*The Beggar's Opera. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Over the hills and far away.<sup>1</sup>

*Ibid. Act i. Sc. 1.*

If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,  
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears.

*Ibid. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets.

*Ibid. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong. *Ibid. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

How happy could I be with either,

Were t' other dear charmer away. *Ibid. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,

The judges all rang'd; a terrible show! *Ibid. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd.

*Sweet William's Farewell to Black-eyed Susan.*

Adieu, she cried, and wav'd her lily hand.

*Ibid.*

## FABLES.

Long experience made him sage.

*The Shepherd and the Philosopher.*

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil

O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

When yet was ever found a mother

Who'd give her booby for another?

*The Mother, the Nurse, and the Fairy.*

Is there no hope? the sick man said;

The silent doctor shook his head.

*The Sick Man and the Angel.*

While there is life there 's hope, he cried.<sup>3</sup>

*Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> And 't is o'er the hills and far away.

*Jockey's Lamentation. From Wit's Mirth, Vol. iv.*

<sup>2</sup> 'midnight oil,' a common phrase, used by Quarles, Shenstone, Cowper, Lloyd, and others.

<sup>3</sup> 'Ελπίδις ἐν ζωῇ, ἀνέλπιστα δὲ θανάτῳ.

Theocritus, *Id. iv. Line 42.*

Ægroto, dum anima est, spes est.

Cicero, *Epist. ad Att. ix. 10.*

FABLES—*continued.*]

Those who in quarrels interpose  
Must often wipe a bloody nose. *The Mastiffs.*

And when a lady's in the case,  
You know all other things give place.  
*The Hare and many Friends.*

Life is a jest, and all things show it;  
I thought so once, but now I know it. *My own Epitaph.*



LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE. 1690—1762.

Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide,—  
In part she is to blame that has been tried :  
He comes too near that comes to be denied.  
*The Lady's Resolve.<sup>1</sup>*

And we meet, with champagne and a chicken, at last.<sup>2</sup>  
*The Lover.*

Be plain in dress, and sober in your diet ;  
In short, my deary ! kiss me, and be quiet.  
*A Summary of Lord Lyttleton's Advice.*

Satire should, like a polish'd razor keen,  
Wound with a touch that 's scarcely felt or seen.  
*To the Imitator of the First Satire of Horace. Book ii.*



KANE O'HARA. — — 1782.

Pray, goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue ;  
Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes ?  
Remember, when the judgment 's weak, the prejudice is strong.  
*Midas. Act i. Sc. 4.*



CHARLES MACKLIN. 1690—1797.

The law is a sort of hocus-pocus science, that smiles in yer face while it  
picks yer pocket ; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of mair use to the  
professors than the justice of it. *Love à la Mode. Act ii. Sc. 1.*



MATTHEW GREEN. 1696—1737.

Fling but a stone, the giant dies. *The Spleen. Line 93.*

<sup>1</sup> A fugitive piece, written on a window by Lady Montague, after her marriage (1713). The last lines were taken from Overbury :—

In part to blame is she  
Which hath without consent bin only tride :  
He comes to neere that comes to be denide.  
*The Wife, St. 36.*

<sup>2</sup> What say you to such a supper with such a woman ?  
*Byron, Note to Letter on Bowles.*

LOUIS THEOBALD. 1691—1744.

None but himself can be his parallel.<sup>1</sup> *The Double Falsehood.*

JOHN BYROM. 1691—1763.

God bless the King, I mean the faith's defender;  
 God bless—no harm in blessing—the pretender;  
 But who pretender is, or who is king,—  
 God bless us all,—that 's quite another thing.

*To an Officer of the Army, extempore.*

Take time enough: all other graces  
 Will soon fill up their proper places.<sup>2</sup>

*Advice to Preach Slow.*

Some say, compar'd to Bononcini,  
 That Mynheer Handel 's but a ninny;  
 Others aver that he to Handel  
 Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.  
 Strange all this difference should be  
 'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

*On the Feuds between Handel and Bononcini.*<sup>3</sup>

As clear as a whistle.

*Epistle to Lloyd.*

Bone and Skin, two millers thin,  
 Would starve us all, or near it;  
 But be it known to Skin and Bone  
 That Flesh and Blood can't bear it.

*Epigram on Two Monopolists.*



\* EARL OF CHESTERFIELD. 1694—1773.

Sacrifice to the Graces.<sup>4</sup>

*Letter. March 9, 1748.*

<sup>1</sup> Quæris Alcidae parem?

Nemo est nisi ipse.

Seneca, *Hercules Furens*, Act i. Sc. 1.

And but herself admits no parallel.

Massinger, *Duke of Milan*, Act iv. Sc. 3.

<sup>2</sup> Learn to read slow: all other graces

Will follow in their proper places.

Walker, *Art of Reading*.

<sup>3</sup> "Nourse asked me if I had seen the verses upon Handel and Bononcini, not knowing that they were mine." *Byrom's Remains* (Chetham Soc.), Vol. i. p. 173. The last two lines have been attributed to Swift and Pope. See Scott's edition of Swift, and Dyce's edition of Pope.

<sup>4</sup> Literally from the Greek *Θύε τὰς Χάρις*. Diog. Laert. Lib. iv. § 6. *Xenocrates*.

"Xenocrates was always of a solemn and grave character, so that Plato was continually saying to him,—Xenocrates, sacrifice to the Graces."

Manners must adorn knowledge, and smooth its way through the world.  
Like a great rough diamond, it may do very well in a closet by way of  
curiosity, and also for its intrinsic value. *Letter. July 1, 1748.*

Style is the dress of thoughts. *Letter. Nov. 24, 1749.*

I assisted at the birth of that most significant word "flirtation," which  
dropped from the most beautiful mouth in the world. *The World. No. 101.*

Unlike my subject now shall be my song,  
It shall be witty, and it sha'n't be long. *Impromptu Lines.*

The dews of the evening most carefully shun,—  
Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.  
*Advice to a Lady in Autumn.*



DAVID MALLET. 1700—1765.  
While tumbling down the turbid stream,  
Lord love us, how we apples swim! *Tyburn.*



ROBERT BLAIR. 1699—1747.  
The Grave, dread thing!  
Men shiver when thou 'rt nam'd: Nature, appall'd,  
Shakes off her wonted firmness. *The Grave. Line 9.*

The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,  
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid. Line 58.*

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!  
Sweet'ner of life! and solder of society! *Ibid. Line 88.*

Of joys departed,  
Not to return, how painful the remembrance! *Ibid. Line 109.*

The good he scorn'd  
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,  
Not to return; or, if it did, in visits  
Like those of angels, short and far between.<sup>2</sup>  
*Ibid. Part ii. Line 586.*



RICHARD SAVAGE. 1698—1743.  
He lives to build, not boast, a generous race;  
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face. *The Bastard. Line 7.*



JAMES THOMSON. 1700—1748.  
Come, gentle Spring! ethereal Mildness! come.  
*The Seasons. Spring. Line 1.*

<sup>1</sup> Whistling to keep myself from being afraid.  
Dryden, *Amphitryon*, Act iii. Sc. 7.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Campbell, *post*.



THE SEASONS. SPRING—*continued.*]

Base envy withers at another's joy,  
And hates that excellence it cannot reach. *Line 283.*

But who can paint  
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,  
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers? *Line 465.*

Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears  
Her snaky crest. *Line 996.*

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot. *Line 1149.*

An elegant sufficiency, content,  
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,  
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,  
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven! *Line 1158.*

The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews. *Summer. Line 47.*

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake? *Line 67.*

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day  
Rejoicing in the east. *Line 81.*

Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds. *Line 946.*

And Mecca saddens at the long delay. *Line 979.*

Sigh'd and look'd unutterable things. *Line 1188.*

A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate  
Of mighty monarchs. *Line 1285.*

So stands the statue that enchants the world,  
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,  
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece. *Line 1346.*

Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age. *Line 1516.*

Autumn nodding o'er the yellow plain. *Autumn. Line 2.*

Loveliness

Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most. *Line 204.*

He saw her charming, but he saw not half  
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd. *Line 229.*

For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,  
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn. *Line 233.*

See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year. *Winter. Line 1.*

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<sup>1</sup> In naked beauty, more adorn'd,  
More lovely, than Pandora.

Milton, *Par. Lost*, Book iv. *Line 713.*

THE SEASONS. WINTER—*continued.*]

Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave. *Line 393.*

There studious let me sit,  
And hold high converse with the mighty dead. *Line 431.*

The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong maid. *Line 625.*

These as they change, Almighty Father! these  
Are but the varied God. The rolling year  
Is full of Thee. *Hymn. Line 1.*

Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade. *Line 25.*

From seeming evil still educing good. *Line 114.*

Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise. *Line 118.*

A pleasing land of drowsyhed it was,  
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;  
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,  
For ever flushing round a summer sky:  
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly  
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,  
And the calm pleasures, always hover'd nigh;  
But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,  
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

*The Castle of Indolence. Canto i. Stanza 6.*

O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,  
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,  
And heightens ease with grace. *Canto i. Stanza 26.*

Plac'd far amid the melancholy main. *Canto i. Stanza 30.*

Scoundrel maxim. *Canto i. Stanza 50.*

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems.  
*Canto i. Stanza 68*

A little round, fat, oily man of God. *Canto i. Stanza 69*

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:  
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;  
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,  
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;  
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace  
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:  
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,  
And I their toys to the great children leave:  
Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave.

*Canto ii. Stanza 3.*

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove  
An unrelenting foe to love;  
And, when we meet a mutual heart,  
Come in between and bid us part?

*Song, For ever, Fortune.*

Whoe'er amidst the sons  
Of reason, valour, liberty, and virtue,  
Displays distinguish'd merit, is a noble  
Of Nature's own creating. *Coriolanus. Act iii. Sc. 3.*  
O Sophonisba ! Sophonisba, O !<sup>1</sup> *Sophonisba. Act iii. Sc. 2.*  
When Britain first, at Heaven's command  
Arose from out the azure main,  
This was the charter of her land,  
And guardian angels sung the strain :  
Rule Britannia ! Britannia rules the waves !  
Britons never shall be slaves. *Alfred. Act ii. Sc. 5.*

—□—

JOHN DYER. 1700—1758.

Ever charming, ever new,  
When will the landscape tire the view? *Grongar Hill. Line 5.*

—□—

JOHN WESLEY. 1703—1791.

That execrable sum of all villanies commonly called A Slave Trade.

*Journal. Feb. 12, 1792.*

Certainly this is a duty, not a sin. "Cleanliness is indeed next to godliness."  
*Sermon xcii. On Dress.*

—□—

ROBERT DODSLEY. 1703—1764.

One kind kiss before we part,  
Drop a tear, and bid adieu ;  
Though we sever, my fond heart  
Till we meet shall pant for you. *The Parting Kiss.*

—□—

JAMES BRAMSTON. ———1744.

But Titus said, with his uncommon sense,  
When the Exclusion Bill was in suspense:  
" I hear a lion in the lobby roar ;  
Say, Mr. Speaker, shall we shut the door  
And keep him there, or shall we let him in  
To try if we can turn him out again ?"<sup>2</sup> *Art of Politics.*

<sup>1</sup> The line was altered, after the second edition, to  
" O Sophonisba ! I am wholly thine."

<sup>2</sup> " I hope," said Col. Titus, " we shall not be wise as the frogs to whom

So Britain's monarch once uncover'd sat,  
While Bradshaw bullied in a broad-brimm'd hat. *Man of Taste.*



DR. SAMUEL HOWARD. ———1782.

Gentle shepherd, tell me where? *Song.*



HENRY FIELDING. 1707—1754.

All nature wears one universal grin.

*Tom Thumb the Great. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Petition me no petitions, sir, to-day;

Let other hours be set apart for business.

To-day it is our pleasure to be drunk;

And this our queen shall be as drunk as we. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough.

I've done my duty, and I've done no more. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

To sun myself in Huncamunca's eyes. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

Lo, when two dogs are fighting in the streets,

With a third dog one of the two dogs meets,

With angry teeth he bites him to the bone,

And this dog smarts for what that dog has done.<sup>1</sup> *Act i. Sc. 6.*

Oh! the roast beef of Old England,

And oh! the old English roast beef.

*The Roast Beef of Old England.*

Jupiter gave a stork for their king. To trust expedients with such a king on the throne would be just as wise as if there were a lion in the lobby, and we should vote to let him in and chain him, instead of fastening the door to keep him out."—*On the Exclusion Bill. January 7, 1681.*

*Bont.* So have I heard on Afric's burning shore

A hungry lion give a grievous roar;

The grievous roar echoed along the shore.

*Artz.* So have I heard on Afric's burning shore

Another lion give a grievous roar,

And the first lion thought the last a bore.

T. B. Rhodes, *Bombastes Furioso.*

<sup>1</sup> Thus when a barber and a collier fight,

The barber beats the luckless collier—white;

The dusty collier heaves his ponderous sack,

And, big with vengeance, beats the barber—black.

In comes the brick-dust man, with grime o'erspread,

And beats the collier and the barber—red;

Black, red, and white, in various clouds are tost,

And in the dust they raise the combatants are lost.

Christ. Smart, From *The Trip to Cambridge.*

Campbell's *Specimens*, Vol. vi. p. 185.



## PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1702—1751.

Live while you live, the epicure would say,  
 And seize the pleasures of the present day;  
 Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,  
 And give to God each moment as it flies.  
 Lord, in my views let both united be;  
 I live in pleasure when I live to thee.

*Epigram on his Family Arms.*

## NATHANIEL COTTON. 1707—1788.

If solid happiness we prize,  
 Within our breast this jewel lies;  
 And they are fools who roam:  
 The world has nothing to bestow;  
 From our own selves our joys must flow,  
 And that dear hut,— our home. *The Fireside. St. 3.*  
 Thus hand in hand through life we'll go;  
 Its checker'd paths of joy and woe  
 With cautious steps we'll tread. *Ibid. St. 13.*

## BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. 1706—1790.

God helps them that help themselves.<sup>1</sup> *Poor Richard.*  
 Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life  
 is made of. *Ibid.*  
 Plough deep while sluggards sleep. *Ibid.*  
 Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day. *Ibid.*  
 Three removes are as bad as a fire. *Ibid.*  
 Vessels large may venture more,  
 But little boats should keep near shore. *Ibid.*  
 He has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle. *The Whistle. (Nov. 1719.)*  
 There never was a good war or a bad peace.<sup>2</sup> *Letter to Quincy, Sept. 11, 1773.*  
 Here Skugg  
 Lies snug,  
 As a bug  
 In a rug.  
*From a Letter to Miss Georgiana Shipley.*

<sup>1</sup> Dum vivimus vivamus. From Ortin's *Life of Doddridge*.

<sup>2</sup> Help thyself, and God will help thee.

Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*.

<sup>3</sup> It hath been said that an unjust peace is to be preferred before a just war.—S. Butler, *Speeches in the Rump Parliament*. Butler's *Remains*.

## SAMUEL JOHNSON. 1709—1784.

Let observation with extensive view  
Survey mankind from China to Peru.<sup>1</sup>

*Vanity of Human Wishes. Line 1.*

There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,—  
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail. *Line 159.*

He left the name at which the world grew pale,  
To point a moral, or adorn a tale. *Line 221.*

Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know  
That life protracted is protracted woe. *Line 257.*

An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,  
And glides in modest innocence away. *Line 293.*

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage. *Line 308.*

Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!  
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,  
And Swift expires, a driveller and a show. *Line 316.*

Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,  
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate? *Line 345.*

For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill. *Line 362.*

Of all the griefs that harass the distress,  
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest. *London. Line 166.*

This mournful truth is everywhere confess'd,  
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd. *Line 176.*

Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,  
Exhausted worlds and then imagin'd new.

*Prologue on the Opening of Drury Lane Theatre.*

And panting Time toil'd after him in vain. *Ibid.*

For we that live to please must please to live. *Ibid.*

Catch, then, O catch the transient hour;

Improve each moment as it flies;

Life's a short summer—man a flower—

He dies—alas! how soon he dies!

*Winter. An Ode.*

Officious, innocent, sincere;

Of every friendless name the friend.

*Verses on Robert Level. Stanza 2.*

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<sup>1</sup> All human race, from China to Peru,  
Pleasure, howe'er disguis'd by art, pursue.

Rev. T. Warton, *The Universal Love of Pleasure.*

VERSES ON ROBERT LEVET—*continued.*]

In misery's darkest cavern known,  
 His useful care was ever nigh<sup>1</sup>  
 Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,  
 And lonely want retired to die. *Stanza 5.*

Then with no throbs of fiery pain,<sup>2</sup>  
 No cold gradations of decay,  
 Death broke at once the vital chain,  
 And freed his soul the nearest way. *Stanza 9.*

Philips, whose touch harmonious could remove  
 The pangs of guilty power and hapless love;  
 Rest here, distress by poverty no more,  
 Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before;  
 Sleep, undisturb'd, within this peaceful shrine,  
 Till angels wake thee with a note like thine!  
*Epitaph on Claudius Philips, the Musician.*

A Poet, Naturalist, and Historian,  
 Who left scarcely any style of writing untouched,  
 And touched nothing that he did not adorn.<sup>3</sup>  
*Epitaph on Goldsmith.*

How small, of all that human hearts endure,  
 That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!  
 Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,  
 Our own felicity we make or find.  
 With secret course, which no loud storms annoy  
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.  
*Lines added to Goldsmith's Traveller.*

Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay.  
*Line added to Goldsmith's Deserted Village.*

From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend,  
 Path, motive, guide, original, and end. *The Rambler. No. 7.*

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow; attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. *Rasselas. Chap. 1.*

<sup>1</sup> Var. His ready help was always nigh.

<sup>2</sup> Var. Then with no fiery throbbing pain.

<sup>3</sup> Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.

He adorns whatever he attempts.

Fénelon, *Eulogy on Cicero.*

He adorned whatever subject he either spoke or wrote upon by the most splendid eloquence.—Chesterfield's *Characters: Bolingbroke.*

I am not so lost in lexicography as to forget that *words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the sons of heaven.*<sup>1</sup>

From *The Preface to his Dictionary*.

Words are men's daughters, but God's sons are things.<sup>2</sup>

From *Dr. Madden's "Boulter's Monument."* *Supposed to have been inserted by Dr. Johnson, 1745.*

Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.

*Life of Addison.*

To be of no church is dangerous. Religion, of which the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by Faith and Hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind, unless it be invigorated and reimpressed by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the salutary influence of example.

*Life of Milton.*

The trappings of a monarchy would set up an ordinary commonwealth.

*Ibid.*

His death eclipsed the gayety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure.

*Life of Edmund Smith* (alluding to the death of Garrick).

That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

*Journey to the Western Islands: Inch Kenneth.*

If he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, Sir, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons.

*Boswell's Life of Johnson. An. 1763.*

Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.

*Ibid. An. 1775.*

There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn.

*Ibid. An. 1776.*

Claret is the liquor for boys; port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy.

*Ibid. An. 1779.*

Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.<sup>3</sup>

*Ibid. An. 1784.*

If the man who turnips cries

Cry not when his father dies,

'T is a proof that he had rather

Have a turnip than his father.

*Johnsoniana. Piozzi, 30.*

<sup>1</sup> The italics and the word "forget" would seem to imply that the saying was not his own. Sir William Jones gives a similar saying in India: "Words are the daughters of earth and deeds are the sons of heaven."

<sup>2</sup> Words are women, deeds are men.—Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*. Sir Thomas Bodley, *Letter to his Librarian*, 1604.

<sup>3</sup> Parody on "Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free."—From Brooke's *Gustavus Vasa*, First edition.



A good hater.

*Johnsoniana. Piozzi, 39.*

Books that you may carry to the fire, and hold readily in your hand, are the most useful after all.

*Ibid. Hawkins, 197.*



WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM. 1703—1778.

The atrocious crime of being a young man. *Speech, March 6, 1741.*

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.

*Speech, January 14, 1766.*

A long train of these practices has at length unwillingly convinced me that there is something behind the Throne greater than the King himself.<sup>1</sup>

*Speech, March 2, 1770. (Chatham Correspondence.)*

Where law ends, tyranny begins. *Speech, Jan. 9, 1770. Case of Wilkes.*

If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms, never—never—never.

*Speech, Nov. 18, 1777.*

Necessity is the argument of tyrants,<sup>2</sup> it is the creed of slaves.

*Speech on the India Bill, Nov. 1783.*

The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the force of the crown. It may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storms may enter, the rain may enter,—but the King of England cannot enter! all his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement.<sup>3</sup>

*Speech on the Excise Bill.*

Indemnity for the past and security for the future.<sup>4</sup>

The Church of England hath a Popish liturgy, a Calvinistic creed, and an Arminian clergy.

*Ascribed to Pitt.*



LORD LYTTELTON. 1709—1773.

For his chaste Muse employed her heaven-taught lyre

None but the noblest passions to inspire,

Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,

One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.

*Prologue to Thomson's Coriolanus.*

Women, like princes, find few real friends. *Advice to a Lady.*

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,

Your heart's supreme ambition? To be fair.

*Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by Lord Mahon, "greater than the Throne itself."—*History of England, Vol. v. p. 258.*

<sup>2</sup> Necessity, the tyrant's plea. Milton, *Par. Lost, Book iv. Line 393.*

<sup>3</sup> From Brougham's *Statesmen of George III., First Series, p. 41.*

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Pitt's phrase.—De Quincey, *Theol. Essays, Vol. ii. p. 170.* See also Russell's *Memoir of Fox, Vol. iii. p. 345. Letter to the Hon. T. Maitland.*

ADVICE TO A LADY—*continued.*]

The lover in the husband may be lost.

*Ibid.*

How much the wife is dearer than the bride.

*An Irregular Ode.*

None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair,

But love can hope where reason would despair.

*Epigram.*

Where none admire, 't is useless to excel;

Where none are beaux, 't is vain to be a belle.

*Soliloquy on a Beauty in the Country.*

Alas ! by some degree of woe

We every bliss must gain ;

The heart can ne'er a transport know

That never feels a pain.

*Song.*



EDWARD MOORE. 1712—1757.

Can't I another's face commend,

And to her virtues be a friend,

But instantly your forehead lowers,

As if *her* merit lessened *yours* ?

*Fable ix. The Farmer, the Spaniel, and the Cat.*

The maid who modestly conceals

Her beauties, while she hides, reveals ;

Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws

Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.

*Fable x. The Spider and the Bee.*

But from the hoop's bewitching round,

Her very shoe has power to wound.

*Ibid.*

Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,

And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

*The Happy Marriage.*

This now the summer of your youth : time has not cropt the roses from  
your cheek, though sorrow long has washed them.

*The Gamester. Act iii. Sc. 4.*



———— DYER.

And he that will this health deny,

Down among the dead men let him lie.

*Published in the early part of the reign of George I.*



LAURENCE STERNE. 1713—1768.

Go, poor devil, get thee gone ; why should I hurt thee ? This world  
surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

*Tristram Shandy. Vol. ii. Ch. xii.*

TRISTRAM SHANDY—*continued.*]

"Our armies swore terribly in Flanders," cried my uncle Toby, "but nothing to this." *Ibid.* Vol. iii. Ch. xi.

The accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out for ever.<sup>1</sup>

*Ibid.* Vol. vi. Ch. viii.

"They order," said I, "this matter better in France."

*Sentimental Journey.* Page 1.

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, 'T is all barren. *Ibid.* In the Street. Calais.

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* Maria.

"Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery," said I, "still thou art a bitter draught." *Ibid.* The Passport. The Hotel at Paris.

—□—

WILLIAM SHENSTONE. 1714—1763.

Who'er has travell'd life's dull round,

Where'er his stages may have been,

May sigh to think he still has found

The warmest welcome at an inn.<sup>3</sup>

*Written on a Window of an Inn.*

So sweetly she bade me adieu,

I thought that she bade me return.

*A Pastoral.* Part i.

I have found out a gift for my fair;

I have found where the wood-pigeons breed.

*Ibid.* Part ii. Hope.

For seldom shall she hear a tale

So sad, so tender, and so true.

*Jemmy Dawson.*

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,

Emblems right meet of decency does yield.

*The Schoolmistress.* St. 5.

Pun-provoking thyme.

*Ibid.* St. 11.

A little bench of heedless bishops here,

And there a chancellor in embryo.

*Ibid.* St. 28.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Campbell, *Pleasures of Hope*, ii. Line 357.

<sup>2</sup> Dieu mesure le froid à la brebis tondue.—Henri Estienne, *Prémices*, etc., p. 47. (1594.)

To a close-shorn sheep God gives wind by measure.—Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*.

<sup>3</sup> There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn.—Johnson, *Boswell's Life*, 1766.

Archbishop Leighton often said, that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn.—*Works*, Vol. i. p. 76.

## THOMAS GRAY. 1716—1771.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers.

*On a Distant Prospect of Eton College. Stanza 1.*

Ah, happy hills ! ah, pleasing shade !

Ah, fields belov'd in vain !

Where once my careless childhood stray'd,

A stranger yet to pain !

I feel the gales that from ye blow

A momentary bliss bestow.

*Stanza 2.*

They hear a voice in every wind,

And snatch a fearful joy.

*Stanza 4.*

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,

Less pleasing when possess ;

The tear forgot as soon as shed,

The sunshine of the breast.

*Stanza 5.*

Alas ! regardless of their doom,

The little victims play ;

No sense they have of ills to come,

Nor care beyond to-day.

Ah, tell them they are men !

*Stanza 6.*

And moody madness laughing wild,

Amid severest woe.

*Stanza 8.*

To each his sufferings ; all are men,

Condemn'd alike to groan,—

The tender for another's pain,

The unfeeling for his own.

Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate,

Since sorrow never comes too late,

And happiness too swiftly flies ?

Thought would destroy their paradise.

No more ;—where ignorance is bliss,

'T is folly to be wise.<sup>1</sup>

*Stanza 10.*

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,

Thou tamer of the human breast,

Whose iron scourge and torturing hour

The bad affright, afflict the best !

*Hymn to Adversity.*

From Helicon's harmonious springs

A thousand rills their mazy progress take.

*The Progress of Poetry. I. 1. Line 3.*

<sup>1</sup> From ignorance our comfort flows.

The only wretched are the wise.

Prior, *To the Hon. Charles Montague,*

He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.—*Ecclesiastes* i. 18.



THE PROGRESS OF POESY—*continued.*]

- Glance their many-twinkling feet. I. 3. *Line 11.*  
 O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move  
 The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.  
 I. 3. *Line 16.*  
 Her track, where'er the goddess roves,  
 Glory pursue, and gen'rous shame,  
 The unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame.  
 II. 2. *Line 10.*  
 Ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears. III. 1. *Line 12.*  
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time :  
 The living throne, the sapphire blaze,  
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,  
 He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,  
 Closed his eyes in endless night. III. 2. *Line 4.*  
 Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,  
 Scatters from her pictured urn  
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.<sup>1</sup> III. 3. *Line 2.*  
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,  
 Beneath the Good how far,—but far above the Great.  
 III. 3. *Line 16.*  
 Ruin seize thee, ruthless King !  
 Confusion on thy banners wait !  
 Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,  
 They mock the air with idle state. *The Bard.* I. 1. *Line 1.*  
 Loose his beard and hoary hair  
 Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air.<sup>2</sup> I. 2. *Line 5.*  
 To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.  
 I. 2. *Line 14.*  
 Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes;  
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.<sup>3</sup>  
 I. 3. *Line 12.*

<sup>1</sup> Words that weep and tears that speak. Cowley, *The Prophet*.

<sup>2</sup> An harmless flaming meteor shone for hair,  
 And fell adown his shoulders with loose care.

Cowley, *Davidels*, Book ii. *Line 102.*

The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,  
 Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind.

Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book i. *Line 536.*

<sup>3</sup> As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
 That visit my sad heart.

Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*, Act ii. *Sc. 1.*

Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life;

Dear as these eyes, that weep in fondness o'er thee.

Otway, *Venice Preserved*, Act v. *Sc. 1.*

THE BARD—*continued.*]

Weave the warp, and weave the woof,  
 'The winding-sheet of Edward's race.  
 Give ample room, and verge enough,<sup>1</sup>  
 The characters of hell to trace.

II. 1. *Line 1.*

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,  
 While proudly riding o'er the azure realm  
 In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;  
 Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;  
 Regardless of the sweeping whirwind's sway,  
 That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his ev'ning prey.

II. 2. *Line 7.*

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,  
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed.

II. 2. *Line 11.*

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!  
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!

III. 1. *Line 11.*

And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.

III. 3. *Line 3.*

Comus, and his midnight crew.

*Ode for Music. Line 2*

While bright-eyed Science watches round.

*Line 11.*

The still small voice of gratitude.

*Line 64.*

Iron sleet of arrowy shower  
 Hurtles in the darken'd air.

*The Fatal Sisters. Line 3*

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea.<sup>2</sup>  
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

*Elegy in a Country Churchyard. Stanza 1.*

Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

*Stanza 4.*

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn.

*Stanza 5.*

Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

*Stanza 8*

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
 Await alike the inevitable hour.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

*Stanza 9.*

<sup>1</sup> Like an ample shield,  
 Can take in all, and verge enough for more.  
 Dryden, *Don Sebastian*, Act i. Sc. 1.

<sup>2</sup> The first edition reads,--  
 "The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea."

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD—*continued.*]

Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise. *Stanza 10.*

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death? *Stanza 11.*

Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre. *Stanza 12.*

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;<sup>1</sup>  
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul. *Stanza 13.*

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.<sup>2</sup> *Stanza 14.*

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood. *Stanza 15.*

To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes. *Stanza 16.*

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind. *Stanza 17.*

Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way. *Stanza 19.*

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. *Stanza 20.*

And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die. *Stanza 21.*

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind? *Stanza 22.*

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\* Rich with the spoils of nature.

Sir Thomas Browne, *Relig. Med.*, Part i. Sect. xiii.

<sup>2</sup> Nor waste their sweetness in the desert air.

Churchill, *Gotham*, Book ii. Line 20.

And waste their music on the savage race.

Young, *Love of Fame*, Sat. v. Line 228.

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD—*continued.*]

E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.<sup>1</sup> *Stanza 23.*

Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn. *Stanza 25.*

One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill. *Stanza 28.*

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,  
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown :  
Fair Science from him not on his humble birth,  
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own. *The Epitaph.*

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
Heaven did a recompense as largely send :  
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,  
He gain'd from heaven ('t was all he wish'd) a friend. *Ibid.*

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)  
The bosom of his Father and his God. *Ibid.*

And weep the more, because I weep in vain.  
*Sonnet. On the Death of Mr. West.*

The hues of bliss more brightly glôw,  
Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe.  
*Ode on the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude. Line 45.*

The meanest floweret of the vale,  
The simplest note that swells the gale,  
The common sun, the air, the skies,  
To him are opening paradise. *Line 53.*

And hie him home, at evening's close,  
To sweet repast and calm repose. *Line 87.*

From toil he wins his spirits light,  
From busy day the peaceful night ;  
Rich, from the very want of wealth,  
In heaven's best treasures, peace and health. *Line 93.*

When love could teach a monarch to be wise,  
And Gospel-light first dawn'd from Bullen's eyes.<sup>2</sup>

Rich windows that exclude the light,  
And passages that lead to nothing. *A Long Story.*

<sup>1</sup> Yet in our ashen cold is fire yreken.

Chaucer, *The Reves Prologue*, Line 28.

<sup>2</sup> This was intended to be introduced in the poem on the "Alliance of Education and Government." —Mason. *Vol. iii. p. 114.*



Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune;  
He had not the method of making a fortune.

*On his own Character.*

A favorite has no friend.<sup>1</sup>

*On the Death of a Favorite Cat.*

Now as the Paradisaical pleasures of the Mahometans consist in playing upon the flute and lying with Houris, be mine to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon.

*To Mr. West. Letter iv. 3d Series.*



RICHARD HURD. 1720—1808.

In this awfully stupendous manner, at which Reason stands aghast, and Faith herself is half confounded, was the grace of God to man at length manifested.

*Sermons. Vol. ii. p. 287.*



JOHN BROWN. 1715—1766.

Now let us thank the Eternal Power : convinc'd  
That Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction,—  
That oft the cloud which wraps the present hour  
Serves but to brighten all our future days.

*Barbarossa. Act v. Sc. 3.*

And coxcombs vanquish Berkeley by a grin.

*An Essay on Satire, occasioned by the Death of Mr. Pope.<sup>2</sup>*



MARK AKENSIDE. 1721—1770.

Such and so various are the tastes of men.

*Pleasures of the Imagination. Book iii. Line 567.*

Than Timoleon's arms require,  
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

*Ode. On a Sermon against Glory. St. ii.*

The man forget not, though in rags he lies,  
And know the mortal through a crown's disguise.

*Epistle to Curio.*

Seeks painted trifles and fantastic toys,

And eagerly pursues imaginary joys. *The Virtuoso. St. x.*



JAMES TOWNLEY. 1715—1778.

*Kitty.* Shikspur? Shikspur? Who wrote it? No, I never read Shikspur.

*Lady Bab.* Then you have an immense pleasure to come.

*High Life below Stairs. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

From humble Port to imperial Tokay.

*Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> One of Aristotle's sayings was ὃ φίλοι, οὐδὲς φίλος, according to Casaubon's reading of Diog. Laertius, Lib. v. § 21, Cui sunt amici, non est amicus.

<sup>2</sup> Anderson's *British Poets*, x. 879. See note in *Contemporary Review*, Sept. 1867, p. 4.

DAVID GARRICK. 1716—1779.

Corrupted freemen are the worst of slaves.

*Prologue to The Gamesters.*

Their cause I plead,—plead it in heart and mind ;

A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind.<sup>1</sup>

*Prologue on Quitting the Stage in 1776.*

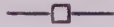
Let others hail the rising sun :

I bow to that whose course is run.<sup>2</sup>

*On the Death of Mr. Pelham.*

This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, and poet.

*Jupiter and Mercury.*



WILLIAM COLLINS. 1720—1756.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,

By all their country's wishes bless'd !

*Ode in 1746.*

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;

By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;

There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,

To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;

And Freedom shall awhile repair,

To dwell a weeping hermit there.

*Ibid.*

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,

While yet in early Greece she sung.

*The Passions. Line 1.*

Filled with fury, rapt, inspir'd.

*Ibid. Line 10.*

'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild.

*Ibid. Line 28.*

In notes by distance made more sweet.

*Ibid. Line 60.*

In hollow murmurs died away.

*Ibid. Line 68.*

O Music ! sphere-descended maid,

Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid !

*Ibid. Line 95.*

Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell ;

'T is virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.

*Eclogue 1. Line 5.*

Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part ;

Nature in him was almost lost in Art.

*To Sir Thomas Hanmer on his Edition of Shakespeare.*

In yonder grave a Druid lies.

*Ode on the Death of Thomson.*

<sup>1</sup> I would help others, out of a fellow-feeling.—Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*; *Democritus to the Reader*.

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.

Virgil, *Æneid*, Lib. 1. 630.

<sup>2</sup> Pompey . . . bade Sylla recollect that more worshipped the rising than the setting sun.—Clough, *Dryden's Plutarch*, iv. 66. *Life of Pompey*.

JAMES MERRICK. 1720—1769.

Not what we wish, but what we want.

*Hymn.*



TOBIAS SMOLLETT. 1721—1771.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share ;

Lord of the lion heart, and eagle eye,

Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,

Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

*Ode to Independence.*

Facts are stubborn things.<sup>1</sup>

*Translation of Gil Blas. Book x. Ch. 1.*



JOHN HOME. 1724—1803.

In the first days

Of my distracting grief, I found myself

As women wish to be who love their lords.

*Douglas. Act i. Sc. 1.*

My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills

My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,

Whose constant cares were to increase his store,

And keep his only son, myself, at home. *Ibid. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die. *Ibid. Act v. Sc. 1.*



RICHARD GIFFORD. 1725—1807.

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound ;

All at her work the village maiden sings,

Nor, while she turns the giddy wheel around,

Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things.

*Contemplation.*



ARTHUR MURPHY. 1727—1805.

Thus far we run before the wind. *The Apprentice. Act v. Sc. 2.*

Above the vulgar flight of common souls. *Zenobia. Act v.*



OLIVER GOLDSMITH. 1728—1774.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow. *The Traveller. Line 1.*

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,

My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee ;

Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,

And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

*Line 7*

<sup>1</sup> Facts are stubborn things.—Elliot, *Essay on Field Husbandry*, p. 35. (1747.)

THE TRAVELLER—*continued.*]

And learn the luxury of doing good. <sup>1</sup>	<i>Line 22.</i>
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view.	<i>Line 26.</i>
These little things are great to little man.	<i>Line 42.</i>
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!	<i>Line 50.</i>
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam, His first, best country ever is at home.	<i>Line 73.</i>
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.	<i>Line 126.</i>
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd; The sports of children satisfy the child.	<i>Line 153.</i>
But winter lingering chills the lap of May.	<i>Line 172.</i>
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar, But bind him to his native mountains more.	<i>Line 217.</i>
Alike all ages: dames of ancient days Have led their children through the mirthful maze; And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore, Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.	<i>Line 251.</i>
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies, Methinks her patient sons before me stand Where the broad ocean leans against the land.	<i>Line 282.</i>
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye, I see the lords of humankind pass by. <sup>2</sup>	<i>Line 327.</i>
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms.	<i>Line 356.</i>
For just experience tells, in every soil, That those that think must govern those that toil.	<i>Line 372.</i>
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.	<i>Line 386.</i>
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train.	<i>Line 409.</i>
Vain, very vain, my weary search to find That bliss which only centres in the mind.	<i>Line 423.</i>
Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain.	<i>Line 1.</i>
<i>The Deserted Village.</i>	
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade, For talking age and whispering lovers made.	<i>Line 13.</i>
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love.	<i>Line 29.</i>

<sup>1</sup> For all their luxury was doing good.Garth, *Claremont*, *Line 148.*

He tried the luxury of doing good.

Crabbe, *Tales of the Hall*, *Book iii.*<sup>2</sup> Lord of humankind.—Dryden, *The Spanish Friar*. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*



THE DESERTED VILLAGE—*continued.*]

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.  
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade,  
A breath can make them as a breath has made;<sup>1</sup>  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied. *Line 51.*

His best companions, innocence and health  
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth. *Line 61.*

How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,  
A youth of labour with an age of ease ! *Line 99.*

While resignation gently slopes away,—  
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,  
His heaven commences ere the world be past. *Line 110.*

The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,  
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind. *Line 121.*

A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year. *Line 141.*

Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
Shoulder'd his crutch and show'd how fields were won. *Line 157.*

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began. *Line 161.*

And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side. *Line 164.*

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way. *Line 167.*

Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray. *Line 179.*

And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile. *Line 184.*

As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head. *Line 189.*

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<sup>1</sup> C'est un verre qui luit,  
Qu'un souffle peut détruire, et qu'un souffle a produit.  
De Caux (comparing the world to his hour-glass).  
Who pants for glory, finds but short repose ;  
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.  
Pope, *Sat. and Ep. of Horace*, Book ii. *Ep.* 1. *Line 299.*

DESERTED VILLAGE—*continued.*]

Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning face ;  
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;  
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,  
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd :  
Yet was he kind, or, if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault. *Line 199.*

In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,  
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still ;  
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound  
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;  
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew  
That one small head could carry all he knew. *Line 211.*

The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,  
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door,  
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,  
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day. *Line 227.*

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
One native charm, than all the gloss of art. *Line 253.*

And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,  
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy. *Line 263.*

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,  
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn. *Line 329.*

In all the silent manliness of grief. *Line 384.*

O Luxury ! thou curst by Heaven's decree. *Line 385.*

Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,  
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so. *Line 413.*

Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth.  
*Retaliation. Line 24.*

Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,  
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind :  
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat,  
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote.  
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,  
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining :  
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit ;  
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit. *Line 31.*

His conduct still right, with his argument wrong. *Line 46.*

A flattering painter, who made it his care  
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are. *Line 63.*

RETALIATION—*continued.*]

An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man. *Line 94.*

As a wit, if not first, in the very first line. *Line 95.*

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;  
'T was only that when he was off he was acting. *Line 101.*

He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,  
For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle them back.  
*Line 107.*

Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please. *Line 112.*

When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,  
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff. *Line 145.*

Taught by that Power that pities me,  
I learn to pity them. *The Hermit. Stanza 6.*

Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid. Stanza 8.*

And what is friendship but a name,  
A charm that lulls to sleep,  
A shade that follows wealth or fame,  
And leaves the wretch to weep? *Ibid. Stanza 19.*

The sigh that rends thy constant heart  
Shall break thy Edwin's too. *Ibid. Stanza wit.*

The naked every day he clad  
When he put on his clothes.  
*Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.*

And in that town a dog was found,  
As many dogs there be,  
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,  
And curs of low degree. *Ibid.*

The dog, to gain his private ends,  
Went mad, and bit the man. *Ibid.*

The man recover'd of the bite,  
The dog it was that died. *Ibid.*

When lovely woman stoops to folly,  
And finds too late that men betray,  
What charm can soothe her melancholy?  
What art can wash her guilt away?  
*On Woman (Vicar of Wakefield, Ch. xxiv.).*

The only art her guilt to cover,  
To hide her shame from every eye,  
To give repentance to her lover,  
And wring his bosom, is—to die. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Young, *Night Thoughts*, iv. *Line 118.*

The wretch condemn'd with life to part,  
 Still, still on hope relies;  
 And every pang that rends the heart  
 Bids expectation rise. *The Captivity. Act ii. Orig. MS.*  
 Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,  
 Adorns and cheers the way;  
 And still, as darker grows the night,  
 Emits a brighter ray. *Ibid.*

Measures, not men, have always been my mark.<sup>1</sup>

*The Good-Natured Man. Act ii.*

The very pink of perfection. *She stoops to conquer. Act i. Sc. 1.*

A concatenation accordingly. *Ibid. Act i. Sc. 2.*

Ask me no questions, and I 'll tell you no fibs. *Ibid. Act iii.*

The king himself has follow'd her

When she has walk'd before.

*Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize.<sup>2</sup>*

Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt;

It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.<sup>3</sup>

*The Haunch of Venison.*

—□—

WILLIAM MASON. 1725—1797.

The fattest hog in Epicurus' sty.

*Heroic Epistle.*

—□—

EDMUND BURKE. 1729—1797.

The writers against religion, whilst they oppose every system, are wisely careful never to set up any of their own.

*Preface to A Vindication of Natural Society.<sup>4</sup> Vol. i. p. 7.*

"War," says Machiavel, "ought to be the only study of a prince;" and, by a prince, he means every sort of state, however constituted. "He ought," says this great political Doctor, "to consider peace only as a breathing-time, which gives him leisure to contrive, and furnishes ability to

<sup>1</sup> Of this stamp is the cant of *Not men, but measures*.—Burke, *Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents*.

<sup>2</sup> Written in imitation of *Chanson sur le fameux La Palisse*, which is attributed to Bernard de la Monnoye.

"On dit que dans ses amours

Il fut caressé des belles,

Qui le suivirent toujours,

Tant qu'il marcha devant elles."

<sup>3</sup> To treat a poor wretch with a bottle of Burgundy and fill his snuff-box, is like giving a pair of laced ruffles to a man that has never a shirt on his back.—Tom Brown, *Laconics*.

<sup>4</sup> Boston Ed. 1865—1867.



execute, military plans." A meditation on the conduct of political societies made old Hobbes imagine that war was the state of nature.

*A Vindication of Natural Society. Vol. i. p. 15.*

There is, however, a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.

*Observations on a Late Publication on the Present State of the Nation. Vol. i. p. 273.*

Illustrious predecessor.

*Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents. Vol. i. p. 455.*

When bad men combine, the good must associate; else they will fail, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice, in a contemptible struggle.

*Ibid. Vol. i. p. 526.*

A people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood.

*Speech on Conciliation with America. Vol. ii. p. 117.*

A wise and salutary neglect.

*Ibid.*

My vigour relents,—I pardon something to the spirit of liberty.

*Ibid. Vol. ii. p. 118.*

All government, indeed every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue and every prudent act, is founded on compromise and barter.

*Ibid. Vol. ii. p. 169.*

The worthy gentleman who has been snatched from us at the moment of the election, and in the middle of the contest, whilst his desires were as warm, and his hopes as eager as ours, has feelingly told us what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.

*Speech at Bristol on Declining the Poll.<sup>1</sup> Vol. ii. p. 429.*

They made and recorded a sort of institute and digest of anarchy, called the Rights of Man.

*On the Army Estimates. Vol. iii. p. 221.*

You had that action and counteraction, which, in the natural and in the political world, from the reciprocal struggle of discordant powers draws out the harmony of the universe.<sup>2</sup>

*Reflections on the Revolution in France. Vol. iii. p. 277.*

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and

<sup>1</sup> At the conclusion of one of Mr. Burke's eloquent harangues, Mr. Cruger, finding nothing to add, or perhaps, as he thought, to add with effect, exclaimed earnestly in the language of the counting-house, "I say ditto to Mr. Burke, I say ditto to Mr. Burke."—*Prior's Life of Burke, p. 152.*

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Breen, in his *Modern English Literature*, says: "This remarkable thought, Alison, the historian, has turned to good account; it occurs so often in his disquisitions, that he seems to have made it the staple of all wisdom and the basis of every truth."

REFLECTIONS ON THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE—*continued.*]

splendour, and joy. . . Little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded.

*Ibid.* Vol. iii. p. 331.

The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone.

*Ibid.*

That chastity of honour which felt a stain like a wound.

*Ibid.* Vol. iii. p. 332.

Vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

*Ibid.* Vol. iii. p. 332.

Kings will be tyrants from policy, when subjects are rebels from principle.

*Ibid.* Vol. iii. p. 334.

Learning will be cast into the mire and trodden down under the hoofs of a swinish multitude.<sup>1</sup>

*Ibid.* Vol. iii. p. 335.

Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field,—that, of course, they are many in number,—or that, after all, they are other than the little, shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour.

*Ibid.* Vol. iii. p. 344.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.

*Ibid.* Vol. iii. p. 453.

The cold neutrality of an impartial judge.

*Preface to Brissot's Address.* Vol. v. p. 67.

And having looked to government for bread, on the very first scarcity they will turn and bite the hand that fed them.<sup>2</sup>

*Thoughts and Details on Scarcity.* Vol. v. p. 156.

All those instances to be found in history, whether real or fabulous, of a doubtful public spirit, at which morality is perplexed, reason is staggered, and from which affrighted Nature recoils, are their chosen and almost sole examples for the instruction of their youth.

*Letter i. On a Regicide Peace.* Vol. v. p. 311.

Early and provident fear is the mother of safety.

*Speech on the Petition of the Unitarians.* Vol. vii. p. 50.

<sup>1</sup> This expression was tortured to mean that he actually thought the people no better than swine, and the phrase, *the swinish multitude*, was bruited about in every form of speech and writing, in order to excite popular indignation.

<sup>2</sup> We set ourselves to bite the hand that feeds us.—*Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents.* Vol. i. p. 439.

I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country churchyard,  
than in the tomb of the Capulets.<sup>1</sup>

*Letter to Matthew Smith. Prior's Life, p. 33.*

It has all the contortions of the sibyl, without the inspiration.<sup>2</sup>  
*Prior's Life of Burke.*

—□—

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE. 1723—1780.

The royal navy of England hath ever been its greatest defence and ornament; it is its ancient and natural strength,—the floating bulwark of our island.

*Commentaries. Vol. i. Book i. Ch. xiii. § 418.*

Time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.  
*Ibid. Book i. Ch. xviii. § 472.*

—□—

BEILBY PORTEUS. 1731—1808.

In sober state,

Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,  
The venerable patriarch guileless held  
The tenor of his way.<sup>3</sup> *Death. Line 108.*

One murder made a villain,  
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged  
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.<sup>4</sup> *Ibid. Line 154.*  
War its thousands slays, Peace its ten thousands.  
*Ibid. Line 178.*

Teach him how to live,  
And oh! still harder lesson, how to die.<sup>5</sup> *Ibid. Line 316.*

—□—

CHARLES CHURCHILL. 1731—1764.

He mouths a sentence, as curs mouth a bone,  
*The Rosciad. Line 322.*

But, spite of all the criticising elves,  
Those who would make us feel—must feel themselves.<sup>6</sup>  
*Ibid. Line 861.*

<sup>1</sup> Family vault of "all the Capulets."—*Reflections on the Revolution in France. Vol. iii. p. 349.*

<sup>2</sup> When Croft's *Life of Dr. Young* was spoken of as a good imitation of Dr. Johnson's style, "No, no," said he, "it is not a good imitation of Johnson; it has all his pomp, without his force; it has all the nodosities of the oak, without its strength; it has all the contortions of the sibyl, without the inspiration."—*Prior's Life of Burke, p. 468.*

<sup>3</sup> Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

*Gray, Elegy, Stanza 19.*

<sup>4</sup> Cf. Young, p. 157.

<sup>5</sup> There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high  
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

*Tickell, On the Death of Addison.*

<sup>6</sup> Si vis me flere, dolendum est  
Primum ipsi tibi.—Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 102.

With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,  
 Preys on herself, and is destroyed by thought.  
*Epistle to William Hogarth.*  
 Be England what she will,  
 With all her faults she is my country still. *The Farewell.*  
 Apt alliteration's artful aid. *Prophecy of Famine.*  
 Men the most infamous are fond of fame,  
 And those who fear not guilt yet start at shame. *The Author.*



ISAAC BICKERSTAFF. *Circa 1735—1787.*

Hope! thou nurse of young desire.  
*Love in a Village. Act i. Sc. 1.*  
 There was a jolly miller once,  
 Lived on the river Dee;  
 He work'd and sung from morn till night:  
 No lark more blithe than he. *Ibid. Act i. Sc. 2.*  
 And this the burthen of his song  
 For ever used to be:—  
 I care for nobody, no, not I,  
 If no one cares for me.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid. Act i. Sc. 2.*  
 Young fellows will be young fellows. *Ibid. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Ay, do despise me. I'm the prouder for it; I like to be despised.  
*The Hypocrite. Act v. Sc. 1.*



EDWARD GIBBON. *1737—1794.*

History, which is, indeed, little more than the register of the crimes,  
 follies, and misfortunes of mankind.<sup>2</sup>  
*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Ch. iii.*  
 A heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute.<sup>3</sup>  
*Ibid. Ch. xlviii.*



JAMES BEATTIE. *1735—1803.*

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb  
 The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?  
*The Minstrel. Book i. St. 1.*  
 Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.  
*Ibid. Book i. St. 25.*

<sup>1</sup> If naeboddy care for me,  
 I'll care for naeboddy.

*Burns, I hae a Wife o' my Ain.*

<sup>2</sup> L'histoire n'est que le tableau des crimes et des malheurs.—Voltaire,  
*L'Ingénu, Ch. x.*

<sup>3</sup> Heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute.  
 —Junius, *Letter xxxvii., Feb. 14, 1770.*



THE MINSTREL—*continued.*]

Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down ;  
 Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,  
 With here and there a violet bestrewn,  
 Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave ;  
 And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave !

*Ibid.* Book ii. St. 17.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,  
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,  
 When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,  
 And naught but the nightingale's song in the grove.

*The Hermit.*

He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.  
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn ?  
 O, when shall it dawn on the night of the grave ?

*Ibid.*

*Ibid.*

By the glare of false science betray'd,  
 That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind.  
 And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

*Ibid.*

*Ibid.*



## RICHARD GRAVES. 1715—1804.

Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project cross'd :  
 How hard their lot who neither won nor lost.

*An Incident in High Life.*<sup>1</sup>



## WILLIAM COWPER. 1731—1800.

United yet divided, twain at once.  
 So sit two kings of Brentford on one throne.<sup>2</sup>

*The Task. Book i. The Sofa. Line 77.*

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,  
 Exhilarate the spirit, and restore  
 The tone of languid Nature.

*Ibid.* Line 181.

The earth was made so various, that the mind  
 Of desultory man, studious of change,  
 And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.

*Ibid.* Line 506.

God made the country, and man made the town.<sup>3</sup>

*Ibid.* Line 749.

<sup>1</sup> From the *Festoon, A Collection of Epigrams*. London, 1767. In the *Appendix of Original Pieces*, this epigram is generally ascribed to Beattie, without reason. It does not appear in any collection of his poems.

<sup>2</sup> *Two Kings of Brentford*, from Buckingham's play of *The Rehearsal*.

<sup>3</sup> God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.

Cowley, *The Garden. Essay v.*

God Almighty first planted a garden.—Bacon, *Essays. Of Gardens.*

Divina natura dedit agros, ars humana ædificavit urbes.

Varro, *Res Rom.* 3, 1.

THE TASK—*continued.*]

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,<sup>1</sup>  
 Some boundless contiguity of shade,  
 Where rumour of oppression and deceit,  
 Of unsuccessful or successful war,  
 Might never reach me more.

*Book ii. The Timepiece. Line 1.*

Mountains interpos'd  
 Make enemies of nations who had else,  
 Like kindred drops, been mingled into one. *Ibid. Line 17.*

I would not have a slave to till my ground,  
 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,  
 And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth  
 That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd. *Ibid. Line 29.*

Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs  
 Receive our air, that moment they are free;  
 They touch our country and their shackles fall.<sup>2</sup>  
*Ibid. Line 40.*

England, with all thy faults I love thee still,  
 My country! <sup>3</sup> *Ibid. Line 206.*

Presume to lay their hand upon the ark  
 Of her magnificent and awful cause. *Ibid. Line 231.*

Praise enough  
 To fill the ambition of a private man,  
 That Chatham's language was his mother-tongue.  
*Ibid. Line 235.*

There is a pleasure in poetic pains  
 Which only poets know.<sup>4</sup> *Ibid. Line 285.*

Transforms old print  
 To zigzag manuscript, and cheats the eyes  
 Of gallery critics by a thousand arts. *Ibid. Line 364.*

Reading what they never wrote,  
 Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,  
 And with a well-bred whisper close the scene. *Ibid. Line 411.*  
 Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not. *Ibid. Line 444.*

<sup>1</sup> Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of wayfaring men.—  
 Jeremiah ix. 2.

<sup>2</sup> Servi peregrini, ut primum Galliae fines penetraverint eodem momento  
 liberi sunt.—Bodinus, *Liber i. c. 5.*

<sup>3</sup> Be England what she will,  
 With all her faults she is my country still.

Churchill, *The Farewell.*

<sup>4</sup> There is a pleasure sure  
 In being mad which none but madmen know.

Dryden, *Spanish Friar. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

## THE TASK—continued.]

Variety's the very spice of life,  
That gives it all its flavour. *Ibid. Line 606.*

She that asks  
Her dear five hundred friends. *Ibid. Line 642.*

Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss  
Of Paradise that has surviv'd the fall!  
*Book iii. The Garden. Line 41.*

Great contest follows, and much learned dust. *Ibid. Line 161.*

From reveries so airy, from the toil  
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,  
And growing old in drawing nothing up. *Ibid. Line 188.*

How various his employments, whom the world  
Calls idle; and who justly in return  
Esteems that busy world an idler too! *Ibid. Line 352.*

Who loves a garden, loves a greenhouse too. *Line 566.*

I burn to set the imprison'd wranglers free,  
And give them voice and utterance once again.  
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,  
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn  
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,  
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,<sup>1</sup>  
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

*Book iv. Winter Evening. Line 34.*

Which not even critics criticise. *Ibid. Line 51.*

And Katerfelto, with his hair on end  
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.  
'T is pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,  
To peep at such a world,—to see the stir  
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd. *Ibid. Line 86.*

While fancy, like the finger of a clock,  
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home. *Ibid. Line 118.*

O Winter, ruler of the inverted year. *Ibid. Line 120.*

With spots quadrangular of diamond form,  
Ensanguined hearts, clubs typical of strife,  
And spades, the emblem of untimely graves. *Ibid. Line 217.*

Gloriously drunk, obey the important call. *Ibid. Line 510.*

<sup>1</sup> [Tar-water] is of a nature so mild and benign and proportioned to the human constitution, as to warm without heating, to cheer but not inebriate. —Bishop Berkeley, *Siris*, par. 217.

THE TASK—*continued.*]

Sidney, warbler of poetic prose. *Ibid.* Line 516.

The Frenchman's darling.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.* Line 765.

But war 's a game which, were their subjects wise,  
Kings would not play at.

*Book v. Winter Morning Walk.* Line 187.

The beggarly last doit. *Ibid.* Line 316.

As dreadful as the Manichean god,

Adored through fear, strong only to destroy. *Ibid.* Line 444.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free. *Ibid.* Line 733.

With filial confidence inspired,  
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,  
And smiling say, "My Father made them all!"

*Ibid.* Line 745.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds;  
And as the mind is pitch'd, the ear is pleased  
With melting airs, or martial, brisk, or grave;  
Some chord in unison with what we hear  
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.  
How soft the music of those village bells,  
Falling at intervals upon the ear  
In cadence sweet! *Book vi. Winter Walk at Noon.* Line 1.

Here the heart

May give a useful lesson to the head,  
And Learning wiser grow without his books. *Ibid.* Line 85.

Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much;  
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.  
Books are not seldom talismans and spells. *Ibid.* Line 96.

Some to the fascination of a name  
Surrender judgment hoodwink'd. *Ibid.* Line 100.

I would not enter on my list of friends  
(Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility) the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm. *Ibid.* Line 560.

An honest man, close-button'd to the chin,  
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.  
*Epistle to Joseph Hill.*

Shine by the side of every path we tread  
With such a lustre, he that runs may read.<sup>2</sup>  
*Tirocinium.* Line 79.

<sup>1</sup> It was Cowper who gave this now common name to the Mignonette.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Habakkuk ii. 2.



Absence of occupation is not rest,  
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.  
*Retirement. Line 623.*

An idler is a watch that wants both hands;  
As useless if it goes as if it stands. *Ibid. Line 681.*

Built God a church, and laughed his word to scorn.  
*Ibid. Line 688.*

I praise the Frenchman, his remark was shrewd,  
How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude!  
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,  
Whom I may whisper, solitude is sweet. *Ibid. Line 739.*

Is base in kind, and born to be a slave. *Table Talk. Line 28.*

No. Freedom has a thousand charms to show,  
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know. *Ibid. Line 260.*

Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true,  
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew. *Truth. Line 327.*

How much a dunce that has been sent to roam,  
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.  
*The Progress of Error. Line 415.*

A kick that scarce would move a horse  
May kill a sound divine. *The Yearly Distress.*

O that those lips had language! Life has pass'd  
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.  
*On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture.*

The son of parents passed into the skies. *Ibid.*

There goes the parson, oh! illustrious spark!  
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk.  
*On observing some Names of Little Note.*

A fool must now and then be right by chance.  
*Conversation. Line 96.*

A moral, sensible, and well-bred man  
Will not affront me, and no other can. *Ibid. Line 193.*

I cannot talk with civet in the room,  
A fine puss-gentleman that's all perfume. *Ibid. Line 283.*

The solemn fop; significant and budge;  
A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid. Line 299.*

<sup>1</sup> If he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows.—Shakespeare, *King Henry V. Act v. Sc. 2.*

This man (Chesterfield) I thought had been a lord among wits, but I find he is only a wit among lords.—Boswell's *Johnson*, Vol. ii. p. 13. *An.* 1754.

A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.—Pope, *Dunciad*, Book iv. *Line 92.*

Although too much of a soldier among sovereigns, no one could claim

CONVERSATION—*continued.*]

His wit invites you by his looks to come,  
But, when you knock, it never is at home.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid. Line 303.*

Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,  
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid. Line 357.*

That, though on pleasure she was bent,  
She had a frugal mind. *History of John Gilpin.*

A hat not much the worse for wear. *Ibid.*

Now let us sing, Long live the king,  
And Gilpin long live he;  
And when he next doth ride abroad,  
May I be there to see! *Ibid.*

Toll for the brave!  
The brave that are no more!  
All sunk beneath the wave,  
Fast by their native shore!  
*On the Loss of the Royal George.*

Misses! the tale that I relate  
This lesson seems to carry,—  
Choose not alone a proper mate,  
But proper time to marry.  
*Pairing Time Anticipated.*

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill. *Walking with God.*

And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees. *Exhortation to Prayer.*

with better right to be a sovereign among soldiers.—Walter Scott, *Life of Napoleon.*

He (Steele) was a rake among scholars, and a scholar among rakes.—Macaulay, *Review of Aikin's Life of Addison.*

Temple was a man of the world amongst men of letters, a man of letters amongst men of the world.—Macaulay, *Life and Writings of Sir William Temple.*

<sup>1</sup> You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;  
Knock as you please, there 's nobody at home.  
*Pope, Epigram.*

<sup>2</sup> Love in your hearts as idly burns  
As fire in antique Roman urns.  
*Butler, Hudibras, Part ii. Canto i. 309.*

The story of the lamp which was supposed to have burned above 1,550 years in the sepulchre of Tullia, the daughter of Cicero, is told by Pancirollus and others.

God moves in a mysterious way  
 His wonders to perform;  
 He plants his footsteps in the sea  
 And rides upon the storm. *Light Shining out of Darkness.*

Behind a frowning providence  
 He hides a shining face. *Ibid.*

I am monarch of all I survey,  
 My right there is none to dispute.  
*Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk.*

O Solitude! where are the charms  
 That sages have seen in thy face? *Ibid.*

But the sound of the church-going bell  
 Those valleys and rocks never heard,  
 Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,  
 Or smiled when a sabbath appeared. *Ibid.*

How fleet is a glance of the mind!  
 Compared with the speed of its flight,  
 The tempest itself lags behind,  
 And the swift-winged arrows of light. *Ibid.*

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,  
 Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.  
*To an Afflicted Protestant Lady.*

'T is Providence alone secures  
 In every change both mine and yours. *A Fable. (Moral.)*

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,  
 And proves, by thumping on your back,<sup>1</sup>  
 His sense of your great merit,<sup>2</sup>  
 Is such a friend, that one had need  
 Be very much his friend indeed  
 To pardon, or to bear it. *On Friendship.*

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,  
 Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.  
*The Needless Alarm. (Moral.)*

He sees that this great roundabout,  
 The world, with all its motley rout,  
 Church, army, physic, law,  
 Its customs and its businesses,  
 Is no concern at all of his,  
 And says—what says he?—Caw. *The Jackdaw.*

<sup>1</sup> And friend received with thumps upon the back.  
 Young, *Universal Passion.*

<sup>2</sup> Var. "How he esteems your merit."

For 't is a truth well known to most,  
That whatsoever thing is lost,  
We seek it, ere it come to light,  
In every cranny but the right.

*The Retired Cat.*

But strive still to be a man before your mother.<sup>1</sup>

*Motto of No. iii. Connoisseur.*



ERASMUS DARWIN. 1731—1802.

Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam ! afar  
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car ;  
Or on wide waving wings expanded bear  
The flying-chariot through the field of air.

*The Botanic Garden. Part i. Ch. 1. Line 289.*

No radiant pearl, which crested Fortune wears,  
No gem, that twinkling hangs from Beauty's ears,  
Not the bright stars, which Night's blue arch adorn,  
Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,  
Shine with such lustre as the tear that flows  
Down Virtue's manly cheek for others' woes.

*Ibid. Part ii. The Loves of the Plants. Canto iii. Line 459.*



LORD THURLOW. 1732—1806.

The accident of an accident.

*Speech in Reply to the Duke of Grafton.*

*Butler's Reminiscences, 1. 142.*

When I forget my sovereign, may my God forget me.<sup>2</sup>

*27 Parl. Hist. 680 ; Ann. Reg. 1789.*



MRS. GREVILLE.<sup>3</sup> 17—17—.

Nor peace nor ease the heart can know,  
Which, like the needle true,  
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,

But, turning, trembles too. *A Prayer for Indifference.*

<sup>1</sup> Thou wilt scarce be a man before thy mother.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Love's Cure, Act ii. Sc. 2.*

<sup>2</sup> Whereupon Wilkes, seated upon the foot of the throne, and who had known him long and well, is reported to have said, somewhat coarsely but not unhappily it must be allowed, "Forget you ! He'll see you d—d first."—Brougham, *Statesmen of the Time of Geo. III. Thurlow.*

<sup>3</sup> The pretty Fanny Macartney.

*Walpole's Memoirs.*



W. J. MICKLE. 1734—1788

For there 's nae luck about the house,

There 's nae luck at a' ;

There 's little pleasure in the house.

When our gudeman 's awa'.

*The Mariner's Wife.*

His very foot has music in 't

As he comes up the stairs.

*Ibid.*



THOMAS MOSS. Circa 1740—1808.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,

Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,

Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span ;

Oh ! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store. *The Beggar.*

A pampered menial drove me from the door.

*Ibid.*



JOHN LANGHORNE. 1735—1779.

Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,

Perhaps that parent mourned her soldier slain ;

Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew ;

The big drops, mingling with the milk he drew,

Gave the sad presage of his future years,

The child of misery, baptized in tears.<sup>1</sup>

*The Country Justice. Part i.*



JOHN WOLCOT. 1738—1819.

What rage for fame attends both great and small !

Better be d—d than mentioned not at all.

*To the Royal Academicians.*

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,

And every grin, so merry, draws one out

*Expostulatory Odes Ode xv.*

A fellow in a market town,

Most musical, cried razors up and down.

*Farewell Odes Ode iii*

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<sup>1</sup> This allusion to the dead soldier and his widow, on the field of battle, was made the subject of a print by Bunbury, under which were engraved the pathetic lines of Langhorne. Sir Walter Scott has mentioned, that the only time he saw Burns, this picture was in the room. Burns shed tears over it; and Scott, then a lad of fifteen, was the only person present who could tell him where the lines were to be found.—Chambers's *Cyc. of Literature*, Vol. ii. p. 10

GEORGE WASHINGTON. 1732—1799.

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.<sup>1</sup>  
*Speech to both Houses of Congress, January 8, 1790.*



JOHN ADAMS. 1735—1826.

The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary Festival. It ought to be commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore.

*Letter to Mrs. Adams, July 3, 1776.*



PATRICK HENRY. 1736—1799.

Cæsar had his Brutus—Charles the First, his Cromwell—and George the Third—("Treason!" cried the speaker)—*may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it.*  
*Speech, 1765.*

Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

*Speech, March, 1775.*



THOMAS PAINE. 1737—1809.

And the final event to himself (Mr. Burke) has been that, as he rose like a rocket, he fell like the stick.  
*Letter to the Addressers.*

These are the times that try men's souls. *The American Crisis. No. 1.*

The sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related, that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again.<sup>2</sup>

*Age of Reason. Part ii. ad fin. (note.)*



THOMAS JEFFERSON. 1743—1826.

The God who gave us life gave us liberty at the same time.  
*Summary View of the Rights of British America.*

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and

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<sup>1</sup> Qui desiderat pacem præparet bellum.

*Vegetius, Rei Mil. 3. Prolog.*

<sup>2</sup> Probably the original of Napoleon's celebrated mot, "Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas."

to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

*A Declaration by the Representatives of the United States of America.*

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. *Ibid.*

We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour. *Ibid.*

Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it. *Inaugural Address.*

Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship, with all nations,—entangling alliances with none; the support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the General Government in its whole constitutional vigour, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; . . . . freedom of religion; freedom of the press; freedom of person under the protection of habeas corpus; and trial by juries impartially selected,—these principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation. *Ibid.*

If a due participation of office is a matter of right, how are vacancies to be obtained? Those by death are few: by resignation none.<sup>1</sup>

*Letter to a Committee of the Merchants of New Haven, 1801.*



LORD STOWELL. 1745—1836.

A dinner lubricates business. *Boswell's Johnson*, viii. 67, n.

The elegant simplicity of the three per cents.  
*Campbell's Chancellors*, Vol. x. Ch. 212.



MRS. BARBAULD. 1743—1825.

Man is the nobler growth our realms supply,  
And souls are ripened in our northern sky. *The Invitation.*

This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,  
And Wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.<sup>2</sup>  
*A Summer's Evening Meditation.*

<sup>1</sup> Usually quoted, "Few die, and none resign."

<sup>2</sup> Often ascribed to Young.

Life ! we've been long together  
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;  
 'T is hard to part when friends are dear ;  
 Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear ;  
 Then steal away, give little warning,  
 Choose thine own time ;  
 Say not " Good night," but in some brighter clime  
 Bid me " Good morning."

*Life.*

MRS. THRALE. 1740—1822.

The tree of deepest root is found  
 Least willing still to quit the ground ;  
 'T was therefore said, by ancient sages,  
 That love of life increased with years  
 So much, that in our latter stages,  
 When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,  
 The greatest love of life appears.

*Three Warnings.*

CHARLES DIBDIN. 1745—1814.

There 's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,  
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.  
 Did you ever hear of Captain Wattle ?  
 He was all for love and a little for the bottle.

*Poor Jack.**Captain Wattle and Miss Roe.*

HANNAH MORE. 1745—1833.

To those who know thee not, no words can paint !  
 And those who know thee know all words are faint !

*Sensibility.*

In men this blunder still you find,  
 All think their little set mankind.

*Florio. Part i.*

Small habits well pursued betimes  
 May reach the dignity of crimes.

*Ibid.*

SIR WILLIAM JONES. 1746—1794.

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,  
 Whose accents flow with artless ease,  
 Like orient pearls at random strung. *A Persian Song of Hafiz.*

On parent knees, a naked new-born child  
 Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled ;  
 So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,  
 Calm thou mayst smile, while all around thee weep.

*From the Persian.*



What constitutes a state?

Men who their duties know,  
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain.

And sovereign law, that state's collected will,  
O'er thrones and globes elate,  
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.

*Ode in Imitation of Alcaeus.*

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,  
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.<sup>1</sup>

—□—

JOHN LOGAN. 1748—1788.

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
No winter in thy year.

*To the Cuckoo.*

—□—

CHARLES MORRIS. 1739—1832.

Solid men of Boston, make no long orations;  
Solid men of Boston, banish strong potations.<sup>2</sup>

*Billy Pitt and the Farmer.*

Oh give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall.

*Town and Country.*

—□—

JOHN TRUMBULL. 1750—1831.

But optics sharp it needs, I ween,  
To see what is not to be seen.

*McFingal. Canto i. Line 67.*

But as some muskets so contrive it,  
As oft to miss the mark they drive at,  
And though well aimed at duck or plover,  
Bear wide, and kick their owners over. *Canto i. Line 93.*

As though there were a tie,  
And obligation to posterity.  
We get them, bear them, breed and nurse.  
What has posterity done for us,  
That we, lest they their rights should lose,  
Should trust our necks to gripe of noose.

*Canto ii. Line 121.*

No man e'er felt the halter draw,  
With good opinion of the law.

*Canto iii. Line 489.*

<sup>1</sup> Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,  
Four spend in prayer, the rest on nature fix.

*Translation of lines quoted by Sir Edward Coke,*

<sup>2</sup> From Debrett's *Asylum for Fugitive Pieces*, Vol. ii. p. 250.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. 1751—1816.

A progeny of learning. (Mrs. Malaprop.) *The Rivals*. Act. i. Sc. 2.

You are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you?

(Mrs. Malaprop.) *Ibid.* Act. iv. Sc. 2.

The quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands; we should only spoil it by trying to explain it. *Ibid.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile.

(Mrs. Malaprop.) *Ibid.* Act v. Sc. 3.

My valour is certainly going! it is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palm of my hands. *Ibid.* Act v. Sc. 3.

I own the sott impeachment. (Mrs. Malaprop.) *Ibid.* Act v. Sc. 3.

Steal! to be sure they may, and, egad, serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children,—disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.<sup>1</sup> *The Critic*. Act i. Sc. 1.

No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope. \* *Ibid.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

Where they *do* agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful.

*The Critic*. Act ii. Sc. 2.

An oyster may be crossed in love.

*Ibid.* Act iii.

You shall see a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin. *School for Scandal*. Act i. Sc. 1.

I leave my character behind me.

*Ibid.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

Here 's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;

Here 's to the widow of fifty;

Here 's to the flaunting, extravagant quean,

And here 's to the housewife that 's thrifty.

Let the toast pass;

Drink to the lass;

I 'll warrant she 'll prove an excuse for the glass.

*Ibid.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

An unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance.

*Ibid.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

I ne'er could any lustre see

In eyes that would not look on me;

I ne'er saw nectar on a lip

But where my own did hope to sip. *The Duenna*. Act i. Sc. 2.

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,

I ne'er could injure you.

*Ibid.* Act i. Sc. 5.

<sup>1</sup> Still pilfers wretched plans, and makes them worse;

Like gipsies, lest the stolen brat be known,

Defacing first, then claiming for his own.

Churchill, *The Apology*, Line 233.

THE DUENNA—*continued.*]

Conscience has no more to do with gallantry than it has with politics.

*Ibid.* Act ii. Sc. 4.

The Right Honorable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests and to his imagination for his facts.<sup>1</sup>

*Speech in Reply to Mr. Dundas.* (*Sheridaniana.*)

You write with ease to show your breeding,

But easy writing 's curst hard reading.

*Clio's Protest.* Moore's *Life of Sheridan.* Vol. i. p. 155.



## GEORGE CRABBE. 1754—1832.

Oh! rather give me commentators plain,

Who with no deep researches vex the brain;

Who from the dark and doubtful love to run,

And hold their glimmering tapers to the sun.<sup>2</sup>

*The Parish Register.* Pt. i. *Introduc.*

Her air, her manners, all who saw admired;

Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired;

The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd,

And ease of heart her every look convey'd. *Ibid.* Pt. ii. *Marriages.*

In this fool's paradise<sup>3</sup> he drank delight.

*The Borough.* Letter xii. *Players.*

Books cannot always please, however good;

Minds are not ever craving for their food.

*Ibid.* Letter xxiv. *Schools.*

In idle wishes fools supinely stay;

Be there a will, and wisdom finds a way. *The Birth of Flattery.*



## ROBERT BURNS. 1759—1796.

Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,

Gathering her brows like gathering storm,

Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

*Tam O'Shanter.*

Ah gentle dames! it gars me greet,

To think how monie counsels sweet,

How monie lengthened sage advices,

The husband frae the wife despises.

*Ibid.*

His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;

Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither—

They had been fou for weeks thegither.

*Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> On peut dire que son esprit brille aux dépens de sa mémoire.—Le Sage, *Gil Blas*, Livre iii. Ch. xi.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Young, *Auto*, p. 157.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book iii. Line 496.

TAM O'SHANTER—*continued.*]

The landlady and Tam grew gracious  
 Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious. *Ibid.*  
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus. *Ibid.*  
 Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,  
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious. *Ibid.*  
 But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;  
 Or, like the snow-fall in the river,  
 A moment white, then melts for ever. *Ibid.*  
 That hour, o' night's black arch the keystone. *Ibid.*  
 Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn,  
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn! *Ibid.*  
 As Tammie gloured, amazed and curious,  
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious. *Ibid.*  
 Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;  
 A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!  
*A Winter's Night.*
 Then gently scan your brother man,  
 Still gentler, sister woman;  
 Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,  
 To step aside is human. *Address to the Unco Guid.*  
 What 's done we partly may compute,  
 But know not what 's resisted. *Ibid.*  
 If there 's a hole in a' your coats,  
 I rede ye tent it;  
 A chiel 's amang ye takin' notes,  
 And, faith, he 'll prent it.  
*On Captain Grose's Peregrinations through Scotland.*
 O wad some power the giftie gie us,  
 To see ourself as others see us!  
 It wad frae monie a blunder free us,  
 And foolish notion. *To a Louse.*  
 The best laid schemes o' mice and men  
 Gang aft a-gley;  
 And leave us naught but grief and pain  
 For promised joy. *To a Mouse.*  
 Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate  
 Full on thy bloom.<sup>1</sup> *To a Mountain Daisy.*

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<sup>1</sup> Final Ruin fiercely drives  
 Her ploughshare o'er creation.  
 Young, *Night Thoughts*, ix. Line 167.



Perhaps it may turn out a sang,  
Perhaps turn out a sermon. *Epistle to a Young Friend.*

I waive the quantum o' the sin,  
The hazard of concealing;  
But, och! it hardens a' within,  
And petrifies the feeling! *Ibid.*

The fear o' hell 's a hangman's whip  
To haud the wretch in order;  
But where ye feel your honour grip,  
Let that aye be your border. *Ibid.*

An Atheist's laugh 's a poor exchange  
For Deity offended! *Ibid.*

And may you better reckon the rede,<sup>1</sup>  
Than ever did th' adviser! *Ibid.*

In durance vile here must I wake and weep,  
And all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep.<sup>2</sup>  
*Epistle from Esopus to Maria.*

His locked, lettered, braw brass collar  
Shewed him the gentleman and scholar. *The Two Dogs.*

O Life! how pleasant in thy morning,  
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!  
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,  
We frisk away,  
Like school-boys at th' expected warning,  
To joy and play. *Epistle to James Smith.*

O life! thou art a galling load,  
Along a rough, a weary road,  
To wretches such a I! *Despondency.*

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to min'?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days o' lang syne? *Auld Lang Syne.*

Misled by fancy's meteor-ray,  
By passion driven;  
But yet the light that led astray  
Was light from heaven. *The Vision.*

And, like a passing thought, she fled  
In light away. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> And recks not his own rede. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, Act i. Sc. 3.

<sup>2</sup> Durance vile.—W. Kenrick (1766), *Falstaff's Wedding*, Act i. Sc. 2.

It will not be amiss to take a view of the effects of this royal servitude and vile durance, which was so deplored in the reign of the last monarch.—Burke, *Thoughts on the Present Discontents*.

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour,  
See the front o' battle lour. *Bannockburn.*

Liberty 's in every blow !  
Let us do or die.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*

Man's inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn. *Man was made to mourn.*

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears  
Her noblest work she classes, O ;  
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,  
And then she made the lasses, O !<sup>2</sup> *Green grow the Rashes.*

Some wee short hour ayont the twal,  
*Death and Dr. Hornbook.*

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man 's the gowd for a' that.<sup>3</sup> *Is there for Honest Poverty.*

A prince can make a belted knight,<sup>4</sup>  
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;  
But an honest man 's aboon his might,  
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that. *Ibid.*

But to see her was to love her,  
Love but her, and love for ever. *Song. Ae Fond Kiss.*

Had we never loved sae kindly,  
Had we never loved sae blindly,  
Never met or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted ! *Ibid.*

To see her is to love her,  
And love but her for ever. *Bonny Lesley.*

O, my luvie 's like a red, red rose,  
That 's newly sprung in June,  
O, my luvie 's like the melodie,  
That 's sweetly played in tune. *Song. A Red, Red Rose.*

It 's guid to be merry and wise,  
It 's guid to be honest and true,  
It 's guid to support Caledonia's cause,  
And bide by the buff and the blue.  
*Here 's a health to them that 's awa.*

<sup>1</sup> See Proverbs, *post.*

<sup>2</sup> Man was made when Nature was  
But an apprentice, but woman when she  
Was a skilful mistress of her art. *Cupid's Whirligig. 1607.*

<sup>3</sup> I weigh the man, not his title ; 't is not the king's stamp can make the  
metal better.—Wycherley, *The Plaindealer, Act i. Sc. 1.*

<sup>4</sup> Of the king's creation you may be ; but he who makes a Count ne'er  
made a man.—Southerne, *Sir Anthony Love, Act ii. Sc. 1.*

'T is sweeter for thee despairing,  
 Than aught in the world beside,—Jessy ! *Jessy.*  
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel 's the new,  
*The Cotter's Saturday Night.*  
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale. *Ibid.*  
 He wales a portion with judicious care ;  
 And " Let us worship God ! " he says, with solemn air. *Ibid.*  
 From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,  
 That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :  
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
 " An honest man 's the noblest work of God." *Ibid.*



J. P. KEMBLE. 1757—1823.  
 I give thee all—I can no more,  
 Tho' poor the offering be ;  
 My heart and lute are all the store  
 That I can bring to thee. *Lodoiska. Act iii. Sc. 1.*  
 Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,  
 But—why did you kick me down stairs ?  
*The Panel.<sup>1</sup> Act i. Sc. 1.*



GEORGE BARRINGTON. 1755—  
 True patriots all ; for be it understood  
 We left our country for our country's good.<sup>2</sup>  
*Prologue written for the Opening of the Play-house at  
 New South Wales, Jan. 16, 1796. Barrington's  
 " New South Wales," p. 152.*



WILLIAM PITT. 1759—1806.  
 Prostrate the beauteous ruin lies ; and all  
 That shared its shelter, perish in its fall.  
 From *The Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin. No. xxxvi.*



GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER. 1762—1836.  
 On their own merits modest men are dumb.  
*Epilogue to the Heir at Law.*  
 And what 's impossible can't be,  
 And never, never comes to pass. *The Maid of the Moor.*  
 Three stories high, long, dull, and old,  
 As great lords' stories often are. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Altered from Bickerstaff's ' *T is Well it's no Worse*. The lines are also found in Debrett's *Asylum for Fugitive Pieces*, Vol. i. p. 15.

<sup>2</sup> 'T was for the good of my country that I should be abroad.—Farquhar,  
*The Beaux' Stratagem*, Act iii. Sc. 2.

Like two single gentlemen, rolled into one.

*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.*

But when ill indeed,

E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed. *Ibid.*

When taken

To be well shaken.

*The Newcastle Apothecary.*

Thank you, good sir, I owe you one.

*The Poor Gentleman. Act i. Sc. 2.*

O Miss Bailey,

Unfortunate Miss Bailey !

*Love laughs at Locksmiths. Act ii. Song.*

—□—

JAMES HURDIS. 1763—1801.

Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed.

*The Village Curate.*

—□—

HENRY LEE. 1756—1816.

To the memory of the Man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

*Eulogy on Washington. Delivered by Gen. Lee,*

*Dec. 26, 1799.<sup>1</sup> Memoirs of Lee.*

—□—

DAVID EVERETT. 1769—1813.

You 'd scarce expect one of my age

To speak in public on the stage;

And if I chance to fall below

Demosthenes or Cicero,

Don't view me with a critic's eye,

But pass my imperfections by.

Large streams from little fountains flow,

Tall oaks from little acorns grow.

*Lines written for a School Declamation.*

—□—

MADAME ROLAND. 1754—1793.

O liberty ! liberty ! how many crimes are committed in thy name ! (1793.)

—□—

BERTRAND BARERE. 1755—1841.

The tree of liberty only grows when watered by the blood of tyrants.<sup>2</sup>

*Speech in the Convention Nationale. 1792.*

<sup>1</sup> To the memory of the Man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens.—From the Resolutions presented to the House of Representatives, on the Death of General Washington, December, 1799. *Marshall's Life of Washington.*

<sup>2</sup> L'arbre de la liberté ne croît qu'arrosé par le sang des tyrans.



JOSEPH FOUCHÉ. 1763—1820.

It is more than a crime, it is a political fault;<sup>1</sup> words which I record because they have been repeated and attributed to others. *Memoirs of Fouché.*



THOMAS MORTON. 1764—1838.

What will Mrs. Grundy say? *Speed the Plough. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Push on—keep moving. *A Cure for the Heartache. Act. ii. Sc. 1.*

Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed. *Ibid. Act v. Sc. 2.*



JOHN FERRIAR. 1764—1815.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF STERNE.

The princeps copy, clad in blue and gold. *Bibliomania. Line 6.*

Now cheaply bought—for thrice their weight in gold.

*Ibid. Line 65.*

Torn from their destined page (unworthy meed

Of knightly counsel, and heroic deed).

*Ibid. Line 121.*

How pure the joy, when first my hands unfold

The small, rare volume, black with tarnish'd gold! *Ibid. Line 137.*



SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH. 1765—1832.

Diffused knowledge immortalizes itself. *Vindiciæ Gallicæ.*

The commons, faithful to their system, remained in a wise and masterly inactivity. *Ibid.*

Disciplined inaction. *Causes of the Revolution of 1688, ch. vii.*

The frivolous work of polished idleness.

*Dissertation on Ethical Philosophy. Remarks on Thomas Brown.*



ROBERT HALL. 1764—1831.

His imperial fancy has laid all nature under tribute, and has collected riches from every scene of the creation and every walk of art. (Of Burke.)  
*Apology for the Freedom of the Press.*

He might be a very clever man by nature, for aught I know, but he laid so many books upon his head that his brains could not move. (Of Kippis.)

*From Gregory's Life of Hall.*

Call things by their right names. . . . Glass of brandy and water! That is the current, but not the appropriate name; ask for a glass of liquid fire and distilled damnation. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Commonly quoted, "It is worse than a crime, it is a blunder," and attributed to Talleyrand.

KOTZEBUE. 1761—1819.

There is another and a better world.

*The Stranger. Act i. Sc. 1. Trans. by A. Schink, London. 1799.*



SIR SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES. 1762—1837.

The glory dies not, and the grief is past.

*Sonnet on the Death of Sir Walter Scott.*



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. 1767—1848.

This hand, to tyrants ever sworn the foe,

For freedom only deals the deadly blow;

Then sheathes in calm repose the vengeful blade,

For gentle peace in freedom's hallowed shade.<sup>1</sup>

*Written in an Album, 1842.*



JOSIAH QUINCY. 1772—1864.

If this bill (for the admission of Orleans territory as a State) passes, it is my deliberate opinion that it is virtually a dissolution of the Union; that it will free the States from their moral obligation, and, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, definitely to prepare for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must.<sup>2</sup>

*Abridged Cong. Debates, Jan. 14, 1811. Vol. iv. p. 327.*



GEORGE CANNING. 1770—1827.

Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir.

*The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder.*

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee d—d first.

*Ibid.*

So down thy hill, romantic Ashbourn, glides

The Derby dilly, carrying *Three* INSIDES.

*The Loves of the Triangles. Line 178.*

A sudden thought strikes me,—let us swear an eternal friendship.

*Ibid. The Rovers. Act i. Sc. 1.*

And finds, with keen, discriminating sight,

Black 's not so black;—nor white so *very* white.

*New Morality, xxxvi.*

Give me the avow'd, the erect, the manly foe,

Bold I can meet,—perhaps may turn his blow;

But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,

Save, save, oh! save me from the *Candid Friend!*

*Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Manus hæc inimica tyrannis

Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.

*Algernon Sidney.*

<sup>2</sup> The gentleman (Mr. Quincy) cannot have forgotten his own sentiment, uttered even on the floor of this House, "Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must."—Henry Clay, *Speech, Jan. 8, 1813.*

I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the old.  
*The King's Message.* (Dec. 12, 1826.)

No, here's to the pilot that weathered the storm.  
*The Pilot that weathered the Storm.*



SAMUEL ROGERS. 1763—1853.

A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,  
 Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing. *Human Life.*

Fireside happiness, to hours of ease  
 Blest with that charm, the certainty to please. *Ibid.*

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,  
 Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;  
 And feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour  
 A thousand melodies unheard before! *Ibid.*

Then, never less alone than when alone.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*

Those that he loved so long and sees no more,  
 Loved and still loves,—not dead, but gone before,<sup>2</sup>—  
 He gathers round him. *Ibid.*

Mine be a cot beside the hill;  
 A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;  
 A willowy brook, that turns a mill,  
 With many a fall, shall linger near. *A Wish.*

That very law which moulds a tear  
 And bids it trickle from its source,  
 That law preserves the earth a sphere  
 And guides the planets in their course. *To a Tear.*

She was good as she was fair.  
 None—none on earth above her!  
 As pure in thought as angels are,  
 To know her was to love her.<sup>3</sup> *Jacqueline. St. 1.*

The good are better made by ill,  
 As odours crushed are sweeter still.<sup>4</sup> *Ibid. St. 3.*

<sup>1</sup> Numquam se minus otiosum esse, quam quum otiosus, nec minus solum, quam quum solus esset.—Cicero, *De Officiis*, Lib. iii. cap. 1.

<sup>2</sup> In a collection of Epitaphs published by Lackington & Co. (Vol. ii. p. 143), an epitaph is given "On Mary Angell at Stepney, who died 1693," in which this line appears, "Not lost, but gone before."—*Notes and Queries*, 3d Ser. x. p. 404.

<sup>3</sup> To see her is to love her,  
 And love but her for ever. Burns, *Bonny Lesley*.

I will, if you please, take you to the house, and introduce you to its worthy master, whom to know is to love.—Sir Humphry Davy, *Salmonia*, *Eighth Day*.

None knew thee but to love thee.—Halleck, *On the Death of Drake*.

<sup>4</sup> Virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed.—Bacon, *Of Adversity*.

JOHN TOBIN. 1770—1804.

The man that lays his hand upon a woman,  
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch,  
Whom 't were gross flattery to name a coward.

*The Honeymoon. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

She 's adorned  
Amplly that in her husband's eye looks lovely,—  
The truest mirror that an honest wife  
Can see her beauty in.

*Ibid. Act iii. Sc. 4.*



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.<sup>1</sup> 1770—1850.

And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,  
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food.

*Guilt and Sorrow. Stanza 41.*

Action is transitory—a step, a blow,  
The motion of a muscle—this way or that.

*The Borderers. Act iii.*

The Child is father of the Man.<sup>2</sup> *My Heart Leaps Up.*

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;  
And humble cares, and delicate fears,  
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;  
And love, and thought, and joy.

*The Sparrow's Nest.*

The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Beside a human door.

*Lucy Gray. Stanza 3.*

A simple Child,  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death?

*We are Seven.*

Drink, pretty creature, drink !

*The Pet Lamb.*

Until a man might travel twelve stout miles,  
Or reap an acre of his neighbour's corn.

*The Brothers.*

Sweet childish days, that were as long  
As twenty days are now.

*To a Butterfly.*

A noticeable Man with large gray eyes.

*Stanzas written in Thomson.*

<sup>1</sup> Coleridge said to Wordsworth, "Since Milton I know of no poet with so many felicities and unforgettable lines and stanzas as you."—*Wordsworth's Memoirs*, ii. 74.

<sup>2</sup> The childhood shows the man  
As morning shows the day.

Milton, *Par. Regained*, Book iv. L. 220.



She dwelt among the untrodden ways  
 Beside the springs of Dove,  
 A maid whom there were none to praise  
 And very few to love. *She dwelt among the untrodden ways.*

A violet by a mossy stone  
 Half hidden from the eye !  
 Fair as a star, when only one  
 Is shining in the sky. *Ibid.*

She lived unknown, and few could know  
 When Lucy ceased to be ;  
 But she is in her grave, and oh !  
 The difference to me ! *Ibid.*

A Briton, even in love, should be  
 A subject, not a slave ! *Ere with cold beads of midnight dew.*

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,  
 Whose veil is unremoved  
 Till heart with heart in concord beats,  
 And the lover is beloved. *To —.*

Minds that have nothing to confer  
 Find little to perceive. *Yes ! thou art fair.*

That kill the bloom before its time ;  
 And blanch, without the owner's crime,  
 The most resplendent hair. *Lament of Mary Queen of Scots.*

The bane of all that dread the Devil. *The Idiot Boy.*

Something between a hindrance and a help. *Michael.*

Lady of the Mere,  
 Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance.  
*A Narrow Girdle of Rough Stones.*

But He is risen, a later star of dawn. *A Morning Exercise.*

Bright gem instinct with music, vocal spark. *Ibid.*

And he is oft the wisest man,  
 Who is not wise at all. *The Oak and the Broom.*

We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,  
 When such are wanted. *To the Daisy.*

The poet's darling. *Ibid.*

Thou unassuming Commonplace  
 Of Nature. *To the same Flower.*

Oft on the dappled turf at ease  
 I sit, and play with similes,  
 Loose types of things through all degrees. *Ibid.*

Often have I sighed to measure  
By myself a lonely pleasure,  
Sighed to think I read a book,  
Only read, perhaps, by me. *To the Small Celandine.*

O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee Bird,  
Or but a wandering voice? *To the Cuckoo.*

One of those heavenly days that cannot die. *Nutting.*  
She was a Phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight.  
*She was a phantom of delight.*

But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn. *Ibid.*

A Creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food ;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles. *Ibid.*

The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;  
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command. *Ibid.*

The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her ; and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place  
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
And beauty horn of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face. *Three years she grew.*

That inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude. *I wandered lonely.*

The cattle are grazing,  
Their heads never raising ;  
There are forty feeding like one ! *Written in March.*

A Youth to whom was given  
So much of earth, so much of heaven. *Ruth.*  
As high as we have mounted in delight  
In our dejection do we sink as low.

*Resolution and Independence. Stanza 4.*

But how can he expect that others should  
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call  
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all ?  
*Ibid. Stanza 6*

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,  
The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride ;  
Of him who walked in glory and in joy,

RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE—*continued.*]

Following his plough, along the mountain-side :  
 By our own spirits we are deified :  
 We poets in our youth begin in gladness ;  
 But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.

*Ibid.* Stanza 8.

Choice word and measured phrase above the reach  
 Of ordinary men.

*Ibid.* Stanza 14.

And mighty Poets in their misery dead.

*Ibid.* Stanza 17.

"A jolly place," said he, "in times of old !  
 But something ails it now : the spot is cursed."

*Hart-Leap Well.* Part ii.

Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

*Ibid.* Part ii.

Never to blend our pleasure, or our pride,  
 With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

*Ibid.*

Sensations sweet,  
 Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart.

*Tintern Abbey.*

That best portion of a good man's life,  
 His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
 Of kindness and of love.

*Ibid.*

That blessed mood,  
 In which the burden of the mystery,  
 In which the heavy and the weary weight  
 Of all this unintelligible world,  
 Is lightened.

*Ibid.*

The fretful stir  
 Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,  
 Have hung upon the beatings of my heart.

*Ibid.*

The sounding cataract  
 Haunted me like a passion : the tall rock,  
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
 Their colours and their forms, were then to me  
 An appetite ; a feeling and a love,  
 That had no need of a remoter charm  
 By thoughts supplied, nor any interest  
 Unborrowed from the eye.

*Ibid.*

But hearing oftentimes  
 The still, sad music of humanity.

*Ibid.*

A sense sublime  
 Of something far more deeply interfused,  
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
 And the round ocean, and the living air,

NTERN ABBEY—*continued.*]

And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :  
 A motion and a spirit, that impels  
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
 And rolls through all things. *Ibid.*

Knowing that Nature never did betray  
 The heart that loved her. *Ibid.*

Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
 The dreary intercourse of daily life. *Ibid.*

Like—but oh ! how different ! *Yes, it was the Mountain Echo.*

Type of the wise who soar, but never roam ;  
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home !  
*To a Skylark.*

The Gods approve  
 The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul. *Laodamia.*

Mightier far  
 Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway  
 Of magic potent over sun and star,  
 Is love, though oft to agony distrest,  
 And though his favourite seat be feeble woman's breast. *Ibid.*

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel  
 In worlds whose course is equable and pure ;  
 No fears to beat away,—no strife to heal,—  
 The past unsighed for, and the future sure. *Ibid.*

Of all that is most beauteous imaged there  
 In happier beauty ; more pellucid streams,  
 In ampler ether, a diviner air,  
 And fields invested with purpureal gleams. *Ibid.*

Yet tears to human suffering are due ;  
 And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown  
 Are mourned by man, and not by man alone. *Ibid.*

But Shapes that come not at an earthly call  
 Will not depart when mortal voices bid. *Dion.*

Shalt show us how divine a thing  
 A Woman may be made. *To a Young Lady.*

But an old age serene and bright,  
 And lovely as a Lapland night,  
 Shall lead thee to thy grave. *Ibid.*

Alas ! how little can a moment show  
 Of an eye where feeling plays  
 In ten thousand dewy rays ;  
 A face o'er which a thousand shadows go. *The Triad.*



The bosom-weight, your stubborn gift,  
That no philosophy can lift. *Presentiment.*

Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound.  
*On the Power of Sound, xii.*

There 's something in a flying horse,  
There 's something in a huge balloon.  
*Peter Bell. Prologue. St. 7.*

The common growth of Mother Earth  
Suffices me,—her tears, her mirth,  
Her humblest mirth and tears. *Ibid. St. 27.*

Full twenty times was Peter feared,  
For once that Peter was respected. *Part i. St. 3.*

A primrose by a river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more. *Part i. St. 12.*

The soft blue sky did never melt  
Into his heart; he never felt  
The witchery of the soft blue sky! *Part i. St. 15.*

As if the man had fixed his face,  
In many a solitary place,  
Against the wind and open sky! *Part i. St. 26.<sup>1</sup>*

The holy time is quiet as a Nun  
Breathless with adoration.  
*Miscellaneous Sonnets. Part i. xxx.*

The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.  
*Ibid. Part i. xxxiii.*

Great God! I 'd rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn. *Ibid.*

To the solid ground  
Of nature trusts the Mind that builds for aye.  
*Ibid. Part i. xxxiv.*

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<sup>1</sup> The original edition (London, 8vo, 1819) had the following as the fourth stanza from the end of Part I., which was omitted in all subsequent editions;—

Is it a party in a parlour?  
Crammed just as they on earth were crammed,—  
Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,  
But as you by their faces see,  
All silent and all damned.

MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS—*continued.*]

'T is hers to pluck the amaranthine flower  
Of Faith, and round the Sufferer's temples bind  
Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,  
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.

*Ibid.* Part i. xxxv.

Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !  
The river glideth at his own sweet will ;  
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

*Ibid.* Part ii. xxxvi.

And, when a damp  
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand  
The Thing became a trumpet ; whence he blew  
Soul-animating strains,—alas ! too few,

*Ibid.* Part ii. i.

Soft is the music that would charm for ever ;  
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.

*Ibid.* Part ii. ix.

Sweet Mercy ! to the gates of Heaven  
This Minstrel lead, his sins forgiven ;  
The rueful conflict, the heart riven  
With vain endeavour,  
And memory of Earth's bitter leaven,  
Effaced for ever.

*Thoughts suggested on the Banks of Nith.*

The best of what we do and are,  
Just God, forgive.

*Ibid.*

The foaming flood seems motionless as ice ;

Frozen by distance.

*Address to Kilchurn Castle.*

May no rude hand deface it,  
And its forlorn *hic jacet* !

*Ellen Irwin.*

Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has been, and may be again.

*The Solitary Reaper.*

The music in my heart I bore,  
Long after it was heard no more.

*Ibid.*

Because the good old rule  
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can.

*Rob Roy's Grave.*

The Eagle, he was lord above,  
And Rob was lord below.

*Ibid.*

A brotherhood of venerable trees.

*Sonnet. Composed at ——— Castle.*

- Let beeves and home-bred kine partake  
 The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;  
 The swan on still St. Mary's Lake  
 Float double, swan and shadow ! *Yarrow Unvisited.*
- O for a single hour of that Dundee  
 Who on that day the word of onset gave !  
*Sonnet. In the Pass of Killicranky.*
- A remnant of uneasy light. *The Matron of Jedborough.*
- But thou, that didst appear so fair  
 To fond imagination,  
 Dost rival in the light of day  
 Her delicate creation. *Yarrow Visited.*
- Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade  
 Of that which once was great is passed away.  
*On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic.*
- Thou hast left behind  
 Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies;  
 There 's not a breathing of the common wind  
 That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;  
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
 And love, and man's unconquerable mind.  
*To Toussaint L'Ouverture.*
- Two voices are there; one is of the sea,  
 One of the mountains; each a mighty voice.  
*Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland.*
- Plain living and high thinking are no more.  
 The homely beauty of the good old cause  
 Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,  
 And pure religion breathing household laws.  
*Written in London, September, 1802.*
- Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart. *London, 1802.*
- So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
 In cheerful godliness. *Ibid.*
- We must be free or die, who speak the tongue  
 That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold  
 Which Milton held.  
*Poems dedicated to National Independence. Part i. Sonnet xvi.*
- Every gift of noble origin  
 Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath. *Ibid. Sonnet xx.*
- A few strong instincts, and a few plain rules.  
*Ibid. Part ii. Sonnet xii.*
- Turning, for them who pass, the common dust  
 Of servile opportunity to gold. *Desultory Stanzas.*

That God's most dreaded instrument,  
In working out a pure intent,  
Is man—arrayed for mutual slaughter;  
Yea, Carnage is his daughter.<sup>1</sup>

*Ode. 1815.*

The sightless Milton, with his hair  
Around his placid temples curled;  
And Shakespeare at his side,—a freight,  
If clay could think and mind were weight,  
For him who bore the world ! *The Italian Itinerant.*

Meek Nature's evening comment on the shows  
That for oblivion take their daily birth  
From all the fuming vanities of earth.  
*Sky-Prospect, from the Plain of France.*

The monumental pomp of age  
Was with this goodly Personage ;  
A stature undepressed in size,  
Unbent, which rather seemed to rise,  
In open victory o'er the weight  
Of seventy years, to loftier height.  
*The White Doe of Rylstone. Canto iii.*

Babylon,  
Learned and wise, hath perished utterly,  
Nor leaves her Speech one word to aid the sigh  
That would lament her.

*Eccles. Sonnets. Part i. xxv. Missions and Travels.*

"As thou these ashes, little Brook ! wilt bear  
Into the Avon, Avon to the tide  
Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,  
Into main ocean they, this deed accursed  
An emblem yields to friends and enemies,  
How the bold Teacher's doctrine, sanctified  
By truth, shall spread, throughout the world dispersed."<sup>2</sup>  
*Eccles. Sonnets. Part ii. xvii. To Wickliffe.*

• Altered in later editions by omitting the last two lines, the others reading

But Man is thy most awful instrument,  
In working out a pure intent,

<sup>2</sup> In obedience to the order of the Council of Constance, (1415,) the remains of Wickliffe were exhumed and burnt to ashes, and these cast into the Swift, a neighbouring brook running hard by, and "thus this brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon; Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."—Fuller, *Church History*, Sec. ii. B. 4, Par. 53.

Fox says : "What Heraclitus would not laugh, or what Democritus would not weep? . . . For though they digged up his body, burnt



The feather, whence the pen  
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,  
Dropped from an Angel's wing.<sup>1</sup>

*Ibid.* Part iii. v. *Walton's Book of Lives.*

Meek Walton's heavenly memory. *Ibid.*

But who would force the Soul, tilts with a straw  
Against a Champion cased in adamant.

*Ibid.* Part iii. vii. *Persecution of the Scottish Covenanters.*

Where music dwells  
Lingering, and wandering on as loth to die  
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof  
That they were born for immortality.

*Ibid.* Part iii. xliii. *Inside of King's Chapel, Cambridge.*

Myriads of daisies have shone forth in flower  
Near the lark's nest, and in their natural hour  
Have passed away; less happy than the one  
That, by the unwilling ploughshare, died to prove  
The tender charm of poetry and love.

*Poems composed in Summer of 1833.* xxxvii.

Nor less I deem that there are Powers  
Which of themselves our minds impress;  
That we can feed this mind of ours  
In a wise passiveness.

*Expostulation and Reply.*

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books,  
Or surely you 'll grow double :  
Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks;  
Why all this toil and trouble?

*The Tables Turned.*

Come forth into the light of things,  
Let Nature be your Teacher.

*Ibid.*

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his bones, and drowned his ashes, yet the word of God and truth of his doctrine, with the fruit and success thereof, they could not burn."

*Book of Martyrs.* Vol. i. p. 606, ed. 1641.

"Some prophet of that day said,

'The Avon to the Severn runs,  
The Severn to the sea;  
And Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad,  
Wide as the waters be.'"

From *Address before the "Sons of New Hampshire,"* by Daniel Webster, 1849.

These lines are similarly quoted by the Rev. John Cumming in the *Voices of the Dead.*

<sup>1</sup> The pen wherewith thou dost so heavenly sing  
Made of a quill from an Angel's wing.

Henry Constable, *Sonnet.*

Whose noble praise  
Deserves a quill pluckt from an angel's wing.

Dorothy Berry, *Sonnet.*

THE TABLES TURNED—*continued.*]

One impulse from a vernal wood  
 May teach you more of man,  
 Of moral evil and of good,  
 Than all the sages can. *Ibid.*

In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts  
 Bring sad thoughts to the mind. *Lines written in Early Spring.*

And 't is my faith that every flower  
 Enjoys the air it breathes. *Ibid.*

O Reader ! had you in your mind  
 Such stores as silent thought can bring,  
 O gentle Reader ! you would find  
 A tale in everything. *Simon Lee.*

I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds  
 With coldness still returning ;  
 Alas ! the gratitude of men  
 Hath oftener left me mourning. *Ibid.*

One that would peep and botanize  
 Upon his mother's grave. *A Poet's Epitaph. St. 5.*

He murmurs near the running brooks  
 A music sweeter than their own. *Ibid. St. 10.*

And you must love him, ere to you  
 He will seem worthy of your love. *Ibid. St. 11.*

The harvest of a quiet eye,  
 That broods and sleeps on his own heart. *Ibid. St. 13.*

My eyes are dim with childish tears,  
 My heart is idly stirred,  
 For the same sound is in my ears  
 Which in those days I heard. *The Fountain.*

A happy youth, and their old age  
 Is beautiful and free. *Ibid.*

And often, glad no more,  
 We wear a face of joy, because  
 We have been glad of yore. *Ibid.*

Maidens withering on the stalk. *Personal Talk. St. 1.*

Dreams, books, are each a world ; and books, we know,  
 Are a substantial world, both pure and good ;  
 Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,  
 Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

The gentle Lady married to the Moor,  
 And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb. *Ibid. St. 3.*

PERSONAL TALK—*continued.*]

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,  
 Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares,  
 The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs  
 Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays ! *Ibid. St. 4.*  
 Stern Daughter of the Voice of God ! *Ode to Duty.*

A light to guide, a rod  
 To check the erring, and reprove. *Ibid.*

Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
 The spirit of self-sacrifice;  
 The confidence of reason give;  
 And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live. *Ibid.*

Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,  
 And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train !  
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain.  
*Character of the Happy Warrior.*

Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves  
 Of their bad influence, and their good receives. *Ibid.*

But who, if he be called upon to face  
 Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined  
 Great issues, good or bad for humankind,  
 Is happy as a Lover. *Ibid.*

Whom neither shape of anger can dismay,  
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray. *Ibid.*

Sad fancies do we then affect,  
 In luxury of disrespect  
 To our own prodigal excess  
 Of too familiar happiness. *Ode to Lycoris.*

Or, shipwrecked, kindles on the coast  
 False fires, that others may be lost. *To the Lady Fleming.*

Small service is true service while it lasts :  
 Of humblest Friends, bright Creature ! scorn not one :  
 The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,  
 Protects the lingering dew-drop from the Sun.  
*To a Child. Written in her Album.*

Men who can hear the Decalogue, and feel  
 No self-reproach. *The Old Cumberland Beggar.*

As in the eye of Nature he has lived,  
 So in the eye of Nature let him die ! *Ibid.*

To be a Prodigal's Favourite,—then, worse truth,  
 A Miser's Pensioner,—behold our lot ! *The Small Celandine.*

The light that never was on sea or land,  
The consecration, and the Poet's dream.

*Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle in a Storm. St. 4.*

A Power is passing from the earth.

*Lines on the Expected Dissolution of Mr. Fox.*

But hushed be every thought that springs  
From out the bitterness of things. *Addressed to Sir G. H. B.*

Since every mortal power of Coleridge  
Was frozen at its marvellous source ;  
The rapt one, of the god-like forehead,  
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth :  
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,  
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

*Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg*

How fast has brother followed brother,  
From sunshine to the sunless land ! *Ibid.*

But yet I know, where'er I go,  
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.  
*Ode. Intimations of Immortality. St. 2.*

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :  
The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar :  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter darkness,  
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come  
From God, who is our home :  
Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

At length the Man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day. *Ibid. St. 5.*

The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
Perpetual benediction. *Ibid. St. 9.*

Those obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things,  
Fallings from us, vanishings ;  
Blank misgivings of a Creature  
Moving about in worlds not realized,  
High instincts before which our mortal Nature  
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised. *Ibid. St. 9.*

Truths that wake,  
To perish never. *Ibid.*



ODE. INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY—*continued.*]

Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither. *Ibid.*

In years that bring the philosophic mind. *Ibid. St. 10.*  
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun  
Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears. *Ibid. St. 11.*  
The vision and the faculty divine;  
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse.

*The Excursion. Book i.*

The imperfect offices of prayer and praise. *Ibid.*  
That mighty orb of song,  
The divine Milton. *Ibid.*

The good die first,  
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust  
Burn to the socket. *Ibid.*

This dull product of a scoffer's pen. *Ibid. Book ii.*  
With battlements that on their restless fronts  
Bore stars. *Ibid.*

Wisdom is oft-times nearer when we stoop  
Than when we soar. *Ibid. Book iii.*  
Wrongs unredressed, or insults unavenged. *Ibid.*

Monastic brotherhood, upon rock  
Aerial. *Ibid.*

The intellectual power, through words and things,  
Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way!<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*

Society became my glittering bride,  
And airy hopes my children. *Ibid.*

There is a luxury in self-dispraise;  
And inward self-disparagement affords  
To meditative spleen a grateful feast. *Ibid. Book iv.*

Pan himself,  
The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring god! *Ibid.*  
I have seen  
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract

<sup>1</sup> Three sleepless nights I passed in sounding on,  
Through words and things, a dim and perilous way.  
*The Borderers, Act iv. Sc. 2.*

THE EXCURSION—*continued.*]

Of inland ground, applying to his ear  
 The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;  
 To which, in silence hushed, his very soul  
 Listened intensely; and his countenance soon  
 Brightened with joy; for from within were heard  
 Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed  
 Mysterious union with its native sea. *Ibid. Book vi.*

One in whom persuasion and belief  
 Had ripened into faith, and faith become  
 A passionate intuition. *Ibid.*

Spires whose "silent finger points to heaven."<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*

Ah! what a warning for a thoughtless man,  
 Could field or grove, could any spot of earth,  
 Show to his eye an image of the pangs  
 Which it hath witnessed; render back an echo  
 Of the sad steps by which it hath been trod! *Ibid.*

And, when the stream  
 Which overflowed the soul was passed away,  
 A consciousness remained that it had left,  
 Deposited upon the silent shore  
 Of memory, images and precious thoughts  
 That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed. *Ibid. Book vii.*

Wisdom married to immortal verse.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

A Man he seems of cheerful yesterdays  
 And confident to-morrows. *Ibid. Book vii.*

The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;  
 The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,  
 Are scattered at the feet of Man, like flowers. *Ibid. Book ix.*

By happy chance we saw  
 A twofold image; on a grassy bank  
 A snow-white ram, and in the crystal flood  
 Another and the same!<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in flat countries with spire-steeple, which, as they cannot be referred to any other object, point as with silent finger to the sky and stars.—Coleridge, *The Friend*, No. 14.

<sup>2</sup> Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
 Married to immortal verse.—Milton, *L'Allegro*.

<sup>3</sup> Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,  
 And soars and shines another and the same.

Darwin, *The Botanic Garden*.

An equivalent of the Latin phrase "alter et idem," Joseph Hall's *Mundus alter et idem*, published circa 1600.

Another morn  
 Risen on mid-noon.<sup>1</sup> *The Prelude. Book vi.*  
 Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
 But to be young was very Heaven! *Ibid. Book xi.*  
 The budding rose above the rose full blown. *Ibid.*  
 And thou art long, and lank, and brown,  
 As is the ribbed sea sand.  
 . . . . .  
 And listens like a three years' child.  
*Lines added to the Ancient Mariner.<sup>2</sup>*

—□—  
 ROBERT SOUTHEY. 1774—1843.

How beautiful is night!  
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air;  
 No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,  
 Breaks the serene of heaven:  
 In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine  
 Rolls through the dark-blue depths.  
 Beneath her steady ray  
 The desert-circle spreads,  
 Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.  
 How beautiful is night! *Thalaba.*  
 They sin who tell us Love can die:  
 With Life all other passions fly,  
 All others are but vanity.  
*The Curse of Kehama. Canto x. St. 10.*  
 Love is indestructible:  
 Its holy flame for ever burneth;  
 From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth  
 . . . . .  
 It soweth here with toil and care,  
 But the harvest-time of Love is there. *Ibid.*  
 Oh! when a Mother meets on high  
 The Babe she lost in infancy,  
 Hath she not then, for pains and fears,  
 The day of woe, the watchful night,  
 For all her sorrow, all her tears,  
 An over-payment of delight? *Ibid. Canto x. St. 11.*  
 Thou hast been called, O sleep! the friend of woe;  
 But 'tis the happy that have called thee so.  
*Ibid. Canto xv. St. 11.*

<sup>1</sup> Verbatim from *Paradise Lost*, Book v. Line 310.

<sup>2</sup> Wordsworth, in his notes to *We are Seven*, claims to have written these lines in the *Ancient Mariner*.

Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.<sup>1</sup> *Madoc in Wales. v.*

And last of all an Admiral came,  
A terrible man with a terrible name,—  
A name which you all know by sight very well;  
But which no one can speak, and no one can spell.  
*The March to Moscow. St. 8.*

He passed a cottage with a double coach-house,  
A cottage of gentility;  
And he owned with a grin,  
That his favourite sin  
Is pride that apes humility.<sup>2</sup> *The Devil's Walk.*

The Satanic school.  
*From the Original Preface to the Vision of Judgment.*

"But what good came of it at last?"  
Quoth little Peterkin.  
"Why that I cannot tell," said he;  
"But 't was a famous victory." *The Battle of Blenheim.*

Where Washington hath left  
His awful memory  
A light for after times!  
*Ode written during the War with America, 1814.*

My days among the Dead are passed;  
Around me I behold,  
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
The mighty minds of old;  
My never-failing friends are they,  
With whom I converse day by day. *Occasional Pieces. xviii.*  
The march of intellect.<sup>3</sup>  
*Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society.*  
*Vol. ii. p. 360.*

—□—

JOSEPH HOPKINSON. 1770—1842.

Hail, Columbia! happy land!  
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!  
Who fought and died in freedom's cause. *Hail Columbia.*

—□—

WILLIAM PITT. ———1840.

A strong nor'-wester's blowing, Bill;  
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now!  
Lord help 'em, how I pities them  
Unhappy folks on shore now! *The Sailor's Consolation.*

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by Byron, *post.*

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Coleridge, *The Devil's Thoughts.*

<sup>3</sup> The march of the human mind is slow.—Burke, *Speech on Conciliation with America.*



CHARLES LAMB. 1775—1834.

Gone before

To that unknown and silent shore.

*Hester. St. 7.*

I have had playmates, I have had companions,

In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces. *Old Familiar Faces.*

And half had stagger'd that stout Stagirite.

*Written at Cambridge.*

Who first invented work and bound the free

And holiday-rejoicing spirit down

To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood?

Sabbathless Satan!

*Work.*

A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game.

*Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist.*

Books which are no books.

*Detached Thoughts on Books.*

—□—

THOMAS DIBDIN. 1771—1841.

O, it's a snug little island!

A right little, tight little island! *The Snug Little Island.*

—□—

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. 1772—1834.

We were the first that ever burst

Into that silent sea. *The Ancient Mariner. Part ii.*

As idle as a painted ship

Upon a painted ocean.

*Ibid.*

Water, water, everywhere,

Nor any drop to drink.

*Ibid.*

Alone, alone, all, all alone,

Alone on a wide, wide sea.

*Ibid. Part iv.*

A spring of love gushed from my heart,

And I blessed them unaware.

*Ibid.*

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,

Beloved from pole to pole.

*Ibid. Part v.*

A noise like of a hidden brook

In the leafy month of June,

That to the sleeping woods all night

Singeth a quiet tune.

*Ibid.*

Like one that on a lonesome road

Doth walk in fear and dread,

THE ANCIENT MARINER—*continued.*]

And, having once turned round, walks on

And turns no more his head,

Because he knows a frightful fiend

Doth close behind him tread.

*Ibid. Part vi.*

So lonely 't was, that God himself

Scarce seemed there to be.

*Ibid. Part vii.*

He prayeth well, who loveth well

Both man and bird and beast.

*Ibid.*

He prayeth best, who loveth best

All things, both great and small.

*Ibid.*

A sadder and a wiser man,

He rose the morrow morn.

*Ibid.*

And the Spring comes slowly up this way. *Christabel. Part i.*

A lady so richly clad as she —

Beautiful exceedingly.

*Ibid.*

Carved with figures strange and sweet,

All made out of the carver's brain.

*Ibid.*

Her gentle limbs did she undress,

And lay down in her loveliness.

*Ibid.*

A sight to dream of, not to tell !

*Ibid.*

That saints will aid if men will cail :

For the blue sky bends over all !

*Conclusion to Part i.*

Each matin bell, the Baron saith,

Knells us back to a world of death.

*Ibid. Part ii.*

Alas ! they had been friends in youth ;

But whispering tongues can poison truth ;

And constancy lives in realms above ;

And life is thorny, and youth is vain ;

And to be wroth with one we love,

Doth work like madness in the brain.

*Ibid.*

They stood aloof, the scars remaining, —

Like cliff which had been rent asunder ;

A dreary sea now flows between.

*Ibid.*

Perhaps 't is pretty to force together

Thoughts so all unlike each other ;

To mutter and mock a broken charm,

To dally with wrong that does no harm. *Conclusion to Part ii.*

Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,

And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,

Possessing all things with intensest love,

O Liberty ! my spirit felt thee there.

*France. An Ode. v.*

Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place,  
 (Portentous sight ! ) the owlet Atheism,  
 Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,  
 Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,  
 And, hooting at the glorious Sun in Heaven,  
 Cries out, "Where is it?" *Tears in Solitude.*

And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin  
 Is pride that apes humility.<sup>1</sup> *The Devil's Thoughts.*

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
 All are but ministers of Love,  
 And feed his sacred flame. *Love.*

Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows.  
 Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean.  
*The Homeric Hexameter. Translated from Schiller.*

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column;  
 In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.  
*The Ovidian Elegiac Metre.*  
 Blest hour ! it was a luxury—to be !  
*Reflections on having left a Place of Retirement.*

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star  
 In his steep course? *Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni.*

Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines. *Ibid.*

Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts ! *Ibid.*

'Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost. *Ibid.*

Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God. *Ibid.*

A mother is a mother still,  
 The holiest thing alive. *The Three Graves.*

Never, believe me,  
 Appear the Immortals,  
 Never alone. *The Visit of the Gods.<sup>2</sup>*

The Knight's bones are dust,  
 And his good sword rust;  
 His soul is with the saints, I trust. *The Knight's Tomb.*

To know, to esteem, to love,—and then to part,  
 Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart !  
*On Taking leave of —, 1817.*

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<sup>1</sup> His favourite sin  
 Is pride that apes humility.  
*Southey, The Devil's Walk.*

<sup>2</sup> Imitated from Schiller.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
 A stately pleasure-dome decree :  
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
 Through caverns measureless to man  
 Down to a sunless sea.

*Kubla Khan.*

A damsel with a dulcimer  
 In a vision once I saw :  
 It was an Abyssinian maid,  
 And on her dulcimer she played,  
 Singing of Mount Abora.

*Ibid.*

For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

*Ibid.*

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,  
 Death came with friendly care ;  
 The opening bud to Heaven conveyed,  
 And bade it blossom there.

*Epitaph on an Infant.*

The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence. *Dejection. St. 1.*

Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud.  
 We in ourselves rejoice !  
 And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,  
 All melodies the echoes of that voice,  
 All colours a suffusion from that light.

*Ibid. St. 5.*

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends !  
 Hath he not always treasures, always friends,  
 'The good great man ? three treasures,—love, and light,  
 And calm thoughts, regular as infants' breath ;  
 And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,—  
 Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

*Reproof.*

Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn.

*A Christmas Carol. viii.*

I counted two-and-seventy stenchs,  
 All well defined, and several stinks.

*Cologne.*

The river Rhine, it is well known,  
 Doth wash your city of Cologne ;  
 But tell me, nymph ! what power divine  
 Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine ?

*Ibid.*

Flowers are lovely ; Love is flower-like ;  
 Friendship is a sheltering tree ;  
 O the Joys, that came down shower-like,  
 Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,  
 Ere I was old !

*Youth and Age.*



The intelligible forms of ancient poets,  
 The fair humanities of old religion,  
 The power, the beauty, and the majesty,  
 That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,  
 Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,  
 Or chasms and watery depths; all these have vanished;  
 They live no longer in the faith of reason.

*Wallenstein. Part i. Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Clothing the palpable and familiar  
 With golden exhalations of the dawn.

*The Death of Wallenstein. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Often do the spirits  
 Of great events stride on before the events,  
 And in to-day already walks to-morrow.

*Ibid. Act v. Sc. 1.*

I have heard of reasons manifold  
 Why Love must needs be blind,  
 But this the best of all I hold,—  
 His eyes are in his mind.

*To a Lady, offended by a Sportive Observation.*

What outward form and feature are  
 He guesseth but in part;  
 But what within is good and fair  
 He seeth with the heart.

*Ibid.*

My eyes make pictures, when they are shut.

*A Day-Dream.*

Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand,  
 By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,  
 Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey,  
 Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

*Fancy in Nubibus.*

Our myriad-minded Shakespeare.

*Biog. Lit. Ch. xv.*

A dwarf sees farther than the giant when he has the giant's shoulder  
 to mount on.<sup>1</sup>

*The Friend. Sec. i. Essay 8.*

—□—

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1771—1854.

When the good man yields his breath  
 (For the good man never dies).<sup>2</sup>

*The Wanderer of Switzerland. Part v.*

Friend after friend departs,—

Who hath not lost a friend?

There is no union here of hearts,

That finds not here an end.

*Friends.*

<sup>1</sup> A dwarf on a giant's shoulders sees further of the two.—Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*.

Grant them but dwarfs, yet stand they on giants' shoulders, and may see the further.—Fuller, *The Holy State*, Ch. vi. 8.

<sup>2</sup> Θήσκει μὴ λίγι τοὺς ἀγαθοὺς.—Callim, *Ep.* x.

Once, in the flight of ages past,  
There lived a man. *The Common Lot.*

'T is not the whole of life to live ;  
Nor all of death to die. *The Issues of Life and Death.*

If God hath made this world so fair,  
Where sin and death abound,  
How beautiful beyond compare  
Will paradise be found !  
*The Earth full of God's Goodness.*

Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him I roam ;  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home. *At Home in Heaven.*

Gashed with honourable scars,  
Low in Glory's lap they lie ;  
Though they fell, they fell like stars,  
Streaming splendour through the sky.  
*The Battle of Alexandria.*

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed,  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.  
*Original Hymns. What is Prayer ?*



WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER. 1770—1834.

Too late I stayed,—forgive the crime,—  
Unheeded flew the hours ;  
How noiseless falls the foot of time,<sup>1</sup>  
That only treads on flowers. *Lines to Lady A. Hamilton.*



THOMAS CAMPBELL. 1777—1844.

'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.  
*Pleasures of Hope. Part i. Line 7.*

But hope, the charmer, lingered still behind. *Line 40.*

O Heaven ! he cried, my bleeding country save. *Line 359.*

Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,  
And Freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusko fell ! *Line 381.*

On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,  
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below. *Line 385.*

And rival all but Shakespeare's name below. *Line 472.*

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<sup>1</sup> Noiseless foot of time.—Shakespeare, *All 's Well that Ends Well*, Act v. Sc. 3.

PLEASURES OF HOPE—*continued.*]

Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,  
The power of grace, the magic of a name? *Part ii. Line 5.*

Without the smile from partial beauty won,  
O what were man?—a world without a sun. *Line 21.*

The world was sad,—the garden was a wild;  
And Man, the hermit, sighed—till Woman smil'd. *Line 37.*

While Memory watches o'er the sad review  
Of joys that faded like the morning dew. *Line 45.*

There shall be love, when genial morn appears,  
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears. *Part ii. Line 95.*

And Muse on Nature with a poet's eye. *Line 98.*

That gems the starry girdle of the year. *Line 194.*

Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll  
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul! *Line 263.*

O Star-eyed Science! hast thou wandered there,  
To waft us home the message of despair? *Line 325.*

But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,  
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.<sup>1</sup> *Line 357.*

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,  
But leave —oh! leave the light of Hope behind!  
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,  
Like angel-visits, few and far between.<sup>2</sup> *Line 375.*

The hunter and the deer a shade.<sup>3</sup> *O'Conner's Child. St. 5.*

Another's sword has laid him low,

Another's and another's;

And every hand that dealt the blow,

Ah me! it was a brother's! *Ibid. St. 10.*

'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,

And coming events cast their shadows before.<sup>4</sup>

*Lochie's Warning.*

With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe. *Ibid.*

I.

Ye mariners of England!

That guard our native seas:

Whose flag has braved a thousand years,

The battle and the breeze! *Ye Mariners of England.*

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Sterne, p. 191.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Norris, p. 141, and Blair, p. 180.

<sup>3</sup> Verbatim from Freneau's *Indian Burying-Ground.*

<sup>4</sup> Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present.—Shelley, *A Defence of Poetry.*

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND—*continued.*]

III.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
 No towers along the steep;  
 Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,  
 Her home is on the deep.

IV.

The meteor flag of England  
 Shall yet terrific burn;  
 Till danger's troubled night depart,  
 And the star of peace return.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
 Who rush to glory, or the grave!

*Hohenlinden.*

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin;

The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill!

For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing,

To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill. *The Exile of Erin.*

To bear is to conquer our fate.

*On visiting a Scene in Argyleshire.*

The sentinel stars set their watch in the sky.<sup>1</sup>

*The Soldier's Dream.*

In life's morning march, when my bosom was young,

*Ibid.*

But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,

And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

*Ibid.*

There was silence deep as death;

And the boldest held his breath,

For a time.

*Battle of the Baltic.*

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky,

When storms prepare to part;

I ask not proud Philosophy

To teach me what thou art.

*To the Rainbow.*

A stoic of the woods,—a man without a tear.

*Gertrude. Part i. St. 23.*

O Love! in such a wilderness as this.

*Ibid. Part iii. St. 1.*

The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below!

*Ibid. Part iii. St. 5.*

Drink ye to her that each loves best,

And if you nurse a flame

That 's told but to her mutual breast,

We will not ask her name.

*Drink ye to her.*

To live in hearts we leave behind,

Is not to die.

*Hallowed Ground.*

<sup>1</sup> The starres, bright centinels of the skies.

Habington, *Castara, Dialogue between Night and Araphil.*



JONATHAN M. SEWALL. 1748—1808.

No pent-up Utica contracts your powers,  
But the whole boundless continent is yours.

*Epilogue to Cato.*<sup>1</sup>



ROBERT EMMET. 1780—1803.

Let there be no inscription upon my tomb; let no man write my epitaph:  
no man can write my epitaph.

*Speech on his Trial and Conviction for High Treason,  
September, 1803.*



WALTER SCOTT. 1771—1832.

Such is the custom of Branksome Hall.

*The Lay of the Last Minstrel. Canto i. St. vii.*

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,

Go visit it by the pale moonlight.

*Canto ii. St. 1.*

O fading honours of the dead!

O high ambition, lowly laid!

*Canto ii. St. 10.*

I was not always a man of woe.

*Canto ii. St. 12.*

I cannot tell how the truth may be;

I say the tale as 't was said to me.

*Canto ii. St. 22.*

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;

In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;

In halls, in gay attire is seen;

In hamlets, dances on the green.

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,

And men below, and saints above;

For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

*Canto iii. St. 1.*

Her blue eyes sought the west afar,

For lovers love the western star.

*Canto iii. St. 24.*

Along thy wild and willowed shore.

*Canto iv. St. 1.*

Ne'er

Was flattery lost on Poet's ear;

A simple race! they waste their toil

For the vain tribute of a smile.

*Canto iv. St. 35.*

Call it not vain;—they do not err

Who say, that, when the Poet dies,

Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,

And celebrates his obsequies.

*Canto v. St. 1.*

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<sup>1</sup> Written for the Bow Street Theatre, Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL—*continued.*]

True love 's the gift which God has given  
To man alone beneath the heaven :

It is not fantasy's hot fire,

Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;

It liveth not in fierce desire,

With dead desire it doth not die;

It is the secret sympathy,

The silver link, the silken tie,

Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,

In body and in soul can bind.

*Canto v. St. 13.*

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land !

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,

As home his footsteps he hath turned

From wandering on a foreign strand ?

If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;

For him no Minstrel raptures swell ;

High though his titles, proud his name,

Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,

The wretch, concentred all in self,

Living, shall forfeit fair renown,

And, doubly dying, shall go down

To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,

Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

*Canto vi. St. 1.*

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,

Meet nurse for a poetic child !

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood ;

Land of the mountain and the flood.

*Canto vi. St. 2.*

Profaned the God-given strength, and marred the lofty line.

*Marmion. Introduc. to Canto i.*

Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,

When thought is speech, and speech is truth.

*Introduc. to Canto ii.*

When, musing on companions gone,

We doubly feel ourselves alone.

*Ibid.*

'T is an old tale and often told ;

But did my fate and wish agree,

Ne'er had been read, in story old,

Of maiden true betrayed for gold,

That loved, or was avenged, like me.

*Canto ii. St. 27.*

MARMION—*continued.*]

- In the lost battle,  
 Borne down by the flying,  
 Where mingles war's rattle  
 With groans of the dying. *Canto iii. St. 10.*
- Where 's the coward that would not dare  
 To fight for such a land? *Canto iv. St. 30.*
- Lightly from fair to fair he flew,  
 And loved to plead, lament, and sue;  
 Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,  
 For monarchs seldom sigh in vain. *Canto v. St. 9.*
- With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.  
*Canto v. St. 12.*
- But woe awaits a country when  
 She sees the tears of bearded men. *Canto v. St. 16.*
- And dar'st thou then  
 To beard the lion in his den,  
 The Douglas in his hall? *Canto vi. St. 14.*
- O, what a tangled web we weave,  
 When first we practise to deceive! *Canto vi. St. 17.*
- O woman! in our hours of ease,  
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
 And variable as the shade  
 By the light quivering aspen made;  
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
 A ministering angel thou! *Canto vi. St. 30.*
- "Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!"  
 Were the last words of Marmion. *Canto vi. St. 32.*
- O for a blast of that dread horn<sup>1</sup>  
 On Fontarabian echoes borne. *Canto vi. St. 33.*
- To all, to each, a fair good night,  
 And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light!  
*Ibid. L'Envoy. To the Reader.*
- In listening mood, she seemed to stand,  
 The guardian Naiad of the strand.  
*The Lady of the Lake. Canto i. St. 17.*
- And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace  
 A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,  
 Of finer form, or lovelier face. *Canto i. St. 18.*
- A foot more light, a step more true,  
 Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew. *Ibid.*

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<sup>1</sup> O for the voice of that wild horn.—*Rob Roy, Ch. 2.*

THE LADY OF THE LAKE—*continued.*]

On his bold visage middle age  
 Had slightly pressed its signet sage,  
 Yet had not quenched the open truth  
 And fiery vehemence of youth :  
 Forward and frolic glee was there,  
 The will to do, the soul to dare. *Canto i. St. 21.*

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking. *Canto i. St. 31.*

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances ! *Canto ii. St. 19.*

Some feelings are to mortals given,  
 With less of earth in them than heaven. *Canto ii. St. 22.*

Time rolls his ceaseless course. *Canto iii. St. 1.*

Like the dew on the mountain,  
 Like the foam on the river,  
 Like the bubble on the fountain,  
 Thou art gone, and for ever ! *Canto iii. St. 16.*

The rose is fairest when 't is budding new,  
 And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears.  
 The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,  
 And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears. *Canto iv. St. 1.*

Art thou a friend to Roderick ? *Canto iv. St. 30.*

Come one, come all ! this rock shall fly  
 From its firm base as soon as I. *Canto v. St. 10.*

And the stern joy which warriors feel  
 In foemen worthy of their steel. *Ibid.*

Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,  
 Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain !—  
 Vain as the leaf upon the stream,  
 And fickle as a changeful dream ;  
 Fantastic as a woman's mood,  
 And fierce as Frenzy's fevered blood.  
 Thou many-headed monster thing,  
 O, who would wish to be thy king ! *Canto v. St. 30.*

Where, where was Roderick then ?  
 One blast upon his bugle horn  
 Were worth a thousand men. *Canto vi. St. 18.*

Come as the winds come, when  
 Forests are rended ;  
 Come as the waves come, when  
 Navies are stranded. *Pibroch of Donald Dhu.*



In man's most dark extremity  
 Oft succour dawns from Heaven.  
*The Lord of the Isles. Canto i. St. 20.*

Spangling the wave with lights as vain  
 As pleasures in the vale of pain,  
 That dazzle as they fade. *Canto i. St. 23.*

O, many a shaft, at random sent,  
 Finds mark the archer little meant !  
 And many a word, at random spoken,  
 May soothe, or wound, a heart that 's broken ! *Canto v. St. 18.*

Where lives the man that has not tried  
 How mirth can into folly glide,  
 And folly into sin ! *The Bridal of Triermain. Canto i. St. 21.*

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
 Out from the land of bondage came,  
 Her fathers' God before her moved,  
 An awful guide in smoke and flame. *Ivanhoe. Ch. xl.*

Sea of upturned faces. *Rob Roy. Ch. xx.*

There 's a gude time coming. *Ibid. Ch. xxxii.*

My foot is on my native heath, and my name is MacGregor.  
*Ibid. Ch. xxxiv.*

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife !  
 To all the sensual world proclaim,  
 One crowded hour of glorious life  
 Is worth an age without a name.  
*Old Mortality. Ch. xxxiv. p. 451.*

Within that awful volume lies  
 The mystery of mysteries ! *The Monastery. Ch. xii.*

And better had they ne'er been born,  
 Who read to doubt, or read to scorn. *Ibid.*

Widowed wife and wedded maid. *The Betrothed. Ch. xv.*

But with the morning cool reflection came.<sup>1</sup>  
*Highland Widow. Introduction.*

What can they see in the longest kingly line in Europe, save that it runs  
 back to a successful soldier ?<sup>2</sup> *Woodstock. Vol. ii. Ch. xxxvii.*

<sup>1</sup> At length the morn, and cold indifference, came.  
 Rowe, *The Fair Penitent, Act i. Sc. 1.*

<sup>2</sup> Un soldat tel que moi peut justement prétendre  
 À gouverner l'état, quand il l'a su défendre.  
 Le premier qui fut roi, fut un soldat heureux :  
 Qui sert bien son pays, n'a pas besoin d'aïeux.  
 Voltaire, *Merope, Act i. Sc. 3.*

SAMUEL WOODWORTH. 1785—1842.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well. *The Bucket.*



THOMAS MOORE. 1779—1852.

This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,  
The past, the future, two eternities !

*Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

There 's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream. *Ibid.*

Like the stained web that whitens in the sun,  
Grow pure by being purely shone upon. *Ibid.*

One morn a Peri at the gate  
Of Eden stood disconsolate. *Paradise and the Peri.*

But the trail of the serpent is over them all. *Ibid.*

O, ever thus, from childhood's hour,  
I 've seen my fondest hopes decay;

I never loved a tree or flower,  
But 't was the first to fade away.

I never nursed a dear gazelle,  
To glad me with its soft black eye,

But when it came to know me well,  
And love me, it was sure to die. *The Fire Worshippers.*

Beholding heaven, and feeling hell. *Ibid.*

As sunshine, broken in the rill,  
Though turned astray, is sunshine still. *Ibid.*

Farewell, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter. *Ibid.*

Alas ! how light a cause may move  
Dissension between hearts that love !  
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,  
And sorrow but more closely tied ;  
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,  
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,  
Like ships that have gone down at sea,  
When heaven was all tranquillity. *The Light of the Harem.*

And, oh ! if there be an Elysium on earth,  
It is this, it is this. *Ibid.*

Love on through all ills, and love on till they die *Ibid.*

How shall we rank thee upon glory's page ?  
Thou more than soldier and just less than sage.

*Poems relating to America. To Thomas Hume.*

Go where glory waits thee ;  
 But, while fame elates thee,  
 Oh ! still remember me.

*Irish Melodies. Go where glory waits.*

The harp that once through Tara's halls  
 The soul of music shed,  
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,  
 As if that soul were fled.

So sleeps the pride of former days,  
 So glory's thrill is o'er,  
 And hearts that once beat high for praise,  
 Now feel that pulse no more.

*The Harp that once.*

Fly not yet, 't is just the hour  
 When pleasure, like the midnight flower  
 That scorns the eye of vulgar light,  
 Begins to bloom for sons of night,  
 And maids who love the moon.

*Fly not yet.*

Oh stay !—Oh stay !—  
 Joy so seldom weaves a chain  
 Like this to-night, that, oh ! 't is pain  
 To break its links so soon.

*Ibid.*

And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers  
 Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.

*O think not my spirits.*

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,  
 And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore.

*Rich and rare.*

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet  
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.

*The Meeting of the Waters.*

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side  
 In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree ?

*Come send round the wine.*

The moon looks

On many brooks,

"The brook can see no moon but this." <sup>1</sup>

*While gazing on the moon's light.*

No, the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,  
 But as truly loves on to the close !

As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,  
 The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

*Believe me, if all those endearing.*

<sup>1</sup> This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's Works : "The moon looks upon many night-flowers, the night-flower sees but one moon."

IRISH MELODIES—*continued.*]

And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,  
The maiden herself will steal after it soon. *Ill Omens.*

But there 's nothing half so sweet in life  
As love's young dream. *Love's Young Dream.*

To live with them is far less sweet  
Than to remember thee ! <sup>1</sup> *I saw thy form.*

'T is the last rose of summer,  
Left blooming alone. *Last Rose of Summer.*

When true hearts lie wither'd  
And fond ones are flown,  
Oh ! who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone ? *Ibid.*

You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.  
*Farewell ! But whenever you welcome the hour.*

Thus, when the lamp that lighted  
The traveller at first goes out,  
He feels awhile benighted,  
And looks around in fear and doubt,  
But soon, the prospect clearing,  
By cloudless starlight on he treads,  
And thinks no lamp so cheering  
As that light which Heaven sheds. *I'd mourn the hopes.*

No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,  
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us. *Come o'er the sea.*

The light that lies  
In woman's eyes. *The time I've lost.*

My only books  
Were woman's looks,  
And folly 's all they've taught me. *Ibid.*

I know not, I ask not, if guilt 's in that heart,  
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.  
*Come, rest in this bosom.*

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,  
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea. *Remember thee,*

All that 's bright must fade,—  
The brightest still the fleetest ;  
All that 's sweet was made  
But to be lost when sweetest !  
*National Airs. All that 's bright must fade.*

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<sup>1</sup> In imitation of Shenstone's inscription, "Heu ! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse."



NATIONAL AIRS—*continued.*]

Those evening bells! those evening bells!  
 How many a tale their music tells!  
 Of youth, and home, and that sweet time  
 When last I heard their soothing chime. *Those Evening Bells.*

Oft, in the stilly night  
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Fond Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me;  
 The smiles, the tears,  
 Of boyhood's years,  
 The words of love then spoken;  
 The eyes that shone  
 Now dimm'd and gone,  
 The cheerful hearts now broken! *Oft in the stilly night.*

I feel like one  
 Who treads alone  
 Some banquet-hall deserted,  
 Whose lights are fled,  
 Whose garlands dead,  
 And all but he departed! *Ibid.*

As half in shade and half in sun  
 This world along its path advances,  
 May that 'side the sun 's upon  
 Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances!  
*Peace be around thee.*

If I speak to thee in Friendship's name,  
 Thou think'st I speak too coldly;  
 If I mention Love's devoted flame,  
 Thou say'st I speak too boldly. *How shall I woo?*

To sigh, yet feel no pain,  
 To weep, yet scarce know why;  
 To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,  
 Then throw it idly by. *The Blue Stocking.*

This world is all a fleeting show,  
 For man's illusion given;  
 The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,  
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—  
 There 's nothing true but Heaven!  
*Sacred Songs. The world is all a fleeting show.*

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!  
 Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free.  
*Ibid. Sound the loud timbrel.*

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish—  
 Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.  
*Ibid. Come, ye Disconsolate.*

I knew, by the smoke that so gracefully curled  
 Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,  
 And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,  
 A heart that was humble might hope for it here."

*Poems relating to America. Ballad Stanzas.*

To Greece we give our shining blades. *Evenings in Greece.*

Ay, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are!

From this hour let the blood in their dastardly veins,

That shrunk at the first touch of Liberty's war,

Be wasted for tyrants, or stagnate in chains.

*On the Entry of the Austrians into Naples, 1821.*

A Persian's Heaven is eas'ly made,

'T is but black eyes and lemonade.

*Intercepted Letters. Letter vi.*

Who ran

Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all.

*On the Death of Sheridan.*

Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,

Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.

*Ibid.*

Weep on; and, as thy sorrows flow,

I 'll taste the luxury of woe.

*Anacreontic.*

The minds of some of our statesmen, like the pupil of the human eye,  
 contract themselves the more, the stronger light there is shed upon them.

*Preface to Corruption and Intolerance.*



ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. 1785—1842.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,

A wind that follows fast,

And fills the white and rustling sail,

And bends the gallant mast.

*A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.*

While the hollow oak our palace is,

Our heritage the sea.

*Ibid.*



REGINALD HEBER. 1783—1826.

Failed the bright promise of your early day!

*Palestine.*

No hammers fell, no ponderous axes rung;<sup>1</sup>

Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.

Majestic silence!

*Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Altered in later editions to

No workman steel, no ponderous axes rung,  
 Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.

Silently as a dream the fabric rose,

No sound of hammer or of saw was there.

Cowper, *The Task*, Book v. *The Winter Morning Walk.*

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid. *Epiphany.*

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
How sweet the lily grows.  
*First Sunday after Epiphany. No. ii.*

When spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil.  
*Seventh Sunday after Trinity.*

Death rides on every passing breeze,  
He lurks in every flower. *At a Funeral.*

Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,  
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb. *Ibid. No. ii.*

Thus heavenly hope is all serene,  
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,  
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,  
As false and fleeting as 't is fair.  
*On Heavenly Hope and Earthly Hope.*

From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand. *Missionary Hymn.*

Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile. *Ibid.*

I see them on their winding way,  
Above their ranks the moonbeams play.  
*Lines written to a March.*

—□—

JOSEPH STORY. 1779—1845.

Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,  
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain;  
Here patriot Truth her glorious precepts draw,  
Pledged to Religion, Liberty, and Law.  
*Motto of the Salem Register. Life of Story, Vol. i. p. 127.*

—□—

STEPHEN DECATUR. 1779—1820.

Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always  
be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.  
*Toast given at Norfolk. April, 1816.*

—□—

DANIEL WEBSTER. 1782—1852.

When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in  
heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonoured frag-

ments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood.

*Second Speech on Foot's Resolution.*

Liberty and Union, now and for ever, one and inseparable. *Ibid.*

We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise! let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and the parting day linger and play on its summit.

*Address on Laying the Corner-Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, 1825.*

He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of Public Credit, and it sprung upon its feet.<sup>1</sup>

*Speech on Hamilton, March 10, 1831.*

On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they (the Colonies) raised their flag against a power, to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared,—a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning-drum beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.<sup>2</sup>

*Speech, May 7, 1834.*

Sea of upturned faces.<sup>3</sup>

*Speech, September 30, 1842.*

<sup>1</sup> He it was that first gave to the law the air of a science. He found it a skeleton, and clothed it with life, colour, and complexion; he embraced the cold statue, and by his touch it grew into youth, health, and beauty.—Barry Yelverton (Lord Avonmore) *on Blackstone*.

<sup>2</sup> Why should the brave Spanish soldier brag the sun never sets in the Spanish dominions, but ever shineth on one part or other we have conquered for our king?—Capt. John Smith, *Advertisements for the Unexperienced, &c., Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc., 3d. Ser. Vol. iii. p. 49.*

I am called  
The richest monarch in the Christian world;  
The sun in my dominions never sets.

Ich heisse  
Der reichste Mann in der getauften Welt;  
Die Sonne geht in meinem Staat nicht unter.

Schiller, *Don Karlos, Act i. Sc. 6.*

The stake I play for is immense,—I will continue in my own dynasty the family system of the Bourbons, and unite Spain for ever to the destinies of France. Remember that the sun never sets on the immense empire of Charles V. (Napoleon, February, 1807).—Walter Scott, *Life of Napoleon*.

<sup>3</sup> This phrase, commonly supposed to have originated with Mr. Webster, occurs in *Rob Roy. Vol. i. Ch. 20.*



CHARLES MINER. 1780—1865.

When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers, begging them to taste a little brandy and throwing half his goods on the counter, thinks I, that man has an axe to grind. *Who'll turn Grindstones.'*

WASHINGTON IRVING. 1783—1859.

Free-livers on a small scale, who are prodigal within the compass of a guinea. *The Stout Gentleman.*

The Almighty Dollar, that great object of universal devotion throughout our land, seems to have no genuine devotees in these peculiar villages. *The Creole Village.*

SIR W. F. P. NAPIER. 1785—1860.

Napoleon's troops fought in bright fields, where every helmet caught some beams of glory, but the British soldier conquered under the cool shade of aristocracy; no honours awaited his daring, no despatch gave his name to the applauses of his countrymen; his life of danger and hardship was uncheered by hope, his death unnoticed.

*Peninsular War. Vol. ii. Book xi. Ch. 3. 1810.*

LORD BYRON. 1788—1824.

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer

For other's weal avail'd on high,

Mine will not all be lost in air,

But waft thy name beyond the sky. *Farewell! if ever.*

I only know we loved in vain—

I only feel—Farewell!—Farewell!

*Ibid.*

When we two parted

In silence and tears,

Half broken-hearted

To sever for years.

*When we two parted.*

Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. Line 6.*

'T is pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;

A book 's a book, although there 's nothing in 't.

*Line 51.*

With just enough of learning to misquote.

*Line 66.*

As soon

Seek roses in December,—ice in June;

Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,

Believe a woman, or an epitaph,

Or any other thing that 's false, before

You trust in critics.

*Line 75.*

<sup>1</sup> From *Essays from the Desk of Poor Robert the Scribe, Doylestown, Pa., 1815.* It first appeared in the *Wilkesbarre Gleaner.* 1811.

ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS—*continued.*]

Perverts the Prophets and purloins the Psalms. *Line 326.*

O Amos Cottle! Phœbus! what a name! *Line 399.*

So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,  
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,  
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,  
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.<sup>1</sup> *Line 826.*

Yet truth will sometimes lend her noblest fires,  
And decorate the verse herself inspires:  
This fact, in Virtue's name, let Crabbe attest:  
Though Nature's sternest painter, yet the best. *Line 839.*

Maid of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, oh, give me back my heart! *Maid of Athens.*

Had sighed to many though he loved but one.  
*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto i. St. 5.*

If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men.  
*Canto i. St. 7.*

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,  
And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs might despair.  
*Canto i. St. 9.*

Might shake the saintship of an anchorite. *Canto i. St. 11.*

Adieu, adieu! my native shore  
Fades o'er the waters blue. *Canto i. St. 13.*

My native land—good night! *Canto i. St. 13.*

O Christ! it is a goodly sight to see  
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land. *Canto i. St. 15.*

In hope to merit Heaven by making earth a Hell.  
*Canto i. St. 20.*

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see  
For one who hath no friend, no brother there. *Canto i. St. 40.*

Still from the fount of Joy's delicious springs  
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings.<sup>2</sup>  
*Canto i. St. 82.*

<sup>1</sup> That eagle's fate and mine are one,  
Which on the shaft that made him die  
Espied a feather of his own,  
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.  
Waller, *To a Lady singing a Song of his Composing.*

Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume  
To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom;  
See their own feathers pluck'd, to wing the dart  
Which rank corruption destines for their heart.  
T. Moore, *Corruption.*

<sup>2</sup> Medio de fonte leporum  
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat.  
*Lucretius. iv. l. 1133.*

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE—*continued.*]

War, war is still the cry,—“war even to the knife!”<sup>1</sup>

*Canto i. St. 86.*

Gone, glimmering through the dream of things that were.

*Canto ii. St. 2.*

A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour!

*Canto ii. St. 2.*

Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.

*Canto ii. St. 2.*

The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul!<sup>2</sup>

*Canto ii. St. 6.*

Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?

*Canto ii. St. 23.*

None are so desolate but something dear,

Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd.

*Canto ii. St. 24.*

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,

To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,

And roam along, the world's tired denizen,

With none who bless us, none whom we can bless.

*Canto ii. St. 26.*

Cooped in their winged sea-girt citadel.

*Canto ii. St. 28.*

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!

Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!

*Canto ii. St. 73.*

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,

Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?

*Canto ii. St. 76.*

A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;

An hour may lay it in the dust.

*Canto ii. St. 84.*

Land of lost gods and godlike men.

*Canto ii. St. 85.*

Where'er we tread, 't is haunted, holy ground.

*Canto ii. St. 88.*

Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

*Canto ii. St. 88.*

Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart.

*Canto iii. St. 1.*

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!

And the waves bound beneath me as a steed

That knows his rider. Welcome to the roar!

*Canto iii. St. 2.*

I am as a weed,

Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail

Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

*Canto iii. St. 2.*

<sup>1</sup> “War even to the knife,” was the reply of Palafox, the governor of Saragoza, when summoned to surrender by the French, who besieged that city in 1808.

<sup>2</sup> And keeps that palace of the soul.—Waller, *Of Tea*.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE—*continued.*]

Years steal

Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb;  
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

*Canto iii. St. 8.*

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's Capital had gathered then  
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;  
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage-bell.

*Canto iii. St. 21.*

On with the dance! let joy be unconfined.

*Canto iii. St. 22.*

And there was mounting in hot haste.

*Canto iii. St. 25.*

Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come! They come!"

*Canto iii. St. 25.*

Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
Over the unreturning brave.

*Canto iii. St. 27.*

Battle's magnificently-stern array.

*Canto iii. St. 28.*

And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on.

*Canto iii. St. 32.*

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell.

*Canto iii. St. 42.*

He who surpasses or subdues mankind,  
Must look down on the hate of those below.

*Canto iii. St. 45.*

All tenantless, save to the crannying wind.

*Canto iii. St. 47.*

The castled crag of Drachenfels  
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine.

*Canto iii. St. 55.*

He had kept

The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.

*Canto iii. St. 57.*

But there are wanderers o'er Eternity  
Whose bark drives on and on, and anchor'd ne'er shall be.

*Canto iii. St. 70.*

By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone.

*Canto iii. St. 71.*

To me

High mountains are a feeling, but the hum  
Of human cities torture.

*Canto iii. St. 72.*

This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing  
To waft me from distraction.

*Canto iii. St. 85.*

On the ear

Drops the light drip of the suspended oar.

*Canto iii. St. 86.*



CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE—*continued.*]

All is concentrated in a life intense,  
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,  
But hath a part of being. *Canto iii. St. 89.*

In solitude, where we are *least* alone. *Canto iii. St. 90.*

The sky is changed ! and such a change ! O night,  
And storm, and darkness ! ye are wondrous strong,  
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along,  
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among  
Leaps the live thunder. *Canto iii. St. 92.*

Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer. *Canto iii. St. 107.*

I have not loved the world, nor the world me. *Canto iii. St. 113.*

I stood

Among them, but not of them. *Canto iii. St. 113.*

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ;  
A palace and a prison on each hand. *Canto iv. St. 1.*

Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles. *Canto iv. St. 1.*

Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound. *Canto iv. St. 23.*

The cold—the changed—perchance the dead—anew,  
The mourn'd, the loved, the lost—too many !—yet how few ! *Canto iv. St. 24.*

Parting day

Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues  
With a new colour as it gasps away,  
The last still loveliest, till—'t is gone—and all is gray. *Canto iv. St. 29.*

The Ariosto of the North. *Canto iv. St. 40.*

Italia ! Oh Italia ! thou who hast  
The fatal gift of beauty.<sup>1</sup> *Canto iv. St. 42.*

Fills

The air around with beauty. *Canto iv. St. 49.*

Let these describe the undescribable. *Canto iv. St. 53.*

The starry Galileo with his woes. *Canto iv. St. 54.*

The poetry of speech. *Canto iv. St. 58.*

The hell of waters ! where they howl and hiss. *Canto iv. St. 69.*

<sup>1</sup> A translation of the famous sonnet of Filicaja :—*Italia, Italia, o tu cui feo la sorte !*

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE—*continued.*]

The Niobe of nations ! there she stands. *Canto iv. St. 79.*

Yet, Freedom ! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,  
Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind.  
*Canto iv. St. 98.*

Heaven gives its favourites—early death.<sup>1</sup> *Canto iv. St. 102.*

Man !

Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear. *Canto iv. St. 109.*

Egeria ! sweet creation of some heart  
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair  
As thine ideal breast. *Canto iv. St. 115.*

The nympholepsy of some fond despair. *Canto iv. St. 115.*

Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.  
*Canto iv. St. 115.*

Alas ! our young affections run to waste,  
Or water but the desert. *Canto iv. St. 120.*

I see before me the Gladiator lie. *Canto iv. St. 140.*

*There* were his young barbarians all at play,  
*There* was their Dacian mother,—he, their sire,  
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday. *Canto iv. St. 141.*

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;  
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;  
And when Rome falls,—the World."<sup>2</sup> *Canto iv. St. 145.*

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou ?  
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead ?  
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low  
Some less majestic, less beloved head ? *Canto iv. St. 168.*

Oh ! that the desert were my dwelling-place,  
With one fair Spirit for my minister,  
That I might all forget the human race,  
And, hating no one, love but only her ! *Canto iv. St. 177.*

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society, where none intrudes,  
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :  
I love not Man the less, but Nature more.  
*Canto iv. St. 178*

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Don Juan*, *Canto iv. St. 12.*

<sup>2</sup> Literally, the exclamation of the pilgrims in the eighth century, as recorded by the Venerable Bede.

Cf. Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, *Ch. 71.*

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE—*continued.*]

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;  
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
 Stops with the shore. *Canto iv. St. 179.*

He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.  
*Canto iv. St. 179.*

Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—<sup>1</sup>  
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.  
*Canto iv. St. 182.*

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
 Glasses itself in tempests. *Canto iv. St. 183.*

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy  
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy  
 I wanton'd with thy breakers,

And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.<sup>2</sup>  
*Canto iv. St. 184.*

And what is writ, is writ,—  
 Would it were worthier ! *Canto iv. St. 185.*

Farewell ! a word that must be, and hath been—  
 A sound which makes us linger ;—yet—farewell.  
*Canto iv. St. 186.*

Hands promiscuously applied,  
 Round the slight waist, or down the glowing side. *The Walth.*

He who hath bent him o'er the dead  
 Ere the first day of death is fled,  
 The first dark day of nothingness,  
 The last of danger and distress,  
 Before Decay's effacing fingers  
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.

*The Giaour. Line 68.*

Such is the aspect of this shore ;  
 'T is Greece, but living Greece no more !  
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
 We start, for soul is wanting there. *Line 90.*

Shrine of the mighty ! can it be  
 That this is all remains of thee ? *Line 106.*

<sup>1</sup> And thou vast ocean, on whose awful face  
 Time's iron feet can print no ruin-trace.

Robert Montgomery, *The Omnipresence of the Deity.*

<sup>2</sup> See Pollok, p. 288.

THE GIAOUR—*continued.*]

For freedom's battle, once begun,  
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,  
Though baffled oft, is ever won. *Line 123.*

And lovelier things have mercy shown  
To every failing but their own;  
And every woe a tear can claim,  
Except an erring sister's shame. *Line 418.*

The keenest pangs the wretched find  
Are rapture to the dreary void,  
The leafless desert of the mind,  
The waste of feelings unemploy'd. *Line 957.*

Better to sink beneath the shock  
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock! *Line 969.*

The cold in clime are cold in blood,  
Their love can scarce deserve the name, *Line 1099.*

I die—but first I have possess'd,  
And come what may, I *have been* blest. *Line 1114.*

She was a form of life and light,  
That, seen, became a part of sight;  
And rose, where'er I turned mine eye,  
The Morning-star of Memory!  
Yes, Love indeed is light from heaven;  
A spark of that immortal fire  
With Angels shared, by Alla given,  
To lift from earth our low desire. *Line 1127.*

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle  
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime;  
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,  
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?<sup>1</sup>  
*The Bride of Abydos. Canto i. St. 1.*

Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,  
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine? *Canto i. St. 1.*

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay  
To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?  
Who doth not feel, until his failing sight  
Faints into dimness with its own delight,  
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess  
The might—the majesty of Loveliness? *Canto i. St. 6.*

Know'st thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom,  
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom,  
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,  
And the groves are of laurel, and myrtle, and rose?  
*Groethe, Wilhelm Meister.*



THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS—*continued.*]

The light of love, the purity of grace,  
 The mind, the music breathing from her face,<sup>1</sup>  
 The heart whose softness harmonized the whole,  
 And oh ! that eye was in itself a Soul. *Canto i. St. 6.*

The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle. *Canto ii. St. 2.*

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life !  
 The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,  
 And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray ! *Canto ii. St. 20.*

He makes a solitude, and calls it—peace.<sup>2</sup> *Canto ii. St. 20.*

Hark ! to the hurried question of Despair :  
 " Where is my child ?"—an Echo answers—" Where ?"<sup>3</sup>

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,  
 Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,  
 Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,  
 Survey our empire, and behold our home.

*The Corsair. Canto i. St. 1.*

She walks the waters like a thing of life,  
 And seems to dare the elements to strife. *Canto i. St. 3.*

The power of Thought,—the magic of the Mind. *Canto i. St. 8.*

The many still must labour for the one ! *Canto i. St. 8.*

There was a laughing Devil in his sneer. *Canto i. St. 9.*

Hope withering fled, and Mercy sighed Farewell ! *Canto i. St. 9.*

Farewell !

For in that word, —that fatal word,—howe'er  
 We promise—hope—believe,—there breathes despair.  
*Canto i. St. 15.*

No words suffice the secret soul to show,  
 For truth denies all eloquence to woe. *Canto iii. St. 22.*

He left a Corsair's name to other times,  
 Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes.<sup>4</sup> *Canto iii. St. 24.*

Lord of himself,—that heritage of woe !  
*Lara. Canto i. St. 2.*

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Lovelace, p. 96, and Browne's *Religio Medici. Part ii. Sec. 9.*

<sup>2</sup> Solitudinem faciunt,—pacem appellant.—Tacitus, *Agricola, Cap. 30.*

<sup>3</sup> I came to the place of my birth, and cried, "The friends of my Youth, where are they?" And an Echo answered, "Where are they?"—From *An Arabic MS.*

<sup>4</sup> Hannibal, as he had mighty virtues, so had he many vices; *unam virtutem mille vitia comitantur*: as Machiavel said of Cosmo de Medici, he had two distinct persons in him.—Burton, *Anat. of Mel. Democritus to the Reader.*

She walks in beauty, like the night  
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
 And all that's best of dark and bright  
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes;  
 Thus mellow'd to that tender light  
 Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

*Hebrew Melodies. She walks in beauty.*

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold.

*Ibid. The Destruction of Sennacherib.*

It is the hour when from the boughs  
 The nightingale's high note is heard;

It is the hour when lovers' vows  
 Seem sweet in every whisper'd word. *Parisina. St. 1.*

Fare thee well! and if for ever,  
 Still for ever, fare *thee well.* *Fare thee well.*

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred. *A Sketch.*

In the desert a fountain is springing,  
 In the wide waste there still is a tree,

And a bird in the solitude singing,  
 Which speaks to my spirit of *thee.* *Stanzas to Augusta.*

When all of Genius which can perish dies.

*Monody on the Death of Sheridan. Line 22.*

Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame. *Line 68.*

Who track the steps of Glory to the grave. *Line 74.*

Sighing that Nature formed but one such man,  
 And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan.<sup>1</sup> *Line 117.*

Oh, God! it is a fearful thing  
 To see the human soul take wing

In any shape, in any mood. *Prisoner of Chillon, viii.*

And both were young, and one was beautiful. *The Dream. St. 2.*

And to his eye

There was but one beloved face on earth,  
 And that was shining on him. *St. 2.*

She was his life,

The ocean to the river of his thoughts,<sup>2</sup>  
 Which terminated all. *St. 2.*

<sup>1</sup> Natura il fece, e poi ruppe la stampa.

Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, Canto x. St. 80.

The idea that *Nature lost the perfect mould* has been a favourite one with all song writers and poets, and is found in the literature of all European nations.—*Book of English Songs*, p. 28.

<sup>2</sup> She floats upon the river of his thoughts.

Longfellow, *The Spanish Student*. Act ii. Sc. 3.

Si che chiaro

Per essa scenda della mente il fiume.—Dante, *Purg.* Canto 13. 89.

THE DREAM—*continued.*]

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream. *St. 3.*

And they were canopied by the blue sky,  
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,  
That God alone was to be seen in Heaven. *St. 4.*

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away.  
*Stanzas for Music. There's not a joy.*

I had a dream which was not all a dream. *Darkness.*

My boat is on the shore,  
And my bark is on the sea. *To Thomas Moore.*

Here's a sigh to those who love me,  
And a smile to those who hate;  
And, whatever sky's above me,  
Here's a heart for every fate. *Ibid.*

Were't the last drop in the well,  
As I gasp'd upon the brink,  
Ere my fainting spirit fell,  
'T is to thee that I would drink. *Ibid.*

So we'll go no more a roving  
So late into the night. *So we'll go.*

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;  
They crown'd him long ago  
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,  
With a diadem of snow. *Manfred. Act i. Sc. 1.*

The heart ran o'er  
With silent worship of the great of old I—  
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule  
Our spirits from their urns. *Ibid. Act iii. Sc. 4.*

For most men (till by losing rendered sager)  
Will back their own opinions by a wager. *Defto. St. 27.*

Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto  
Wished him five fathom under the kialto. *St. 32.*

His heart was one of those which most enamour us,  
Wax to receive, and marble to retain.<sup>1</sup> *St. 34.*

Besides, they always smell of bread and butter. *St. 39.*

That soft bastard Latin  
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth. *St. 44.*

Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,  
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies. *St. 45.*

<sup>1</sup> For her my heart is wax to be moulded as she pleases, but enduring as marble to retain whatever impression she shall make upon it.—Cervante, *La Gitanilla*.

BEPPPO—*continued.*]

Oh, Mirth and Innocence! Oh, Milk and Water!  
Ye happy mixtures of more happy days! St. 8a

And if we do but watch the hour,  
There never yet was human power  
Which could evade, if unforgiven,  
The patient search and vigil long  
Of him who treasures up a wrong. Mazeppa. x.

They never fail who die  
In a great cause. *Marino Faliero. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones,  
Whose table earth—whose dice were human bones.  
*The Age of Bronze. St. 3.*

I loved my country, and I hated him.  
*The Vision of Judgment. lxxxiii.*

Sublime tobacco! which from east to west  
Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest.  
*The Island. Canto ii. St. 19.*

Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,  
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;  
Like other charmers, wooing the caress  
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;  
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far  
Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar! Canto ii. St. 19.

My days are in the yellow leaf;  
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;  
The worm, the canker, and the grief  
Are mine alone! *On my Thirty-sixth Year.*

In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,  
Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar!  
*Don Juan. Canto i. St. 17.*

But—oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual!  
Inform us truly, have they not hen-pecked you all?  
Canto i. St. 22.

The languages, especially the dead,  
The sciences, and most of all the abstruse,  
The arts, at least all such as could be said  
To be the most remote from common use. Canto i. St. 40.

Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman. Canto i. St. 61.

Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded  
That all the Apostles would have done as they did.  
Canto i. St. 83.

And whispering "I will ne'er consent,"—consented.  
Canto i. St. 117.



DON JUAN—*continued.*]

'T is sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark

Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;

'T is sweet to know there is an eye will mark

Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

*Canto i. St. 123.*

Sweet is revenge—especially to women.

*Canto i. St. 124.*

And truant husband should return, and say,

"My dear, I was the first who came away."

*Canto i. St. 141.*

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,

'T is woman's whole existence.

*Canto i. St. 194.*

In my hot youth,—when George the Third was King.

*Canto i. St. 212.*

So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,

I think I must take up with avarice.

*Canto i. St. 216.*

What is the end of Fame? 't is but to fill

A certain portion of uncertain paper.

*Canto i. St. 218.*

At leaving even the most unpleasant people

And places, one keeps looking at the steeple.

*Canto ii. St. 14.*

There 's naught, no doubt, so much the spirit calms

As rum and true religion.

*Canto ii. St. 34.*

A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry

Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

*Canto ii. St. 53.*

All who joy would win

Must share it,—Happiness was born a twin.

*Canto ii. St. 172.*

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love.

*Canto ii. St. 168.*

Alas! the love of women! it is known

To be a lovely and a fearful thing.

*Canto ii. St. 169.*

In her first passion, woman loves her lover:

In all the others, all she loves is love.<sup>1</sup>

*Canto iii. St. 3.*

He was the mildest manner'd man

That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat.

*Canto iii. St. 41.*

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!

Where burning Sappho loved and sung.

*Canto iii. St. 86. 1.*

Eternal summer gilds them yet,

But all, except their sun, is set.

*Canto iii. St. 86. 1.*

The mountains look on Marathon—

And Marathon looks on the sea;

And musing there an hour alone,

I dreamed that Greece might still be free. *Canto iii. St. 86. 3.*

<sup>1</sup> Dans les premières passions les femmes aiment l'amant, et dans les autres elles aiment l'amour.—La Rochefoucauld. *Maxim* 497.

DON JUAN—*continued.* }-

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,  
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?  
Of two such lessons, why forget  
The nobler and the manlier one?  
You have the letters Cadmus gave—  
Think ye he meant them for a slave? *Canto iii. St. 86. 10.*

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,  
Where nothing, save the waves and I,  
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;  
There, swan-like, let me sing and die. *Canto iii. St. 86. 16.*

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,  
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces  
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think. *Canto iii. St. 83.*

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,  
'T is that I may not weep. *Canto iv. St. 4.*

The precious porcelain of human clay.<sup>1</sup> *Canto iv. St. 11.*

"Whom the gods love die young," was said of yore.<sup>2</sup>  
*Canto iv. St. 12.*

These two hated with a hate  
Found only on the stage. *Canto iv. St. 93.*

"Arcades ambo," *id est*—blackguards both. *Canto iv. St. 93.*

Oh! "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,"<sup>3</sup>  
As some one somewhere sings about the sky. *Canto iv. St. 110.*

I 've stood upon Achilles' tomb,  
And heard Troy doubted: time will doubt of Pome. *Canto iv. St. 101.*

That all-softening, overpowering knell,  
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell. *Canto v. St. 49.*

The women pardoned all except her face. *Canto v. St. 113.*

Heroic, stoic Cato, the sententious,  
Who lent his lady to his friend Hortensius. *Canto vi. St. 7.*

A "strange coincidence," to use a phrase  
By which such things are settled now-a-days. *Canto vi. St. 78.*

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Dryden, *Don Sebastian*, Act i. Sc. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Quem Di diligunt

Adolescens moritur.—Plautus, *Bacch.*, Act iv. Sc. 6.

<sup>3</sup> Ὅν οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκουσιν. —Menander, *apud Stob. Flor.* cxx. 2.

<sup>3</sup> Quoted from Southey,

"Though in blue ocean seen  
Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue."  
*Madoc in Wales*, v.

DON JUAN—*continued.*]

The drying up a single tear has more  
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore. *Canto viii. St. 3.*

Thrice happy he whose name has been well spelt  
In the despatch : I knew a man whose loss  
Was printed *Grove*, although his name was Grose.  
*Canto viii. St. 18.*

And wrinkles, the d—d democrats, won't flatter.  
*Canto x. St. 24.*

Oh for a *furdy parson power*. *Canto x. St. 34.*

When Bishop Berkeley said "there was no matter,"  
And proved it—'t was no matter what he said.  
*Canto xi. St. 1.*

And, after all, what is a lie? 'T is but  
The truth in masquerade. *Canto xi. St. 37.*

'T is strange the mind, that very fiery particle,  
Should let itself be snuff'd out by an article. *Canto xi. St. 59.*

Of all tales 't is the saddest—and more sad,  
Because it makes us smile. *Canto xiii. St. 9.*

Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away. *Canto xiii. St. 11.*

Society is now one polished horde,  
Formed of two mighty tribes, the *Bores* and *Bored*.  
*Canto xiii. St. 95.*

'T is strange—but true; for truth is always strange;  
Stranger than fiction. *Canto xiv. St. 101.*

The Devil hath not, in all his quiver's choice,  
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice. *Canto xv. St. 13.*

I awoke one morning and found myself famous.  
*Memoranda from his Life, by Moore, ch. xiv.*

The best of Prophets of the future is the Past.  
*Letter, January 28, 1821.*



LEIGH HUNT. 1784—1859.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace.  
*About Ben Adhem.*

And lo ! BEN ADHEM'S name led all the rest. *Ibid.*

O for a seat in some poetic nook,  
Just hid with trees and sparkling with a brook.  
*Politics and Poetics.*

With spots of sunny openings, and with nooks  
To lie and read in, sloping into brooks. *The Story of Rimini.*

JOHN PIERPONT. 1785—1866.

A weapon that comes down as still  
As snow-flakes fall upon the sod ;  
But executes a freeman's will,  
As lightning does the will of God ;  
And from its force, nor doors nor locks  
Can shield you ;—'t is the ballot-box.

*A Word from a Petitioner.*

—□—

WILLIAM L. MARCY. 1786—1857.

They see nothing wrong in the rule that to the victors belong the spoils  
of the enemy. *Speech in the United States Senate, January, 1832.*

—□—

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. 1792—1822.

How wonderful is Death !

Death and his brother Sleep.

*Queen Mab. i.*

Power, like a desolating pestilence,  
Pollutes whate'er it touchcs ; and obedience,  
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,  
Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame.  
A mechanized automaton.

*Ibid. iii.*

Heaven's ebon vault,  
Studded with stars unutterably bright,  
Thro' which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,  
Seems like a canopy which love has spread  
To curtain her sleeping world.

*Ibid. iv.*

Then black despair,  
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown  
Over the world in which I moved alone.

*The Revolt of Islam. Dedication. St. vi.*

With hue like that when some great painter dips  
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.

*Ibid. Canto v. St. xxiii.*

Kings are like stars—they rise and set—they have  
The worship of the world, but no repose.<sup>1</sup>

*Hellas.*

All love is sweet,  
Given or returned. Common as light is love,  
And its familiar voice wearies not ever.

They who inspire it most are fortunate,  
As I am now ; but those who feel it most  
Are happier still.<sup>2</sup>

*Prometheus Unbound. Act ii. Sc. 5.*

<sup>1</sup> Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration, but no rest.—Bacon, *Essay xx. Empire.*

<sup>2</sup> The pleasure of love is in loving. We are happier in the passion we feel than in that we excite.—Rochefoucauld, *Maxim 78.*



Those who inflict must suffer, for they see  
The work of their own hearts, and that must be  
Our chastisement or recompense. *Julian and Maddalo.*

Most wretched men  
Are cradled into poetry by wrong;  
They learn in suffering what they teach in song. *Ibid.*

I could lie down like a tired child,  
And weep away the life of care  
Which I have borne, and yet must bear.  
*Stanzas, written in Dejection, near Naples*

That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden,  
Whom mortals call the moon. *The Cloud. iv.*

A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift. *Adonais. xxxii.*

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,  
Stains the white radiance of eternity. *Ibid. lii.*

Music, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory—  
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,  
Live within the sense they quicken.  
*Poems written in 1821. To —*

The desire of the moth for the star,  
Of the night for the morrow,  
The devotion to something afar  
From the sphere of our sorrow!  
*Poems written in 1821. To —*



EATON STANNARD BARRETT. 1785—1820.

Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,  
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;  
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,  
Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.  
*Woman. Part i. Ed. 1822.*



MISS FANNY STEERS.

The last link is broken  
That bound me to thee,  
And the words thou hast spoken  
Have rendered me free. *Song.*

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<sup>1</sup> Not she with trait'rous kiss her Master stung,  
Not she denied him with unfaithful tongue;  
She, when apostles fled, could danger brave,  
Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.  
*From the original edition of 1818.*

FELICIA HEMANS. 1794—1835.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,  
And stars to set;—but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!  
*The Hour of Death.*

Alas! for love, if thou art all,  
And naught beyond, O Earth! *The Graves of a Household.*

The breaking waves dash'd high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast;  
And the woods, against a stormy sky,  
Their giant branches toss'd.  
*The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England.*

Ay, call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod,  
They have left unstain'd what there they found,—  
Freedom to worship God. *ibid.*

The boy stood on the burning deck,  
Whence all but him had fled;  
The flame that lit the battle's wreck  
Shone round him o'er the dead. *Casablanca.*



MISS — WROTHER.

Hope tells a flattering tale,<sup>1</sup>  
Delusive, vain, and hollow,  
Ah let not Hope prevail,  
Lest disappointment follow.  
*From The Universal Songster. Vol. ii. p. 86.*



JOHN KEATS. 1796—1821.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;  
Its loveliness increases; it will never  
Pass into nothingness. *Endymion. Line 1.*

Philosophy will clip an angel's wings. *Lamia. Part ii.*

Music's golden tongue  
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor.  
*The Eve of St. Agnes. St. 3.*

<sup>1</sup> Hope told a flattering tale,  
That Joy would soon return;  
Ah, naught my sighs avail,  
For love is doomed to mourn. *Anon. Vol. i. p. 320.*  
<sup>2</sup> Air by Giovanni Paisiello (1741—1816).

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES—*continued.*]

As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again. *Ibid.* St. 27.

And lucent sirups, tinct with cinnamon. *Ibid.* St. 30.

That large utterance of the early gods! *Hyperion.* Book i.

Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,  
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,  
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir. *Ibid.*

Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time.  
*Ode on a Grecian Urn.*

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;  
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,  
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone. *Ibid.*

Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know. *Ibid.*

Hear ye not the hum  
Of mighty workings? *Addressed to Haydon.*

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken;  
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.  
*On first looking into Chapman's Homer.*

The poetry of earth is never dead.  
*On the Grasshopper and Cricket.*



## CHARLES WOLFE. 1791—1823.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
As his corse to the rampart we hurried.  
*The Burial of Sir John Moore.*

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him. *Ibid.*

We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,  
But we left him alone with his glory! *Ibid.*



## HENRY HART MILMAN.

And the cold marble leapt to life a god. *The Belvidere Apollo.*  
Too fair to worship, too divine to love. *Ibid.*

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

But on and up, where Nature's heart  
Beats strong amid the hills.

*Tragedy of the Lac de Gaube. St. 2.*

Great thoughts, great feelings came to them,  
Like instincts, unawares.

*The Men of Old.*

A man's best things are nearest him,  
Lie close about his feet.

*Ibid.*

The beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

*I wandered by the Brookside.*



J. HOWARD PAYNE. 1792—1852.

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.<sup>1</sup>

*Home, Sweet Home.<sup>2</sup>*



JOHN LOUIS UHLAND. 1787—1862.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee;

Take,—I give it willingly;

For, invisible to thee,

Spirits twain have cross'd with me.

*The Passage.*



THOMAS NOON TALFOURD. 1795—1854.

So his life has flowed

From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,

In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure

Alone are mirror'd; which, though shapes of ill

May hover round its surface, glides in light,

And takes no shadow from them.

*Ion. Act i. Sc. 1.*

'T is a little thing

To give a cup of water; yet its draught

Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,

May give a shock of pleasure to the frame

More exquisite than when Nectarean juice

Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.

*Act i. Sc. 2.*



ROBERT POLLOK. 1799—1827.

He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's mane"

And played familiar with his hoary locks.<sup>3</sup>

*The Course of Time. Book iv. Line 389.*

<sup>1</sup> "Home is home though it be never so homely" is a proverb, and is found in the collections of the seventeenth century.

<sup>2</sup> From *The Opera of Clari—the Maid of Milan*.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Byron, *Childe Harold*, Canto iv. St. 184.



THE COURSE OF TIME—*continued.*]

He was a man  
Who stole the livery of the court of Heaven  
To serve the Devil in. *Book viii. Line 616.*

With one hand he put  
A penny in the urn of poverty,  
And with the other took a shilling out. *Book viii. Line 632.*



THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY. 1797—1839.

I 'd be a Butterfly ; living a rover,  
Dying when fair things are fading away. *I'd be a Butterfly.*

Oh ! no ! we never mention her,  
Her name is never heard ;  
My lips are now forbid to speak  
That once familiar word. *Oh ! no ! we never mention her.*  
We met—'t was in a crowd. *We met.*

Why don't the men propose, mamma,  
Why don't the men propose ? *Why don't the men propose ?*

She wore a wreath of roses,  
The night that first we met. *She wore a wreath.*

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,  
Long, long ago, long, long ago. *Long, long ago.*

The rose that all are praising  
Is not the rose for me. *The rose that all are praising.*

O pilot ! 't is a fearful night,  
There 's danger on the deep. *The Pilot.*

Absence makes the heart grow fonder ;  
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well ! *Isle of Beauty.*

Gayly the Troubadour  
Touched his guitar. *Welcome me home.*



JOHN KEBLE. 1796—1821.

Why should we faint and fear to live alone,  
Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die,  
Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,  
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh.  
*The Christian Year. Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.*

'T is sweet, as year by year we lose  
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse  
How grows in Paradise our store. *Burial of the Dead.*

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—*continued.*]

Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

*Evening.*



BRYAN W. PROCTER.

The sea ! the sea ! the open sea !  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free !

*The Sea.*

I 'm on the sea ! I 'm on the sea !  
I am where I would ever be,  
With the blue above and the blue below,  
And silence wheresoe'er I go.

*Ibid.*

I never was on the dull, tame shore,  
But I loved the great sea more and more.

*Ibid.*



LORD BROUGHAM.

Let the soldier be abroad if he will, he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage, a personage less imposing in the eyes of some, perhaps insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array.

*Speech, January 29, 1828.*

In my mind, he was guilty of no error, he was chargeable with no exaggeration, he was betrayed by his fancy into no metaphor, who once said, that all we see about us, Kings, Lords, and Commons, the whole machinery of the state, all the apparatus of the system, and its varied workings, end in simply bringing twelve good men into a box.

*Present State of the Law, Feb. 7, 1828.*

Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.<sup>1</sup>



MICHAEL J. BARRY.

But whether on the scaffold high,  
Or in the battle's van,  
The fittest place where man can die  
Is where he dies for man !

From *The Dublin Nation*, Sept. 28, 1844. Vol. II. p. 809.



EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great  
The pen is mightier than the sword. *Richelieu. Act II. Sc. 2.*

<sup>1</sup> The title given by Lord Brougham to a book published in 1830, under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

RICHÉLIEU—*continued.*]

Take away the sword;  
States can be saved without it; bring the pen! *Ibid.*  
In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves  
For a bright manhood, there is no such word  
As—*fail.* *Ibid. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Alone!—that worn-out word,  
So idly spoken, and so coldly heard;  
Yet all that poets sing, and grief hath known,  
Of hopes laid waste, knells in that word—ALONE!  
*The New Timon. Part ii. 7.*



WILLIAM MOTHERWELL. 1797—1835.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,  
Through many a weary way;  
But never, never can forget  
The love of life's young day. *Jeannie Morison.*  
And we, with Nature's heart in tune,  
Concerted harmonies. *Ibid.*



THOMAS HOOD. 1798—1845.

We watched her breathing through the night,  
Her breathing soft and low,  
As in her breast the wave of life  
Kept heaving to and fro. *The Death-Bed.*  
Our very hopes belied our fears,  
Our fears our hopes belied;  
We thought her dying when she slept,  
And sleeping when she died. *Ibid.*  
One more Unfortunate  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death. *The Bridge of Sighs.*  
Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair! *Ibid.*  
Alas for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun! *Ibid.*  
Even God's providence  
Seeming estranged. *Ibid.*

Boughs are daily rifled  
By the gusty thieves,  
And the book of Nature  
Getteth short of leaves.

*The Seasons.*

When he is forsaken,  
Withered and shaken,

What can an old man do but die?

*Ballad.*

It is not linen you 're wearing out,  
But human creatures' lives.<sup>1</sup>

*Song of the Shirt.*

My tears must stop, for every drop,  
Hinders needle and thread.

*Ibid.*

But evil is wrought by want of thought  
As well as want of heart.

*The Lady's Dream.*

And there is even a happiness  
That makes the heart afraid.

*Ode to Melancholy.*

There 's not a string attuned to mirth,  
But has its chord in Melancholy.

*Ibid.*

I remember, I remember  
The fir-trees dark and high;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky;  
It was a childish ignorance,  
But now 't is little joy  
To know I 'm further off from heaven  
Than when I was a boy.

*I remember, I remember.*

Seemed washing his hands with invisible soap  
In imperceptible water.

*Miss Kilmansegg.*

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!  
Bright and yellow, hard and cold.

*Ibid. Her Moral.*

Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old  
To the very verge of the churchyard mould.

*Ibid.*

How widely its agencies vary—  
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—  
As even its minted coins express,  
Now stamped with the image of Good Queen Bess,  
And now of a Bloody Mary.

*Ibid.*

Oh I would I were dead now,  
Or up in my bed now,  
To cover my head now  
And have a good cry!

*A Table of Errata.*

<sup>1</sup> It 's no fish ye 're buying, it 's men's lives.—Scott, *The Antiquary*,  
Ch. xi.



RUFUS CHOATE. 1799—1859.

There was a State without King or nobles; there was a church without a Bishop; there was a people governed by grave magistrates which it had selected, and equal laws which it had framed.

*Speech before the New England Society,  
New York, December 22, 1843.*

We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union.

*Letter to the Whig Convention.*

Its constitution the glittering and sounding generalities of natural right which make up the Declaration of Independence.

*Letter to the Maine Whig Committee.*



THOMAS K. HERVEY. 1799—1859.

The tomb of him who would have made

The world too glad and free. *The Devil's Progress.*

He stood beside a cottage lone,

And listened to a lute,

One summer's eve, when the breeze was gone,

And the nightingale was mute. *Ibid.*

A love that took an early root

And had an early doom. *Ibid.*

Like ships, that sailed for sunny isles,

But never came to shore! *Ibid.*

A Hebrew knelt in the dying light,

His eye was dim and cold,

The hairs on his brow were silver-white,

And his blood was thin and old. *Ibid.*



W. M. PRAED. 1802—1839.

Twelve years ago I was a boy,

A happy boy, at Drury's. *School and School-fellows.*

Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,

And some before the speaker. *Ibid.*

I remember, I remember

How my childhood fled by,—

The mirth of its December,

And the warmth of its July. *I remember, I remember.*



THOMAS B. MACAULAY. 1800—1859.

She (the Roman Catholic Church) may still exist in undiminished vigour, when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast soli-

tude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.<sup>1</sup>

*Review of Ranke's History of the Popes.*

The Puritans hated bearbaiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.<sup>2</sup>

*History of England. Vol. i. Ch. 2.*

To every man upon this earth  
Death cometh soon or late,  
And how can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds,  
For the ashes of his fathers  
And the temples of his gods?

*Lays of Ancient Rome. Horatius, xxvii.*

How well Horatius kept the bridge  
In the brave days of old.

*Ibid. lxx.*



JOHN K. INGRAM.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?

Who blushes at the name?

When cowards mock the patriot's fate,

Who hangs his head for shame?

From *The Dublin Nation*, April 1, 1843. Vol. i. p. 339.

<sup>1</sup> The same image was employed by Macaulay in 1824, in the concluding paragraph of a review of Mitford's *Greece*, and he repeated it in his review of Mill's *Essay on Government*, in 1829.

Who knows but that hereafter some traveller like myself will sit down upon the banks of the Seine, the Thames, or the Zuyder Zee, where now, in the tumult of enjoyment, the heart and the eyes are too slow to take in the multitude of sensations? Who knows but he will sit down solitary amid silent ruins, and weep a people inurned and their greatness changed into an empty name?—Volney's *Ruins*, Ch. 2.

At last some curious traveller from Lima will visit England, and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Baalbec and Palmyra.—Horace Walpole, *Letter to Mason*, Nov. 24, 1774.

Where now is Britain?

Even as the savage sits upon the stone  
That marks where stood her capitols, and hears  
The bittern booming in the weeds, he shrinks  
From the dismaying solitude. Henry Kirke White, *Time*.

In the firm expectation, that when London shall be an habitation of bitterns, when St. Paul and Westminster Abbey shall stand, shapeless and nameless ruins in the midst of an unpeopled marsh; when the piers of Waterloo Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream, some Transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined system of criticism the respective merits of the Bells and the Fudges, and their historians.—Shelley, *Dedication to Peter Bell*.

<sup>2</sup> Even bearbaiting was esteemed heathenish and unchristian; the sport of it, not the inhumanity, gave offence.—Hume, *History of England*, Vol. i. Ch. 62.

GEORGE P. MORRIS. 1802—1864.

Woodman, spare that tree!  
 Touch not a single bough!  
 In youth it sheltered me,  
 And I'll protect it now. *Woodman, spare that Tree.*

A song for our banner? The watchword recall  
 Which gave the Republic her station:  
 "United we stand—divided we fall!"  
 It made and preserves us a nation!  
 The union of lakes—the union of lands—  
 The union of States none can sever—  
 The union of hearts—the union of hands—  
 And the Flag of our Union for ever! *The Flag of our Union.*  
 Near the lake where drooped the willow,  
 Long time ago! *Near the Lake.*



JAMES ALDRICH. 1810—1856.

Her suffering ended with the day,  
 Yet lived she at its close,  
 And breathed the long, long night away,  
 In statue-like repose. *A Death-Bed.*  
 But when the sun, in all his state,  
 Illumed the eastern skies,  
 She passed through Glory's morning gate,  
 And walked in Paradise. *Ibid.*



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

To him who in the love of Nature holds  
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
 A various language. *Thanatopsis.*  
 Go forth under the open sky, and list  
 To Nature's teachings. *Ibid.*  
 Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—  
 Are but the solemn decorations all  
 Of the great tomb of man. *Ibid.*  
 All that tread  
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
 That slumber in its bosom. *Ibid.*  
 So live that when thy summons comes to join  
 The innumerable caravan which moves  
 To that mysterious realm where each shall take  
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,

THANATOPSIS—*continued.*]

Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams. *Ibid.*

The stormy March has come at last,  
With wind and clouds and changing skies ;  
I hear the rushing of the blast  
That through the snowy valley flies. *March.*

But 'neath yon crimson tree,  
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,  
Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,  
Her blush of maiden shame. *Autumn Woods.*

The groves were God's first temples. *Forest Hymn.*

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.  
*The Death of the Flowers.*

And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more. *Ibid.*

Loveliest of lovely things are they,  
On earth that soonest pass away.  
The rose that lives its little hour  
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.  
*A Scene on the Banks of the Hudson.*

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again :  
The eternal years of God are hers ;  
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,  
And dies among his worshippers. *The Battle-field.*



## HENRY TAYLOR.

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.  
*Philip Van Artevelde. Part i. Act i. Sc. 5.*

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.  
Eternity mourns that. 'T is an ill cure  
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.  
Where sorrow's held intrusive and turned out,  
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,  
Nor aught that dignifies humanity. *Ibid.*

We figure to ourselves  
The thing we like, and then we build it up  
As chance will have it, on the rock or sand :  
For thought is tired of wandering o'er the world,  
And homebound Fancy runs her bark ashore. *Ibid.*



PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE—*continued.*]

Such souls,  
Whose sudden visitations daze the world,  
Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind  
A voice that in the distance far away  
Wakens the slumbering ages.

*Act I. Sc. 7.*



WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

There is a higher law than the Constitution. *Speech, March 11, 1850.*

It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces.

*Speech, Oct. 25, 1858.*



PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;<sup>1</sup>  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

*Festus.*

Life 's but a means unto an end, that end,  
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God.

*Ibid.*

Poets are all who love, who feel great truths,  
And tell them : and the truth of truths is love.

*Ibid.*



ALFRED TENNYSON.

Broad based upon her people's will,  
And compassed by the inviolate sea.

*To the Queen.*

For it was in the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

*Recollections of the Arabian Nights.*

Across the walnuts and the wine.

*The Miller's Daughter.*

O Love, O fire! once he drew  
With one long kiss my whole soul through  
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.

*Fatima. St. 3.*

I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house,  
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell.

*The Palace of Art.*

From yon blue heaven above us bent,  
The grand old gardener and his wife  
Smile at the claims of long descent.

*Lady Clara Vere de Vere.*

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<sup>1</sup> A life spent worthily should be measured by a nobler line,—by deeds, not years.—Sheridan, *Pizarro*, *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE—*continued.*]

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,

'Tis only noble to be good.<sup>1</sup>

Kind hearts are more than coronets,

And simple faith than Norman blood.

*Ibid.*

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;

To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year;

Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

*The May Queen.*

I am a part of all that I have met.<sup>2</sup>

*Ulysses.*

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove;

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

*Locksley Hall.*

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;

Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight. *Ibid.*

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,

Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

*Ibid.*

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams.

*Ibid.*

With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.

*Ibid.*

This is truth the poet sings,

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.<sup>3</sup>

*Ibid.*

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honour feels.

*Ibid.*

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new.

*Ibid.*

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,

And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

*Ibid.*

I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

*Ibid.*

I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time.

*Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.

Juvenal, *Sat.* viii. *Line* 20.

To be noble, we 'll be good.

*Winefreda.*

<sup>2</sup> I live not in myself, but I become

Portion of that around me.

Byron, *Childe Harold*, *Canto* iii. *St.* 72.

<sup>3</sup> Nessun maggior dolore

Che ricordarsi del tempo felice

Nella miseria. -

Dante, *Inferno*, *Book* v. *St.* 121.

For of fortunes sharpe adversite,

The worst kind of infortune is this,

A man that has been in prosperite,

And it remember, whan it passed is.

Chaucer, *Troilus and Creseide*, *Book* iii. *Line* 1625.

In omni adversitate fortunæ, infelicissimum genus est infortunii fuisse felicem.

Boethius, *De Consol. Phil.*, *Lib.* ii.

LOCKSLEY HALL—*continued.*]

Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change. *Ibid.*

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay. *Ibid.*

But O! for the touch of a vanish'd hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still! *Break, break, break.*

But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me. *Ibid.*

We are ancients of the earth,  
And in the morning of the times. *The Day-Dream. L'Envoi.*

With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,  
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.  
*The Princess Prologue.*

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,  
And sweet as English air could make her, she. *Ibid.*

Jewels five-words long,  
That on the stretched forefinger of all time  
Sparkle for ever. *Ibid. Canto ii.*

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
Blow, bugle, answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.  
*Ibid. Canto iii.*

O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
They faint on hill or field or river  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow for ever and for ever.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.  
*Ibid. Canto iii.*

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more. *Ibid. Canto iv.*

Unto dying eyes  
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square  
*Ibid. Canto iv.*

Dear as remembered kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned  
On lips that are for others; deep as love,  
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;  
O Death in Life! the days that are no more *Ibid. Canto iv.*

Sweet is every sound,  
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;  
Mynads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,  
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,  
And murmuring of innumerable bees. *Ibid. Canto vii.*

THE PRINCESS—*continued.*]

Happy he  
 With such a mother ! faith in womankind  
 Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high  
 Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall,  
 He shall not blind his soul with clay. *Ibid. Canto vii.*

Never morning wore  
 To evening, but some heart did break. *In Memoriam. vi.*

And topples round the dreary west  
 A looming bastion fringed with fire. *Ibid. xv.*

And from his ashes may be made  
 The violet of his native land.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid. xviii.*

I do but sing because I must,  
 And pipe but as the linnets sing. *Ibid. xxi.*

The shadow cloak'd from head to foot,  
 Who keeps the keys of all the creeds. *Ibid. xxiii.*

And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought  
 Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech. *Ibid. xxiii.*

'T is better to have loved and lost,  
 Than never to have loved at all. *Ibid. xxvii.*

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer. *Ibid. xxxii.*

Whose faith has centre everywhere,  
 Nor cares to fix itself to form. *Ibid. xxxiii.*

Short swallow-flights of song, that dip  
 Their wings . . . and skim away. *Ibid. xlvii.*

Hold thou the good : define it well :

For fear divine Philosophy

Should push beyond her mark, and be  
 Procuress to the Lords of Hell. *Ibid. lii.*

O yet we trust that somehow good  
 Will be the final goal of ill. *Ibid. liii.*

But what am I ?

An infant crying in the night :

An infant crying for the light :

And with no language but a cry. *Ibid. liii.*

So careful of the type she seems,  
 So careless of the single life. *Ibid. liv.*

The great world's altar-stairs,  
 That slope through darkness up to God. *Ibid. liv.*

Who battled for the true, the just. *Ibid. lv.*

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<sup>1</sup> Cf. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, Act v. Sc. i.



[IN MEMORIAM—*continued.*]

- And grasps the skirts of happy chance,  
And breasts the blows of circumstance. *Ibid.* lxiii.
- And lives to clutch the golden keys,  
To mould a mighty state's decrees,  
And shape the whisper of the throne. *Ibid.* lxiii.
- So many worlds, so much to do,  
So little done, such things to be. *Ibid.* lxxii.
- Thy leaf has perished in the green. *Ibid.* lxxiv.
- There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds. *Ibid.* xc.
- Ring out wild bells to the wild sky. *Ibid.* cv.
- Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in. *Ibid.*
- Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
- Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The eager heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be. *Ibid.*
- And thus he bore without abuse  
The grand old name of gentleman,  
Defamed by every charlatan,  
And soil'd with all ignoble use. *Ibid.* cx
- One God, one law, one element,  
And one far-off divine event,  
To which the whole creation moves. *Ibid.* Conclusion.



FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

A sacred burden is this life ye bear,  
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,  
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.  
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,  
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.

*Lines addressed to the Young Gentlemen leaving the  
Lenox Academy, Mass.*



JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The hope of all who suffer,  
The dread of all who wrong.

*The Mantle of St. John De Matha.*

Making their lives a prayer.

*On receiving a Basket of Sea Mosses.*

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,

The saddest are these : " It might have been ! " *Maud Muller.*



EDGAR A. POE. 1811—1849.

Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door,—

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

*The Raven.*

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door !

Quoth the Raven : " Nevermore."

*Ibid.*



A. H. LAYARD.

I have always believed that success would be the inevitable result if the two services, the army and the navy, had fair play, and if we sent the right man to fill the right place.

*Speech, January, 15, 1855. Hansard, Parl. Debates, Third Series, Vol. 138, p. 2077.*



CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Lo, where the stage, the poor, degraded stage,

Holds its warped mirror to a gaping age.

*Curiosity.*

Through life's dark road his sordid way he wends,

An incarnation of fat dividends.

*Ibid.*

Behold ! in Liberty's unclouded blaze

We lift our heads, a race of other days. *Centennial Ode. St. 22.*

Yes, social friend, I love thee well,

In learned doctors' spite ;

Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,

And lap me in delight.

*To my Cigar.*



ALBERT G. GREENE. 1802—1867.

Old Grimes is dead,—that good old man,—

We ne'er shall see him more :

He used to wear a long black coat,

All buttoned down before.

*Old Grimes.*



CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH.

Thought is deeper than all speech ;

Feeling deeper than all thought ;

Souls to souls can never teach

What unto themselves was taught.

*Stanzas.*

## RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Not from a vain or shallow thought  
His awful Jove young Phidias brought. *The Problem.*

• But from the heart of Nature rolled  
The burdens of the Bible old. *Ibid.*

The hand that rounded Peter's dome,  
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,  
Wrought in a sad sincerity;  
Himself from God he could not free;  
He builded better than he knew;—  
The conscious stone to beauty grew. *Ibid.*

Earth proudly wears the Parthenon  
As the best gem upon her zone. *Ibid.*

Good-bye, proud world ! I 'm going home :  
Thou art not my friend, and I 'm not thine. *Good-Bye.*

What are they all in their high conceit,  
When man in the bush with God may meet? *Ibid.*

If eyes were made for seeing,  
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being. *The Rhodora.*

The silent organ loudest chants  
The master's requiem. *Dirge.*

Here once the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world.  
*Hymn, sung at the Completion of the Concord Monument.*



## FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Strike—for your altars and your fires ;  
Strike—for the green graves of your sires ,  
God, and your native land ! *Marco Bozzaris*

Come to the bridal chamber, Death !  
Come to the mother's, when she feels,  
For the first time, her first-born's breath ;  
Come when the blessed seals  
That close the pestilence are broke,  
And crowded cities wail its stroke ;  
Come in consumption's ghastly form,  
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm ;  
Come when the heart beats high and warm,  
With banquet song, and dance, and wine ;  
And thou art terrible,—the tear,  
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,  
And all we know, or dream, or fear  
Of agony are thine *Ibid.*

MARCO BOZZARIS—*continued.*]

But to the hero, when his sword  
Has won the battle for the free,  
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;  
And in its hollow tones are heard  
The thanks of millions yet to be. *Ibid.*

One of the few, the immortal names,  
That were not born to die. *Ibid.*

Green be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days;  
None knew thee but to love thee,<sup>1</sup>  
Nor named thee but to praise.

*On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake.*

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,  
Shrines to no code or creed confined,—  
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,  
The Meccas of the mind. *Burns.*

They love their land, because it is their own,  
And scorn to give aught other reason why;  
Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,  
And think it kindness to his majesty. *Connecticut.*

—□—

ALEXANDER SMITH. 1830—1867.

Like a pale martyr in his shirt of fire. *A Life Drama. Sc. ii.*

In winter when the dismal rain  
Came down in slanting lines,  
And Wind, that grand old harper, smote  
His thunder-harp of pines. *Ibid.*  
A poem round and perfect as a star. *Ibid.*

—□—

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Look, then, into thine heart, and write!  
*Voices of the Night. Prelude.*

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
"Life is but an empty dream!"  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem. *A Psalm of Life.*

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,<sup>2</sup>  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Rogers, *Jacqueline*.

<sup>2</sup> *Ars longa, vita brevis.*—Hippocrates, *Aphorism* i.



A PSALM OF LIFE—*continued.*]

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant !

Let the dead Past bury its dead !

*Ibid.*

Lives of great men all remind us

We can make our lives sublime,

And, departing, leave behind us

Footprints on the sands of time.

*Ibid.*

Still achieving, still pursuing,

Learn to labour, and to wait.

*Ibid.*

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,

And, with his sickle keen,

He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,

And the flowers that grow between.

*The Reaper and the Flowers.*

The star of the unconquered will.

*The Light of Stars.*

O, fear not in a world like this,

And thou shalt know ere long,—

Know how sublime a thing it is

To suffer and be strong.

*Ibid.*

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,

One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,

When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,

Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

*Flowers.*

The hooded clouds, like friars,

Tell their beads in drops of rain.

*Midnight Mass.*

No tears

Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

*Sunrise on the Hills.*

No one is so accursed by fate,

No one so utterly desolate,

But some heart, though unknown,

Responds unto his own.

*Endymion.*

For Time will teach thee soon the truth,

There are no birds in last year's nest !

*It is not always May.*

This is the place. Stand still, my steed,

Let me review the scene,

And summon from the shadowy Past

The forms that once have been.

*A Gleam of Sunshine.*

Standing, with reluctant feet, |

Where the brook and river meet,

Womanhood and childhood fleet !

*Manderhood.*

O thou child of many prayers !

Life hath quicksands,—life hath snares !

*Ibid.*

The day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of Night,  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.

*The Day is Done.*

A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles the rain.

*Ibid.*

And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day  
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

*Ibid.*

This is the forest primeval.

*Evangeline. Part 1.*

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

*Ibid. Part 1, i.*

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

*Ibid. Part 1, iii.*

Into a world unknown,—the corner-stone of a nation<sup>1</sup>

*The Courtship of Miles Standish.*

O suffering, sad humanity !  
O ye afflicted ones, who lie  
Steeped to the lips in misery,  
Longing, and yet afraid to die,  
Patient, though sorely tried !

*The Goblet of Life.*

Sail on, O Ship of State !  
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great !  
Humanity with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate !

*The Building of the Ship.*

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee,—are all with thee !

*Ibid.*

There is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there !  
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
But has one vacant chair.

*Resignation.*

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
And mournings for the dead.

*Ibid.*

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition ;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death.

*Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Plymouth Rock.

In the elder days of Art,  
Builders wrought with greatest care  
Each minute and unseen part;  
For the gods see everywhere. *The Builders.*

Time has laid his hand  
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,  
But as a harper lays his open palm  
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations. *The Golden Legend.*  
The leaves of memory seemed to make  
A mournful rustling in the dark. *The Fire of Drift-wood.*

Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,  
Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours  
Weeping upon his bed has sate,  
He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers.  
*From Goethe's Wilhelm Meister. Motto, Hyperion. Book i.*  
Something the heart must have to cherish,  
Must love, and joy, and sorrow learn;  
Something with passion clasp or perish,  
And in itself to ashes burn. *Motto, Hyperion. Book ii.*

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small; <sup>1</sup>  
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all.  
*Retribution. From the Sinngedichte of Friedrich von Logau.*



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.  
The freeman casting with unpurchased hand  
The vote that shakes the turrets of the land. *Poetry, a Metrical Essay.*  
Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!  
Long has it waved on high,  
And many an eye has danced to see  
That banner in the sky. *Ibid.*  
Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
Set every threadbare sail,  
And give her to the God of storms,  
The lightning and the gale. *Ibid.*  
When the last reader reads no more. *The Last Reader.*  
The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has prest  
In their bloom;  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb. *The Last Leaf.*

<sup>1</sup> Ὅψι θεοῦ μῦλοι ἀλίους τὸ λεπτὸν ἄλευρον.—*Oracula Sibyllina, Lib. viii. L. 14.*

LAST LEAF—*continued.*]

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
At him here;

But the old three-cornered hat,  
And the breeches, and all that,  
Are so queer!

*Ibid.*

Thou say'st an undisputed thing  
In such a solemn way.

*To an Insect.*

Thine eye was on the censer,  
And not the hand that bore it.

*Lines by a Clerk.*

Where go the poet's lines?

Answer, ye evening tapers!

Ye auburn locks, ye golden curls,  
Speak from your folded papers!

*The Poet's Lot.*

Their discords sting through Burns and Moore

Like hedgehogs dressed in lace. *The Music-Grinders.*

You think they are crusaders, sent

From some infernal clime,

To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,

And dock the tail of Rhyme,

To crack the voice of Melody,

And break the legs of Time.

*Ibid.*

And, since, I never dare to write

As funny as I can. *The Height of the Ridiculous.*

Yes, child of suffering, thou mayst well be sure,

He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor!

*Urania.*

And, when you stick on conversation's burrs,

Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful *urs*.

*Ibid.*

You hear that boy laughing?—you think he's all fun;

But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;

The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,

And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

*The Boys.*



SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;

Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!



## ELIZA COOK.

I love it—I love it, and who shall dare  
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair !  
*The Old Arm-Chair.*



## CHARLES DICKENS.

In a Pickwickian sense. *Pickwick. Ch. i.*  
Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy green,  
That creepeth o'er ruins old !  
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,  
In his cell so lone and cold.  
Creeping where no life is seen,  
A rare old plant is the Ivy green. *Ibid. Ch. vi.*  
He's tough, ma'am, tough is J. B. Tough and de-vilish sly.  
*Dombey and Son. Ch. vii.*  
When found, make a note of. *Ibid. Ch. xv.*  
The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it.  
*Ibid. Ch. xxiii.*  
A demd, damp, moist, unpleasant body ! *Nicholas Nickleby. Ch. xxxiv.*  
My Life is one demd horrid grind. *Ibid. Ch. lxiv.*  
Barkis is willin'. *David Copperfield. Ch. v.*  
Whatever was required to be done, the Circumlocution Office was before-  
hand with all the public departments in the art of perceiving HOW NOT TO  
DO IT. *Little Dorrit. Ch. x.*  
In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile.

*Christmas Carol. Stave two.*



## JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

'T is heaven alone that is given away,  
'T is only God may be had for the asking.  
*The Vision of Sir Isumsal.*

And what is so rare as a day in June?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days;  
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays. *Ibid.*

This child is not mine as the first was,  
I cannot sing it to rest,  
I cannot lift it up fatherly  
And bless it upon my breast;  
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle,  
And sits in my little one's chair,  
And the light of the heaven she's gone to  
Transfigures its golden hair. *The Changeling.*

- To win the secret of a weed's plain heart. *Sonnet xxv.*  
 Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected. *Irene.*  
 Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the throne. *The Present Crisis.*  
 Before man made us citizens, great Nature made us men. *The Capture.*



### OLD TESTAMENT.

- It is not good that the man should be alone. *Genesis ii. 18.*  
 In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread. . . . For dust thou art,  
 and unto dust shalt thou return. *Gen. iii. 19.*  
 The mother of all living. *Gen. iii. 20.*  
 Am I my brother's keeper? *Gen. iv. 9.*  
 My punishment is greater than I can bear. *Gen. iv. 13.*  
 There were giants in the earth in those days. *Gen. vi. 4.*  
 But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot. *Gen. viii. 9.*  
 Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.  
*Gen. ix. 6.*  
 In a good old age. *Gen. xv. 15.*  
 His hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him.  
*Gen. xvi. 12.*  
 Bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. *Gen. xlii. 38.*  
 Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel. *Gen. xlix. 4.*  
 I have been a stranger in a strange land. *Exodus ii. 22.*  
 Unto a land flowing with milk and honey. *Ex. iii. 8. Jer. xxxii. 22.*  
 Darkness which may be felt. *Ex. x. 21.*  
 The Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them  
 the way; and by night in a pillar of fire. *Ex. xiii. 21.*  
 Man doth not live by bread only. *Deuteronomy viii. 3.*  
 The wife of thy bosom. *Deut. xiii. 6.*  
 Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot. *Deut. xix. 21.*  
 The secret things belong unto the Lord our God. *Deut. xxix. 29.*  
 He kept him as the apple of his eye. *Deut. xxxii. 10.*  
 As thy days, so shall thy strength be. *Deut. xxxiii. 25.*  
 I am going the way of all the earth. *Joshua xxiii. 14.*  
 I arose a mother in Israel. *Judges v. 7.*

- She brought forth butter in a lordly dish. *Judges v. 25.*
- The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. *Judges xvi. 9.*
- For whither thou goest, I will go ; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge :  
thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. *Ruth i. 16.*
- Quit yourselves like men. *1 Samuel iv. 9.*
- Is Saul also among the prophets? *1 Sam. x. 11.*
- A man after his own heart. *1 Sam. xiii. 14.*
- Tell it not in Gath ; publish it not in the streets of Askelon.  
*2 Sam. i. 20.*
- Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their  
death they were not divided. *2 Sam. i. 23.*
- How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle ! *2 Sam. i. 25.*
- Very pleasant hast thou been unto me : thy love to me was wonderful,  
passing the love of women. *2 Sam. i. 26.*
- Tarry at Jericho until your beards be grown. *2 Sam. x. 5.*
- And Nathan said to David, Thou art the man. *2 Sam. xii. 7.*
- And are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up  
again. *2 Sam. xiv. 14.*
- A proverb and a by-word among all people. *1 Kings ix. 7.*
- How long halt ye between two opinions? *1 Kings xviii. 21.*
- Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand.  
*1 Kings xviii. 44.*
- A still, small voice. *1 Kings xix. 12.*
- Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth  
it off. *1 Kings xx. 11.*
- There is death in the pot. *2 Kings iv. 40.*
- Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing? *2 Kings viii. 13.*
- And the driving is like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi : for he  
driveth furiously. *2 Kings ix. 20.*
- One that feared God and eschewed evil. *Job i. 1.*
- And Satan came also. *Job i. 6.*
- Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return  
thither : the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the  
name of the Lord. *Job i. 21.*
- Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath, will he give for his life. *Job ii. 4.*
- There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest.  
*Job iii. 17.*

- In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men.  
*Job iv. 13; xxxiii. 15.*
- Yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward. *Job v. 7.*
- He taketh the wise in their own craftiness. *Job v. 13.*
- Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season. *Job v. 26.*
- How forcible are right words ! *Job vi. 25.*
- My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle. *Job vii. 6.*
- He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more.<sup>1</sup> *Job vii. 10. Cf. xvi. 22.*
- I would not live always. *Job vii. 16.*
- Before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death. *Job x. 21.*
- Ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you. *Job xii. 2.*
- Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. *Job xiv. 1.*
- Miserable comforters are ye all. *Job xvi. 2.*
- The King of terrors. *Job xviii. 14.*
- I am escaped with the skin of my teeth. *Job xix. 20.*
- Seeing the root of the matter is found in me. *Job xix. 28.*
- The price of wisdom is above rubies. *Job xxviii. 18.*
- When the ear heard me, then it blessed me ; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me. *Job xxix. 11.*
- I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. *Job xxix. 13.*
- I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. *Job xxix. 15.*
- The house appointed for all living. *Job xxx. 23.*
- Oh . . . that mine adversary had written a book ! *Job xxxi. 25.*
- He multiplieth words without knowledge. *Job xxxv. 16.*
- Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge ? *Job xxxviii. 2.*
- When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. *Job xxxviii. 7.*
- Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further ; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed. *Job xxxviii. 11.*

<sup>1</sup> For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone ; and the place thereof shall know it no more.—*Psalms ciii. 16.*

Usually quoted, "The place that has known him shall know him no more."



Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? *Job xxxviii. 31.*

He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting. *Job xxxix. 25.*

Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook? *Job xli. 1.*

His heart is as firm as a stone; yea, as hard as a piece of the nether millstone. *Job xli. 24.*

He maketh the deep to boil like a pot. *Job xli. 31.*

I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee. *Job xlii. 5.*

His leaf also shall not wither. *Psalms i. 3.*

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, *Psalms viii. 2.*

Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels. *Psalms viii. 5.*

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. *Psalms xiv. 1; liii. 1.*

He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not. *Psalms xv. 4.*

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places. *Psalms xvi. 6.*

Keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of thy wings. *Psalms xvii. 8.*

The sorrows of death compassed me. *Psalms xviii. 4.*

Yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind. *Psalms xviii. 10.*

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork. *Psalms xix. 1.*

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. *Psalms xix. 2.*

I may tell all my bones. *Psalms xxii. 17.*

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. *Psalms xxiii. 2.*

Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. *Psalms xxiii. 4.*

From the strife of tongues. *Psalms xxxi. 20.*

He fashioneth their hearts alike. *Psalms xxxiii. 15.*

I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. *Psalms xxxvii. 25.*

Spreading himself like a green bay-tree. *Psalms xxxvii. 35.*

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright. *Psalms xxxvii. 37.*

While I was musing the fire burned. *Psalms xxxix. 3.*

Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is: that I may know how frail I am. *Psalms xxxix. 4.*

- Verily, every man at his best state is altogether vanity. *Psalms xxxix. 5.*
- He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them. *Ps. xxxix. 6.*
- Blessed is he that considereth the poor. *Ps. xli. 1.*
- As the hart panteth after the water brooks. *Ps. xlii. 1.*
- Deep calleth unto deep. *Ps. xlii. 7.*
- My tongue is the pen of a ready writer. *Ps. xlv. 1.*
- Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, . . . .  
the city of the great King. *Ps. xlviii. 2.*
- Man being in honour abideth not; he is like the beasts that perish. *Ps. xlix. 12, 20.*
- The cattle upon a thousand hills. *Ps. l. 10.*
- Oh that I had wings like a dove ! *Ps. lv. 6.*
- We took sweet counsel together. *Ps. lv. 14.*
- The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart. *Ps. lv. 21.*
- They are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear; which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely. *Ps. lviii. 4, 5.*
- Vain is the help of man. *Ps. lx. 11; cviii. 12.*
- He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass. *Ps. lxxii. 6.*
- His enemies shall lick the dust. *Ps. lxxii. 9.*
- As a dream when one awaketh. *Ps. lxxiii. 20.*
- For promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south. *Ps. lxxv. 6.*
- He putteth down one and setteth up another. *Ps. lxxv. 7.*
- They go from strength to strength. *Ps. lxxxiv. 7.*
- For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. *Ps. lxxxiv. 10.*
- Mercy and truth are met together : righteousness and peace have kissed each other. *Ps. lxxxv. 10.*
- For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past. *Ps. xc. 4.*
- We spend our years as a tale that is told. *Ps. xc. 9.*
- The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow: for it is soon cut off, and we fly away. *Ps. xc. 10.*

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. *Psalms xc. 12.*

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. *Ps. xci. 6.*

As for man his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth. *Ps. ciii. 15.*

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more. *Ps. ciii. 16.*

Wine that maketh glad the heart of man. *Ps. civ. 15.*

Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening. *Ps. civ. 23.*

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters. *Ps. cvii. 23.*

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. *Ps. cvii. 27.*

I said in my haste, All men are liars. *Ps. cxvi. 11.*

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. *Ps. cxvi. 15.*

The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner. *Ps. cxviii. 22.*

A lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path. *Ps. cxix. 105.*

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. *Ps. cxxi. 6.*

Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces. *Ps. cxxii. 7.*

He giveth his beloved sleep. *Ps. cxxvii. 2.*

Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them. *Ps. cxxvii. 5.*

Thy children like olive-plants round about thy table. *Ps. cxxviii. 3.*

I will not give sleep to mine eyes, or slumber to mine eyelids. *Ps. cxxxii. 4. Prov. vi. 4.*

Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. *Ps. cxxxiii. 1.*

We hanged our harps upon the willows. *Ps. cxxxvii. 2.*

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. *Ps. cxxxvii. 5.*

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea. *Ps. cxxxix. 9.*

For I am fearfully and wonderfully made. *Ps. cxxxix. 14.*

Put not your trust in princes. *Ps. cxlvi. 3.*

Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the street. *Proverbs i. 20.*

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

*Proverbs iii. 17.*

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding.

*Prov. iv. 7.*

The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

*Prov. iv. 18.*

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.

*Prov. vi. 6.*

Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep.

*Prov. vi. 10; xxiv. 33.*

So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man.

*Prov. vi. 11.*

As an ox goeth to the slaughter.

*Prov. vii. 22. Jer. xi. 19.*

Wisdom is better than rubies.

*Prov. viii. 11.*

Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant.

*Prov. ix. 17.*

He knoweth not that the dead are there; and that her guests are in the depths of hell.

*Prov. ix. 18.*

A wise son maketh a glad father.

*Prov. x. 1.*

The memory of the just is blessed.

*Prov. x. 7.*

In the multitude of counsellors there is safety.

*Prov. xi. 14; xxiv. 6.*

He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it.

*Prov. xi. 15.*

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

*Prov. xii. 10.*

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.

*Prov. xiii. 12.*

The way of transgressors is hard.

*Prov. xiii. 15.*

He that spareth his rod hateth his son.

*Prov. xiii. 24.*

Fools make a mock at sin.

*Prov. xiv. 9.*

The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy.

*Prov. xiv. 10.*

The prudent man looketh well to his going.

*Prov. xiv. 15.*

Righteousness exalteth a nation.

*Prov. xiv. 34.*

A soft answer turneth away wrath.

*Prov. xv. 1.*

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.

*Prov. xv. 13.*

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

*Prov. xv. 17.*

A word spoken in due season, how good is it!

*Prov. xv. 23.*



- A man's heart deviseth his way ; but the Lord directeth his steps.  
*Proverbs xvi. 9.*
- Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall.  
*Prov. xvi. 18.*
- The hoary head is a crown of glory.  
*Prov. xvi. 31.*
- A gift is as a precious stone in the eyes of him that hath it. *Prov. xvii. 8.*
- He that repeateth a matter separateth very friends. *Prov. xvii. 9.*
- He that hath knowledge spareth his words. *Prov. xvii. 27.*
- Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise. *Prov. xvii. 28.*
- A wounded spirit who can bear? *Prov. xviii. 14.*
- A man that hath friends must shew himself friendly ; and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. *Prov. xviii. 24.*
- He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord. *Prov. xix. 17.*
- Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging. *Prov. xx. 1.*
- Every fool will be meddling. *Prov. xx. 3.*
- The hearing ear and the seeing eye. *Prov. xx. 12.*
- It is better to dwell in a corner of the house-top, than with a brawling woman in a wide house. *Prov. xxi. 9.*
- A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. *Prov. xxii. 1.*
- Train up a child in the way he should go ; and when he is old, he will not depart from it. *Prov. xxii. 6.*
- The borrower is servant to the lender. *Prov. xxii. 7.*
- Remove not the ancient landmark. *Prov. xxii. 28 ; xxiii. 10.*
- Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings ; he shall not stand before mean men. *Prov. xxii. 29.*
- For riches certainly make themselves wings. *Prov. xxiii. 5.*
- As he thinketh in his heart, so is he. *Prov. xxiii. 7.*
- Drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags. *Prov. xxiii. 21.*
- Look not thou upon the wine, when it is red ; when it giveth his colour in the cup ; . . . at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. *Prov. xxiii. 31, 32.*
- If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small. *Prov. xxiv. 10.*
- A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. *Prov. xxv. 11.*
- For thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head. *Prov. xxv. 22.*
- As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country. *Prov. xxv. 25.*

- Answer a fool according to his folly. *Proverbs xxvi. 5.*
- Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him. *Prov. xxvi. 12.*
- There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the streets. *Prov. xxvi. 13.*
- Wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason. *Prov. xxvi. 16.*
- Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein. *Prov. xxvi. 27.*
- Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. *Prov. xxvii. 1.*
- Open rebuke is better than secret love. *Prov. xxvii. 5.*
- Faithful are the wounds of a friend. *Prov. xxvii. 6.*
- A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike. *Prov. xxvii. 15.*
- Iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend. *Prov. xxvii. 17.*
- Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat, with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him. *Prov. xxvii. 22.*
- The wicked flee when no man pursueth: but the righteous are bold as a lion. *Prov. xxviii. 1.*
- He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent. *Prov. xxviii. 20.*
- Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me. *Prov. xxx. 8.*
- The horse-leech hath two daughters, crying, Give, give. *Prov. xxx. 15.*
- Her children arise up and call her blessed. *Prov. xxxi. 28.*
- Vanity of vanities, . . . all is vanity. *Ecclesiastes i. 2; xii. 8.*
- One generation passeth away and another generation cometh. *Eccles. i. 4.*
- The eye is not satisfied with seeing. *Eccles. i. 8.*
- There is no new thing under the sun. *Eccles. i. 9.*
- All is vanity and vexation of spirit. *Eccles. i. 14.*
- He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. *Eccles. i. 18.*
- One event happeneth to them all. *Eccles. ii. 14.*
- To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven. *Eccles. iii. 1.*
- A threefold cord is not quickly broken. *Eccles. iv. 12.*
- God is in heaven, and thou upon earth; therefore let thy words be few. *Eccles. v. 2.*
- Better is it that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay. *Eccles. v. 5.*

- The sleep of a labouring man is sweet. *Ecclesiastes v. 12.*
- A good name is better than precious ointment. *Eccles. vii. 1.*
- It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting. *Eccles. vii. 2.*
- As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of a fool. *Eccles. vii. 6.*
- In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider. *Eccles. vii. 14.*
- Be not righteous overmuch. *Eccles. vii. 16.*
- God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions. *Eccles. vii. 29.*
- There is no discharge in that war. *Eccles. viii. 8.*
- To eat and to drink and to be merry. *Eccles. viii. 15. Luke xii. 19.*
- For a living dog is better than a dead lion. *Eccles. ix. 4.*
- Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave. *Eccles. ix. 10.*
- The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. But time and chance happeneth to them all. *Eccles. ix. 11.*
- Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour. *Eccles. x. 1.*
- For a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter. *Eccles. x. 20.*
- Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days. *Eccles. xi. 1.*
- In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be. *Eccles. xi. 3.*
- He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap. *Eccles. xi. 4.*
- In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand. *Eccles. xi. 6.*
- Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun. *Eccles. xi. 7.*
- Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth. *Eccles. xi. 9.*
- Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. *Eccles. xii. 1.*
- And the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened. *Eccles. xii. 3.*
- And the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail; because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets. *Eccles. xii. 5.*

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

*Ecclesiastes xii. 6.*

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

*Eccles. xii. 7.*

The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies.

*Eccles. xii. 11.*

Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.

*Eccles. xii. 12.*

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man.

*Eccles. xii. 13.*

For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

*The Song of Solomon ii. 11, 12.*

The little foxes, that spoil the vines.

*The Song of Solomon ii. 15.*

Terrible as an army with banners.

*The Song of Solomon vi. 4, 10.*

Like the best wine, . . . that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak.

*The Song of Solomon vii. 9.*

Love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave.

*The Song of Solomon viii. 6.*

Many waters cannot quench love.

*The Song of Solomon viii. 7.*

The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib.

*Isaiah i. 3.*

The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint.

*Is. i. 5.*

They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

*Is. ii. 4. Mic. iv. 3.*

In that day a man shall cast his idols . . . to the moles and to the bats.

*Is. ii. 20.*

Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils.

*Is. ii. 22.*

Grind the faces of the poor.

*Is. iii. 15.*

In that day seven women shall take hold of one man.

*Is. iv. 1.*

Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil!

*Is. v. 20.*

I am a man of unclean lips.

*Is. vi. 5.*

Wizards that peep and that mutter.

*Is. viii. 19.*

To the law and to the testimony.

*Is. viii. 20.*

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid.

*Is. xi. 6.*

Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming.

*Is. xiv. 9.*



How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!

*Isaiah xiv. 12.*

Babylon is fallen, is fallen.

*Is. xxi. 9.*

Let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we shall die.

*Is. xxii. 13.*

Fasten him as a nail in a sure place.

*Is. xxii. 23.*

Whose merchants are princes.

*Is. xxiii. 8.*

A feast of fat things.

*Is. xxv. 6.*

For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little.

*Is. xxviii. 10.*

We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement.

*Is. xxviii. 15.*

The desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

*Is. xxxv. 1.*

Thou trustest in the staff of this broken reed.

*Is. xxxvi. 6.*

Set thine house in order.

*Is. xxxviii. 1.*

All flesh is grass.

*Is. xl. 6.*

Behold, the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance.

*Is. xl. 15.*

A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench.

*Is. xlii. 3.*

There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked.

*Is. xlviii. 22.*

He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter.

*Is. liii. 7.*

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts.

*Is. lv. 7.*

A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation.

*Is. lx. 22.*

To give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

*Is. lxi. 3.*

I have trodden the wine-press alone.

*Is. lxiii. 3.*

We all do fade as a leaf.

*Is. lxiv. 6.*

Peace, peace; when there is no peace.

*Jeremiah vi. 14; viii. 11.*

Amend your ways and your doings.

*Jer. vii. 3; xxvi. 13.*

Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there?

*Jer. viii. 22.*

Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of wayfaring men!

*Jer. ix. 2.*

Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?

*Jer. xiii. 23.*

As if a wheel had been in the midst of a wheel.

*Ezekiel x. 10.*

The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.

*Ez. xviii. 2. Jer. xxxi. 29.*

- Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. *Daniel v. 27.*
- The thing is true, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not. *Dan. vi. 12.*
- For they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind. *Hosea viii. 7.*
- I have multiplied visions, and used similitudes. *Hos. xii. 10.*
- Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions. *Joel ii. 28.*
- Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision. *Joel iii. 14.*
- But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree. *Micah iv. 4.*
- Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it. *Habakkuk ii. 2.*
- I was wounded in the house of my friends. *Zechariah xiii. 6.*
- But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings. *Malachi iv. 2.*
- Miss not the discourse of the elders. *Ecclesiasticus viii. 9.*
- He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith. *Ecclus. xiii. 1.*
- He will laugh thee to scorn. *Ecclus. xiii. 7.*
- Whose talk is of bullocks. *Ecclus. xxxviii. 25.*
- These were honourable men in their generations. *Ecclus. xlv. 7.*
- Great is truth, and mighty above all things. *Esdrae iv. 51.*
- Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds, before they be withered. *Wisdom of Solomon ii. 8.*
- And Nicanor lay dead in his harness. *1 Maccabees xv. 28.*



## NEW TESTAMENT.

- Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not. *Matthew ii. 18. Jer. xxxi. 15.*
- Man shall not live by bread alone. *Matt. iv. 4. Deut. viii. 3.*
- Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? *Matt. v. 13.*
- Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid. *Matt. v. 14.*
- But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth. *Matt. vi. 3.*
- Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. *Matt. vi. 21.*

Ye cannot serve God and Mammon. *Matthew vi. 24.*

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin. *Matt. vi. 28.*

Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. *Matt. vi. 34.*

Neither cast ye your pearls before swine. *Matt. vii. 6.*

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. *Matt. vii. 7.*

The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head. *Matt. viii. 20.*

The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few. *Matt. ix. 37.*

Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves. *Matt. x. 16.*

But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. *Matt. x. 30.*

But Wisdom is justified of her children. *Matt. xi. 19. Luke vii. 35.*

The tree is known by his fruit. *Matt. xii. 33.*

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. *Matt. xii. 34.*

Pearl of great price. *Matt. xiii. 46.*

A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country and in his own house. *Matt. xiii. 57.*

Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid. *Matt. xiv. 27.*

And if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch. *Matt. xv. 14.*

Yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table. *Matt. xv. 27.*

Get thee behind me, Satan. *Matt. xvi. 23.*

For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? *Matt. xvi. 26.*

It is good for us to be here. *Matt. xvii. 4.*

What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder. *Matt. xix. 6.*

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. *Matt. xix. 24.*

Which have borne the burden and heat of the day. *Matt. xx. 12.*

Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? *Matt. xx. 15.*

For many are called, but few are chosen. *Matt. xxii. 14.*

Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's. *Matt. xxii. 21.*

Woe unto you, . . . for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin.  
*Matthew xxiii. 23.*

Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.  
*Matt. xxiii. 24.*

For ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones.  
*Matt. xxiii. 27.*

As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings.  
*Matt. xxiii. 37.*

For wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together.  
*Matt. xxiv. 28.*

Unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance : but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.  
*Matt. xxv. 29.*

Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation : the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.  
*Matt. xxvi. 41.*

The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath.  
*Mark ii. 27.*

If a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand.  
*Mark iii. 25.*

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.  
*Mark iv. 9.*

My name is Legion.  
*Mark v. 9.*

Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.  
*Mark ix. 44.*

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.  
*Luke ii. 14.*

And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees.  
*Luke iii. 9.*

Physician, heal thyself.  
*Luke iv. 23.*

The labourer is worthy of his hire.  
*Luke x. 7. 1 Tim. v. 18.*

Go, and do thou likewise.  
*Luke x. 37.*

But one thing is needful : and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.  
*Luke x. 42.*

He that is not with me is against me.  
*Luke xi. 23.*

And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.  
*Luke xii. 19.*

Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning.  
*Luke xii. 35.*

For the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.  
*Luke xvi. 8.*

It were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea.  
*Luke xvii. 2.*

Remember Lot's wife.  
*Luke xvii. 32.*

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee.  
*Luke xix. 22.*



- For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?  
*Luke xxiii. 31.*
- Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? *John i. 46.*
- The wind bloweth where it listeth. *John iii. 8.*
- He was a burning and a shining light. *John v. 35.*
- Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost. *John vi. 12.*
- Judge not according to the appearance. *John vii. 24.*
- The Truth shall make you free. *John viii. 32.*
- For the poor always ye have with you. *John xii. 8.*
- Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you.  
*John xii. 35.*
- Let not your heart be troubled. *John xiv. 1.*
- In my Father's house are many mansions. *John xiv. 2.*
- Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.  
*John xv. 13.*
- It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. *Acts ix. 5.*
- Lewd fellows of the baser sort. *Acts xvii. 5.*
- The law is open. *Acts xix. 38.*
- It is more blessed to give than to receive. *Acts xx. 35.*
- Speak forth the words of truth and soberness. *Acts xxvi. 25.*
- For there is no respect of persons with God. *Romans ii. 11.*
- As some affirm that we say, Let us do evil that good may come.  
*Rom. iii. 8.*
- Fear of God before their eyes. *Rom. iii. 18.*
- Who against hope believed in hope. *Rom. iv. 18.*
- For the wages of sin is death. *Rom. vi. 23.*
- And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God.  
*Rom. viii. 28.*
- A zeal of God, but not according to knowledge. *Rom. x. 2.*
- Be not wise in your own conceits. *Rom. xii. 16.*
- Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink :  
for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. *Rom. xii. 20.*
- Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. *Rom. xii. 21.*
- The powers that be are ordained of God. *Rom. xiii. 1.*
- Render therefore to all their dues. *Rom. xiii. 7.*
- Owe no man anything, but to love one another. *Rom. xiii. 8.*

Love is the fulfilling of the law.	<i>Romans</i> xiii. 10.
Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.	<i>Rom.</i> xiv. 5.
I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase.	<i>1 Corinthians</i> iii. 6.
Every man's work shall be made manifest.	<i>1 Cor.</i> iii. 13.
Not to think of men above that which is written. <sup>1</sup>	<i>1 Cor.</i> iv. 6.
Absent in body, but present in spirit.	<i>1 Cor.</i> v. 3.
Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump?	<i>1 Cor.</i> v. 6.
For the fashion of this world passeth away.	<i>1 Cor.</i> vii. 31.
I am made all things to all men.	<i>1 Cor.</i> ix. 22.
Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.	<i>1 Cor.</i> x. 12.
As sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.	<i>1 Cor.</i> xiii. 1.
When I was a child, I spake as a child.	<i>1 Cor.</i> xiii. 11.
For now we see through a glass, darkly.	<i>1 Cor.</i> xiii. 12.
Let all things be done decently and in order.	<i>1 Cor.</i> xiv. 40.
Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners. <sup>2</sup>	<i>1 Cor.</i> xv. 33.
The first man is of the earth, earthy.	<i>1 Cor.</i> xv. 47.
In the twinkling of an eye.	<i>1 Cor.</i> xv. 52.
O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?	<i>1 Cor.</i> xv. 55.
Not of the letter, but of the spirit; for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.	<i>2 Cor.</i> iii. 6.
We walk by faith, not by sight.	<i>2 Cor.</i> v. 7.
Behold, now is the accepted time.	<i>2 Cor.</i> vi. 2.
By evil report and good report.	<i>2 Cor.</i> vi. 8.
The right hands of fellowship.	<i>Galatians</i> ii. 9.
For every man shall bear his own burden.	<i>Gal.</i> vi. 5.
Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.	<i>Gal.</i> vi. 7.
Be ye angry, and sin not: let not the sun go down upon your wrath.	<i>Ephesians</i> iv. 26.
For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.	<i>Philippians</i> i. 21.
Whose God is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame.	<i>Phil.</i> iii. 19.

<sup>1</sup> Usually quoted, "to be wise above that which is written."

<sup>2</sup> Φθειρόουσιν ἡθὴν χρεῖσθ' ὁμιλίαι κακαί.—Menander.

Dübner's edition of his *Fragments*, appended to Aristophanes in Didot's *Bibliotheca Græca*, p. 102, l. 101.

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things. *Philippians iv. 8.*

Touch not; taste not; handle not. *Colossians ii. 21.*

Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt. *Col. iv. 6.*

Remembering without ceasing your work of faith and labour of love.

*1 Thessalonians i. 3.*

Study to be quiet.

*1 Thess. iv. 11.*

Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.

*1 Thess. v. 21.*

The law is good, if a man use it lawfully.

*1 Timothy i. 8.*

Not greedy of filthy lucre.

*1 Tim. iii. 3.*

Busy-bodies, speaking things which they ought not.

*1 Tim. v. 13.*

Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake.

*1 Tim. v. 23.*

For the love of money is the root of all evil.

*1 Tim. vi. 10.*

Fight the good fight.

*1 Tim. vi. 12.*

Rich in good works.

*1 Tim. vi. 18.*

Science falsely so called.

*1 Tim. vi. 20.*

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.

*2 Tim. iv. 7.*

Unto the pure all things are pure.

*Titus i. 15.*

Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

*Hebrews xi. 1.*

Of whom the world was not worthy.

*Heb. xi. 38.*

A cloud of witnesses.

*Heb. xii. 1.*

For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.

*Heb. xii. 6.*

The spirits of just men made perfect.

*Heb. xii. 23.*

Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.

*Heb. xiii. 2.*

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life.

*James i. 12.*

Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!

*James iii. 5.*

The tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil.<sup>1</sup>

*James iii. 8.*

Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.

*James iv. 7.*

Hope to the end.

*1 Peter i. 13.*

<sup>1</sup> Usually quoted, "The tongue is an unruly member."

Fear God. Honour the king.	1 Peter ii. 17.
Ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.	1 Peter iii. 4.
Giving honour unto the wife as unto the weaker vessel.	1 Peter iii. 7.
Be ye all of one mind.	1 Peter iii. 8.
Charity shall cover the multitude of sins.	1 Peter iv. 8.
Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.	1 Peter v. 8.
The dog is turned to his own vomit again.	2 Peter ii. 22.
Bowels of compassion	1 John iii. 17.
There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear.	1 John iv. 18.
Be thou faithful unto death.	Revelation ii. 10.
He shall rule them with a rod of iron.	Rev. ii. 27.
I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.	Rev. xxii. 13.



#### BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done.

*Morning Prayer.*

The noble army of martyrs.

*Ibid.*

Afflicted, or distressed, in mind, body, or estate.

*Prayer for all Conditions of Men.*

Have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

*The Litany.*

From envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness.

*Ibid.*

The world, the flesh, and the devil.

*Ibid.*

The kindly fruits of the earth.

*Ibid.*

Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.

*Collect for the Second Sunday in Advent.*

Renounce the devil and all his works.

*Baptism of Infants.*

The pomps and vanity of this wicked world.

*Catechism.*

To keep my hands from picking and stealing.

*Ibid.*

To do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me.

*Ibid.*

An outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace.

*Ibid.*

Let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace.

*Solemnization of Matrimony.*

To have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part.

*Ibid.*



SOLEMNIZATION OF MATRIMONY—*continued.*]

To love, cherish, and to obey. *Ibid.*

With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow. *Ibid.*

In the midst of life we are in death.<sup>1</sup> *The Burial Service.*

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection. *Ibid.*

But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend. *The Psalter. Ps. lv. 14.*

The iron entered into his soul. *Ps. cv. 18.*



TATE AND BRADY.

And though he promise to his loss,  
He makes his promise good. *Ps. xv. 5.*

The sweet remembrance of the just  
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust. *Ps. xci. 4.*

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<sup>1</sup> This is derived from a Latin antiphon, said to have been composed by Notker, a monk of St. Gall, in 911, while watching some workmen building a bridge at Martinsbrücke, in peril of their lives. It forms the groundwork of Luther's antiphon *De Morte*.



## APPENDIX.

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A Cadmean victory.

*Greek Proverb.*

Συμμοιγόντων δὲ τῇ ναυμαχίῃ, Καδμείῃ τις νίκη τοῖσι Φωκασιῦσι ἰγίνιτο

*Herod. i. 166.*

A Cadmean victory was one in which the victors suffered as much as their enemies.

The half is more than the whole.

Νῆπιος οὐδὲ ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλείον ἤμισυ παντός.

*Hesiod, Works and Days, v. 40.*

To leave no stone unturned.

Πάντα κινῆσαι πύργον.—Euripides, *Heraclid.* 1002.

This may be traced to a response of the Delphic Oracle, given to Polycrates, as the best means of finding a treasure buried by Xerxes' general, Mardonius, on the field of Platæa. The Oracle replied, Πάντα λίθον κίνη, Turn every stone.

*Corp. Paræmiogr. Græc. i. p. 146.*

The blood of the Martyrs is the seed of the Church.

Plures efficimur, quoties metimur a vobis; semen est sanguis Christianorum.

*Tertullian, Apologet., c. 50.*

Man is a two-legged animal without feathers.

Plato having defined man to be a two-legged animal without feathers, he (Diogenes) plucked a cock, and, bringing him into the school, said "Here is Plato's man." From which there was added to the definition, "with broad, flat nails."

*Diogenes Laertius, Lib. vi. c. ii. Vit. Diog. Ch. vi. § 40.*

I believe it, because it is impossible.

Credo, quia impossibile.

This is a misquotation of Tertullian, whose words are,

Certum est, quia impossibile est. *De Carne Christi, c. 5.*

Every man is the architect of his own fortune.

Sed res docuit id verum esse quod in carminibus Appius ait, "Fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ."

*Pseudo-Sallust. Epist. de Rep. Ordin. ii. 1.*

Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion.

Cæsar was asked why he had divorced his wife. "Because," said he, "I would have the chastity of my wife clear even of suspicion."

Plutarch, *Life of Cæsar*. Ch. 10.

Strike, but hear.

Eurybiades lifting up his staff as if he was going to strike, Themistocles said "Strike if you will, but hear."

Plutarch, *Life of Themistocles*.

Where the shoe pinches.

In the *Life of Æmilius Paulus*, Plutarch relates the story of a Roman being divorced from his wife. "This person being highly blamed by his friends, who demanded,—was she not chaste? was she not fair?—holding out his shoe asked them whether it was not new, and well made. Yet, added he, none of you can tell where it pinches me."

To smell of the lamp.

Plutarch, *Life of Demosthenes*. Ch. 8.

Appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober.

Inserit se tantis viris mulier alienigeni sanguinis : quæ a Philippo rege temulento immerenter damnata, Provocarem ad Philippum, inquit, sed sobrium.

Val. Maximus. Lib. vi. cap. 2.

To call a spade a spade.

Plutarch, *Reg. et Imp. Apoph. Philip*. xv.

Τὰ σῦχα σῦχα, τὴν σκάρην δὲ σκάρην ἐνομάζων

Aristophanes, as quoted in Lucian, *Quom. Hist. sit conscrib.* 41.

Begging the question.

This is a common logical fallacy, *petitio principii*; and the first explanation of the phrase is to be found in Aristotle's *Topica*, viii. 13, where the five ways of begging the question are set forth. The earliest English work in which the expression is found is "*The Arte of Logike plainlie set forth in our English Tongue*, &c. 1584."

The sinews of war.

Æschines (*Adv. Ctesiph.* ch. 53) ascribes to Demosthenes the expression ὑποτέμνεται τὰ νεῦρα τῶν πραγμάτων, "the sinews of affairs are cut." Diogenes Laertius, in his *Life of Bion* (lib. iv. c. 7, § 3), represents that philosopher assaying τὸν πλοῦτον εἶναι νεῦρα πραγμάτων, "that riches were the sinews of business," or, as the phrase may mean, "of the state." Referring, perhaps, to this maxim of Bion, Plutarch says in his *Life of Cleomenes* (c. 27), "He who first called money the sinews of the state seems to have said this with special reference to war." Accordingly we find money called expressly τὰ νεῦρα τοῦ πολέμου, "the sinews of war," in Libanius, *Orat.* xlv. (vol. ii. p. 477, ed. Reiske), and by the Scholiast on Pindar, *Olymp.* i. 4 (comp. Photius, *Lex.* s. v. Μεγάνορος πλούτου). So Cicero *Philipp.* v. 2, "nervos belli infinitam pecuniam."

Adding insult to injury.

A fly bit the bare pate of a bald man; who, endeavouring to crush it, gave himself a heavy blow. Then said the fly, jeeringly: "You wanted to revenge the sting of a tiny insect with death; what will you do to yourself, who have added insult to injury?"

Quid facies tibi,

Injurizæ qui addideris contumeliam?

Phædrus, *The Bald Man and the Fly*. Book v. Fable 3.

When at Rome, do as the Romans do.

St. Augustine was in the habit of dining upon Saturday as upon Sunday; but, being puzzled with the different practices then prevailing (for they had begun to fast at Rome on Saturday), consulted St. Ambrose on the subject. Now at Milan they did not fast on Saturday, and the answer of the Milan saint was this:—

"When I am here, I do not fast on Saturday; when at Rome, I do fast on Saturday."

"Quando hic sum, non jejuno Sabbato: quando Romæ sum, jejuno Sabbato."

St. Augustine, *Epistle xxxvi. to Casulanus*.

When they are at Rome, they do there as they see done.

Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part iii. Sec. 4, Mem. 2, Subs. 1.

I see the right, and I approve it too,  
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.

Video meliora proboque;

Deteriora sequor.

Ovid, *Metamorphosis*, Book vii. Line 29. Translated by Tate and Stonestreet, ed. Garth.

The Art preservative of all arts.

From the inscription upon the façade of the house at Harlem, formerly occupied by Laurent Koster or Coster, who is charged, among others, with the invention of printing. Mention is first made of this inscription about 1628.

MEMORIÆ SACRUM

TYPOGRAPHIÆ

ARS ARTIUM OMNIUM

CONSERVATRIX.

HIC PRIMUM INVENTA

CIRCA ANNUM MCCCCXL.

That same man, that runnith awaie,  
Maie again fight an other daie.

Erasmus, *Apothegms*, Trans. by Udall, 1542.

For those that fly may fight again,  
Which he can never do that's slain.

Butler, *Hudibras*. Part iii. Canto 3.



He that fights and runs away  
May turn and fight another day;  
But he that is in battle slain  
Will never rise to fight again.

Ray's *History of the Rebellion*, p. 48. Bristol, 1752.

For he who fights and runs away  
May live to fight another day;  
But he who is in battle slain  
Can never rise and fight again.

*The Art of Poetry on a New Plan.* Edited by Oliver  
Goldsmith (?) Vol. ii. p. 147. London, 1761.

Sed omissis quidem divinis exhortationibus illum magis Græcum versiculum secularis sententiæ sibi adhibent. *Qui fugiebat, rursus præhabitur.* ut et rursus forsitan fugiat.

Tertullian, *De Fuga in Persecutione*, c. 10.

The corresponding Greek,

Ἀνὴρ ὁ φυγὼν καὶ πάλιν μαχίσεται,

is ascribed to Menander in Dubner's edition of his *Fragments* (appended to Aristophanes in Didot's *Bibliotheca Græca*), p. 91

Qui fuit, peut revenir aussi;  
Qui meurt, il n'en est pas ainsi. Scarron (1610—1660).

Souvent celui qui demeure  
Est cause de son meschef;  
Celuy qui fuit de bonne heure  
Peut combattre derechef

From the *Satyre Menippée*, 1594.

Junius, Aprilis, Septémq; Nouemq; tricenos,  
Vnum plus reliqui, Februs tenet octo vicanos,  
At si bissextus fuerit superadditur vnus.

Harrison's *Description of Britaine*, prefixed to  
Holnshed's *Chronicles*, 1577.

Thirty dayes hath Nouember,  
Aprill, June, and September,  
February hath xxviii alone,  
And all the rest have xxxi

Grafton's *Chronicles of England*, 1590.

Thirty days hath September,  
April, June, and November,  
February eight-and-twenty all alone,  
And all the rest have thirty-one,  
Unless that leap year doth combine,  
And give to February twenty-nine.

*The Return from Parnassus* London, 1606.

Thirty days hath September,  
 April, June, and November,  
 All the rest have thirty-one  
 Excepting February alone:  
 Which hath but twenty-eight, in fine,  
 Till leap year gives it twenty-nine.

Common in the New England States.

Fourth, eleventh, ninth, and sixth,  
 Thirty days to each affix;  
 Every other thirty-one  
 Except the second month alone.

Common in Chester County, Pa. among the Friends.

It is unseasonable and unwholesome in all months that have not an R in their name to eat an oyster. Butler, *Dry's Dry Dinner*. 1599.

Old wood to burn! Old wine to drink! Old friends to trust! Old authors to read!

Alonso of Aragon was wont to say, in commendation of age, that age appeared to be best in these four things.

Melchior, *Florista Española de Apothegmas o sentencias*, &c., ii.

i. 20. Bacon, *Apothegms*, 97.

Is not old wine wholesomest, old pippins toothsomest, old wood burns brightest, old linen wash whitest? Old soldiers, sweetheart, are surest, and old lovers are soundest.

John Webster, *Westward Ho*. Act ii. Sc. 2.

What find you better or more honourable than age? Take the pre-eminence of it in everything: in an old friend, in old wine, in an old pedigree. Shakerly Marmion, *The Antiquary*. Act ii. Sc. 1.

I love everything that's old. Old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine.—Goldsmith, *She Stoops to Conquer*. Act i. Sc. 1.

Nose, nose, nose, nose,  
 And who gave thee that jolly red nose?  
 Sinament and Ginger, Nutmegs and Cloves,  
 And that gave me my jolly red nose.<sup>1</sup>

Ravenscroft's *Deuteromela*, Song No. 7. 1609.

Begone, dull Care, I prithee begone from me;  
 Begone, dull Care, thou and I shall never agree.

Playford's *Musical Companion*. 1687.

Fiat Justitia ruat Cœlum.

This phrase, used by Lord Mansfield in the case of *King vs. Wilkes*, Burrow's Reports, vol. iv., 2562 (A.D.) 1770, is found in Ward's *Simple Cobbler of Aggawam in America*. (First printed in 1645.)

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Act i. Sc. 3.

God always favours the heaviest battalions.

Deos fortioribus adesse.

'Tacitus, *Hist.* Book iv. xvii.

Dieu est d'ordinaire pour les gros escadrons contre les petits.

Bussy Rabutin, *Lettres*, iv. 91. Oct. 18, 1677.

Le nombre des sages sera toujours petit. Il est vrai qu'il est augmenté; mais ce n'est rien en comparaison des sots, et par malheur on dit que Dieu est toujours pour les gros bataillons.

Voltaire to M. Le Riche, February 6, 1770

When Adam dolve, and Eve span,

Who was then the gentleman?

Lines used by John Ball, to encourage the Rebels  
in Wat Tyler's Rebellion. Hume's *History of  
England.* Vol. i. Ch. 17, Note 8.

Now bething the, gentilman,

How Adam dalf and Eve span.

From a MS. of the 15th Century in the British  
Museum. *Songs and Carols.*

The same proverb existed in German. Agricola (*Prov. No.* 264).

So Adam reutte, und Eva span;

Wer was da ein eddelman.

Die in the last ditch.

To William of Orange may be ascribed this saying. When Buckingham urged the inevitable destruction which hung over the United Provinces, and asked him whether he did not see that the Commonwealth was ruined, "There is one certain means," replied the prince, "by which I can be sure never to see my country's ruin,—*I will die in the last ditch.*"

Hume, *History of England.* 1672.

A Rowland for an Oliver.

These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and their exploits are rendered so ridiculously and equally extravagant by the old romancers, that from thence arose that saying, amongst our plain and sensible ancestors, of giving one a "Rowland for his Oliver," to signify the matching one incredible lie with another.

Thomas Warburton.

All is lost save honour.

It was from the imperial camp near Pavia, that Francis the First, before leaving for Pizzighettone, wrote to his mother the memorable letter which, thanks to tradition, has become altered to the form of this sublime laconism: "Madame, tout est perdu fors l'honneur."

The true expression is, "Madame, pour vous faire savoir comme se

porte le reste de mon infortune, de toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que l'honneur et la vie qui est sauvé."

Martin, *Histoire de France*. Tom. viii.

Hobson's choice.

Tobias Hobson was the first man in England that let out hackney horses. When a man came for a horse, he was led into the stable, where there was a great choice, but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable door; so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance, from whence it became a proverb, when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say "Hobson's choice."

*Spectator*. No. 509.

Put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

Colonel Blacker, *Oliver's Advice*. 1834.

There is a well-authenticated anecdote of Cromwell. On a certain occasion, when his troops were about crossing a river to attack the enemy, he concluded an address, couched in the usual fanatic terms in use among them, with these words: "Put your trust in God; but mind to keep your powder dry."

Hayes's *Ballads of Ireland*. Vol. i. p. 191.

Am I not a man and a brother?

From a medallion by Wedgwood (1768), representing a negro in chains, with one knee on the ground, and both hands lifted up to heaven. This was adopted as a characteristic seal by the Anti-slavery Society of London.

For angling-rod, he took a sturdy oak;  
For line a cable, that in storm ne'er broke;

His hook was baited with a dragon's tail,  
And then on rock he stood to bob for whale.

From *The Mock Romance*, a rhapsody attached to *The Loves of Hero and Leander*, published in London in the years 1653 and 1677. Chambers's *Book of Days*, Vol. i. p. 173.

In Chalmers's *British Poets* the following is ascribed to William King (1663—1712).

His angle-rod made of a sturdy oak;  
His line a cable which in storms ne'er broke;  
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,  
And sat upon a rock, and bobbed for whale.

*Upon a Giant's Angling*.

As good as a play.

An exclamation of Charles II. when in Parliament attending the discussion of Lord Ross's Divorce Bill.



The king remained in the House of Peers while his speech was taken into consideration,—a common practice with him, for the debates amused his sated mind, and were sometimes, he used to say, as good as a comedy.

Macaulay, *Review of the Life and Writings of Sir William Temple*.

When in doubt, win the trick.

Hoyle, *Twenty-four Rules for Learners*. Rule 12

Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God.

From an inscription on the cannon near which the ashes of President John Bradshaw were lodged, on the top of a high hill near Martha Bay in Jamaica.

Stiles's *History of the Three Judges of King Charles I.*

This supposititious epitaph was found among the papers of Mr. Jefferson, and in his handwriting. It was supposed to be one of Dr. Franklin's spirit-stirring inspirations

Randall's *Life of Jefferson*. Vol. iii p. 585

Nation of shopkeepers

From an oration purporting to have been delivered by Samuel Adams at the State House in Philadelphia, August 1, 1776. *Philadelphia, printed, London, reprinted for E. Johnson, No. 4, Ludgate Hill. MDCCLXXVI.*<sup>1</sup>

To found a great empire for the sole purpose of raising up a people of customers may at first sight appear a project fit only for a nation of shopkeepers.—Adam Smith, *Wealth of Nations*. Vol. II. Book IV. Ch VII Part 3 1775.

And what is true of a shopkeeper is true of a shopkeeping nation.

Tucker, *Dean of Gloucester*. Tract. 1766.

Speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts

Ils n'employent les paroles que pour déguiser leurs pensées

Voltaire, *Dialogue* xiv *Le Chapon et la Poularde*.

When Harel wished to put a joke or witticism into circulation, he was in the habit of connecting it with some celebrated name, on the chance of reclaiming it if it took. Thus he assigned to Talleyrand in the *Nain Jaune* the phrase, "Speech was given to man to disguise his thoughts."

Fournier, *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire*.

Where Nature's end of language is declined,

And men talk only to conceal the mind.

Young, *Love of Fame*. Satire ii. Line 207.

The germ of this saying is to be found in Jeremy Taylor; South, Butler, Young, Lloyd, and Goldsmith have repeated it after him

<sup>1</sup> No such American edition has ever been seen, but at least four copies are known of the London issue. A German translation of this oration was printed in 1778, perhaps at Berne; the place of publication is not given.—Wells's *Life of Adams*.

## Beginning of the end.

Mr. Fournier asserts, on the written authority of Talleyrand's brother, that the only breviary used by the ex-bishop was *L'improvisateur Français*, a compilation of anecdotes and *bons-mots*, in twenty-one duodecimo volumes.

Whenever a good thing was wandering about in search of a parent, he adopted it; amongst others, "C'est le commencement de la fin."

To shew our simple skill,  
That is the true beginning of our end.  
Shakespeare, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Act v. Sc. 1.

## Defend me from my friends.

The French Ana assign to Maréchal Villars taking leave of Louis XIV. this aphorism, "Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies."

But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,  
Save, save, oh save me from the candid friend!  
Canning, *The New Morality*.

## Orthodoxy is my doxy, Heterodoxy is another man's doxy.

"I have heard frequent use," said the late Lord Sandwich, in a debate on the Test Laws, "of the words 'orthodoxy' and 'heterodoxy'; but I confess myself at a loss to know precisely what they mean." "Orthodoxy, my Lord," said Bishop Warburton, in a whisper,— "orthodoxy is my doxy,—heterodoxy is another man's doxy."  
Priestley's *Memoirs*. Vol. i. p. 372.

## No one is a hero to his valet.

This phrase is commonly attributed to Madame de Sévigné, but, on the authority of Madame Aisse, belongs to Madame Cornuel.  
*Lettres, édit. J. Ravenal*. 1853.

Few men are admired by their servants.  
Montaigne, *Essais*. Book iii. Ch. 11.

When Hermodotus in his poems described Antigonus as the son of Helios (the sun), "My valet-de-chambre," said he, "is not aware of this."  
Plutarch, *De Iside et Osiride*. Ch. xxiv.

## Greatest happiness of the greatest number.

Priestley was the first (unless it was Beccaria)<sup>1</sup> who taught my lips to pronounce this sacred truth,—that the greatest happiness of the greatest number is the foundation of morals and legislation.  
Bentham's *Works*. Vol. x. p. 142.

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<sup>1</sup> The expression is used by Beccaria in the introduction to his *Essay on Crimes and Punishments*.

**Ridicule the test of truth.-**

How comes it to pass, then, that we appear such cowards in reasoning, and are so afraid to stand the test of ridicule?

Shaftesbury, *Characteristicks. A Letter concerning Enthusiasm. Sec. 2.*

Truth, 't is supposed, may bear all lights; and one of those principal lights or natural mediums by which things are to be viewed, in order to a thorough recognition, is ridicule itself.

*Ibid. Essay on the Freedom of Wit and Humour. Sec. 1.*

'T was the saying of an ancient sage,<sup>1</sup> that humour was the only test of gravity; and gravity, of humour. For a subject which would not bear raillery was suspicious; and a jest which would not bear a serious examination was certainly false wit.

*Ibid. Sec. v.*

Even such is Time, that takes on trust  
Our youth, our joyes, our all we have,  
And pays us but with age and dust;  
Who in the dark and silent grave,  
When we have wandered all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days;  
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,  
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

*Verses written by Sir Walter Raleigh the night before his death.* According to Oldys, they were found in his Bible.

Go, Soul, the body's guest,  
Upon a thankless arrant;  
Fear not to touch the best,  
The truth shall be thy warrant;  
Go, since I needs must die,  
And give the world the lie.

*The Lie.*

This poem is traced in manuscript to the year 1593. It first appeared in print in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*, second edition, 1608. It has been assigned to various authors, but on Raleigh's side there is good evidence, besides the internal testimony, which appears to us irresistible. Two answers to it, written in Raleigh's lifetime, ascribe it to him; and two manuscript copies of the period of Elizabeth bear the title of "Sir Walter Rawleigh his Lie."

*Chambers's Cyclopædia. Vol. i. p. 120.*

<sup>1</sup> We have, oftener than once, endeavoured to attach some meaning to that aphorism, vulgarly imputed to Shaftesbury, which, however, we can find nowhere in his works, that *ridicule is the test of truth*.—Carlyle, *Miscellanies. Voltaire.*

<sup>2</sup> Gorgias Leontinus, *apud Arist. Rhetor, lib. 3, cap. 18.*

## Carpet knights.

As much valour is to be found in feasting as in fighting; and some of our city captains and carpet knights will make this good, and prove it.

Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pt. i. Sec. 2, Mem. 2, Subs. 2.

## From Percy's Reliques.

My mind to me a kingdom is;<sup>1</sup>

Such perfect joy therein I find,  
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,

That God and Nature hath assigned.  
Though much I want that most would have,  
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

*My mind to me a kingdom is.* From Byrd's  
*Psalmes, Sonnets, &c.*, 1588.

He that had neyther been kithe nor kin

Might have seen a full fayre sight. *Guy of Gisborne.*

Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone,

Wi' the auld moon in hir arme. *Sir Patrick Spens.*<sup>2</sup>

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,

Thy sorrow is in vain;

For violets plucked the sweetest showers

Will ne'er make grow again.

*The Friar of Orders Gray.*

Every white will have its black,

And every sweet its sour.

*Sir Carline.*

We 'll shine in more substantial honours,

And to be noble we 'll be good.

*Winifreda* (1726).

And when with envy Time, transported,

Shall think to rob us of our joys,

You 'll in your girls again be courted,

And I 'll go wooing in my boys.

*Ibid.*

He that wold not when he might,

He shall not when he wolda.<sup>3</sup>

*The Baffled Knight.*

<sup>1</sup> Mens regnum bona possidet.

Seneca, *Thyestes*, Act ii. Line 380.

My mind to me an empire is

While grace affordeth health.

Robert Southwell (1560—1595). *Look Home.*

<sup>2</sup> I saw the new moon, late yestreen,

Wi' the auld moon in her arm.

From *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*

<sup>3</sup> He that will not when he may,

When he will, he shall have nay.

Burton, *Anat. of Mel.* p. iii. Sec. 2, Mem. 5, Subs. 5.



The Guard dies, but never surrenders.

This phrase, attributed to Cambronne, who was made prisoner at Waterloo, was vehemently denied by him. It was invented by Rougemont, a prolific author of *mots*, two days after the battle, in the *Indépendant*. Fournier, *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire*.

I do not give you to posterity as a pattern to imitate, but an example to deter. Junius, *Letter xii. To the Duke of Grafton*.

The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute.<sup>1</sup> *Letter xxxvii. City Address and the King's Answer*.

Private credit is wealth, public honour is security; the feather that adorns the royal bird supports its flight; strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth. *Letter xlii. Affair of the Falkland Islands*.

From the New England Primer.

In Adam's fall,  
We sinned all,  
My Book and Heart  
Must never part.  
Young Obadiah,  
David, Josiah,—  
All were pious.  
Peter deny'd  
His Lord, and cry'd.  
Young Timothy  
Learnt sin to fly.  
Xerxes did die,  
And so must I.  
Zaccheus he  
Did climb the tree  
Our Lord to see.

Our days begin with trouble here,  
Our life is but a span,  
And cruel death is always near,  
So frail a thing is man.

Now I lay me down to take my sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

His wife, with nine small children and one at the breast, following him to the stake.—*Martyrdom of Mr. John Rogers. Burnt at Smithfield, Feb. 14, 1554.*

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Gibbon, p. 203.

The wisdom of many and the wit of one.

A definition of a proverb which Lord John Russell gave one morning at breakfast, at Mardock's,—“One man's wit, and all men's wisdom.”

*Memoirs of Mackintosh. Vol. ii. p. 473.*

Count that day lost whose low descending sun  
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

Staniford's *Art of Reading. Third Edition, p. 27. Boston, 1803.*

In the Preface to Mr. Nichol's work on *Autographs*, among other albums noticed by him as being in the British Museum is that of David Krieg with Jacob Bobart's autograph, and the following verses.<sup>1</sup>

“*Virtus sua gloria.*”

Think that day lost whose [low] descending sun  
Views from thy hand no noble action done.

Bobart died about 1726. He was a son of the celebrated botanist of that name.

Order reigns in Warsaw.

General Sebastian announced the fall of Warsaw in the Chamber of Deputies, Sept. 16, 1834 : Des lettres que je reçois de Pologne m'annoncent que la tranquillité règne à Varsovie.

Dumas, *Memoires, 2nd Series. Vol. iv. Ch. 3.*

A foreign nation is a contemporaneous posterity.

Byron's European fame is the best earnest of his immortality, for a foreign nation is a kind of contemporaneous posterity.

Stanley, or *The Recollections of a Man of the World. Vol. ii. p. 89.*

Young men think old men fools, and old men know young men to be so.

Quoted by Camden as a saying of one Dr. Metcalf. It is now in many people's mouths, and likely to pass into a proverb.

Ray's *Proverbs, p. 145, ed. Bohn.*



#### PROVERBIAL EXPRESSIONS,

FROM ENGLISH WRITERS, WHICH ARE OF COMMON ORIGIN.

All that glisters is not gold.

Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice, Act ii. Sc. 7.*

All is not gold that glisteneth. Middleton, *A Fair Quarrel, Act v. Sc. 1.*

All thing, which that shineth as the gold  
Ne is no gold, as I have herd it told.

Chaucer, *The Chanones Yemannes Tale, Line 243.*

<sup>1</sup> *Notes and Queries, 1st Series, Vol. vii. p. 159.*

All is not golde that outward shewith bright.

Lydgate, *On the Mutability of Human Affairs*.

Gold all is not that doth golden seem.

Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, Book ii. Canto 8, St. 14.

All is not gold that glisters.

Herbert, *Facula Prudentum*.

All, as they say, that glitters is not gold.

Dryden, *Hind and Panther*.

Another, yet the same.

Pope, *Dunciad*, Book iii. Tickell, *From a Lady in England*. Johnson, *Life of Dryden*. Darwin, *Botanic Garden*, Pt. i. Canto 4, l. 380.  
Wordsworth, *The Excursion*, Book ix. Scott, *The Abbot*, Ch. 1.

Aliusque et idem.

Horace, *Carm. Sec. l. 10*.

At sixes and sevens.

Middleton, *The Widow*. Act i. Sc. 2.

Better late than never.

Tusser, *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*. Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*, Pt. 1. Murphy, *The School for Guardians*, Act 1.

By hook or crook.

Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, Book iii. Canto 1, St. 17. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Women Pleased*, Act i. Sc. 3.

Castles in the air.

Stirling, *Sonnets*, S. 6. Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, *The Author's Abstract*. Sidney, *Defence of Poesy*. Sir Thomas Browne, *Letter to a Friend*. Giles Fletcher, *Christ's History*, Pt. ii. Swift, *Duke Grafton's Answer*. Broome, *Poverty and Poetry*. Fielding, *Epistle to Walpole*. Cibber, *Non Juror*, Act ii. Churchill, *Epistle to Lloyd*. Shenstone, *On Taste*, Pt. ii. Lloyd, *Epistle to Colman*.

Compare great things with small.

Virgil, *Georgics*, Book iv. l. 176. Milton, *Par. Lost*, Book ii. l. 921.  
Cowley, *The Motto*. Dryden, *Ovid's Met.*, Book i. l. 727. Tickell, *Poem on Hunting*. Pope, *Windsor Forest*.

Comparisons are odious.

Burton, *Anat. of Mel.*, Pt. iii. Sec. 3, Mem. 1, Subs. 2. Heywood, *A Woman killed with Kindness*, Act i. Sc. 1. Donne, *El. 8*.  
Herbert, *Facula Prudentum*.

Comparisons are odorous.

Shakespeare, *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii. Sc. 5.

Comparisons are offensive.

Don Quixote, Pt. ii. Ch. i.

Dark as pitch.

Ray's *Proverbs*. Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*, Pt. 1.

Deeds, not words.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Lover's Progress*, Act iii. Sc. 1. Butler, *Hudibras*, Pt. i. C. 1, l. 867.

Devil take the hindmost.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Bonduca*, Act iv. Sc. 3. Butler, *Hudibras*, Pt. i. Canto 2, l. 633. Prior, *Ode on Taking Nemur*. Pope, *Dunciad*, Book ii. l. 60. Burns, *To a Haggis*.

Diamonds cut diamonds. Ford, *The Lover's Melancholy*, Act i. Sc. 1.

Discretion the best part of valour.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *A King, and no King*, Act iv. Sc. 3.

The better part of valour is discretion.

Shakespeare, *Henry IV.*, Pt. i. Act v. Sc. 4. Churchill, *The Ghost*, Book i. l. 232.

Eat thy cake and have it too.

Herbert, *The Sizer*. Bickerstaff, *Thomas and Sally*.

Enough is good as a feast.

Ray's *Proverbs*. Bickerstaff, *Love in a Village*, Act iii. Sc. 1.

Every tub must stand upon its own bottom.

Ray's *Proverbs*. Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*, Macklin, *The Man of the World*, Act i. Sc. 2.

Every why hath a wherefore.

Shakespeare, *Comedy of Errors*, Act ii. Sc. 2. Butler, *Hudibras*, Pt. i. Canto 1, l. 132.

Facts are stubborn things.

Smollett, *Trans. Gil Blas*, Book x. Ch. 1. Elliot, *Essay on Field Husbandry*, p. 35, n. (1747).

Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.

Britain's *Ida*, Canto v. St. 1. King, *Orpheus and Eurydice*. Burns, *To Dr. Blacklock*. Colman, *Love Laughs at Locksmiths*, Act i.

Fast and loose.

Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i. Sc. 1.

Give an inch he'll take an ell.

John Webster, *Sir Thomas Wyatt*. Hobbes, *Liberty and Necessity*, No. iii.

Give ruffles to a man who wants a shirt.

Sorbière (1610—1670), from *The French Anas*. Tom Brown, *Laconics*. Goldsmith, *The Haunch of Venison*.

God sends meat, and the Devil sends cooks.

Ray's *Proverbs*. Garrick, *Epigram on Goldsmith's Retaliation*.

Golden mean.

Horace, Book 2, Ode x. 5. *My mind to me a Kingdom is*. Massinger, *The Great Duke of Florence*, Act i. Sc. 1. Pope, *Moral Essays*, Epistle iii. l. 246.



Great wits will jump.

Sterne, *Tristram Shandy*. Byrom, *The Nimmers*.

Good wits will jump.

Cougham, *Camden Soc. Pub. p.* 20. Duke of Buckingham, *The Chances*, Act v. Sc. 1.

Gray mare will prove the better horse.

*The Marriage of True Wit and Science*. Butler, *Hudibras*, Pt. ii. Canto 2, l. 698. Fielding, *The Grub Street Opera*, Act ii. Sc. 4. Prior, *Epilogue to Lucius*.

[Mr. Macaulay thinks that this proverb originated in the preference generally given to the gray mares of Flanders over the finest coach-horses of England.—*History of England*, Vol. i. Ch. 3.]

Hail, fellow, well met.

Tom Brown, *Amusement*, viii. Swift, *My Lady's Lamentation*.

He knew what's what.

Skelton, *Why come ye not to Courte?* l. 1106. Butler, *Hudibras*, Pt. i. Canto 1, l. 149.

He must go that the Devil drives.

Peele, *Edward I.* Shakespeare, *All 's Well that Ends Well*, Act i. Sc. 3.

He must have a long spoon, that must eat with the Devil.

Chaucer, *The Squire's Tale*, Pt. ii. l. 256. Marlowe, *The Jew of Malta*, Act iii. Sc. 5. Shakespeare, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iv. Sc. 3. *Apus and Virginia*.

Honesty is the best policy.

*Don Quixote*, Pt. ii. Ch. 33. Byrom, *The Nimmers*.

Ill wind turns none to good.

Tusser, *Moral Reflections on the Wind*.

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.

Shakespeare, *Henry VI.*, Pt. iii. Act ii. Sc. 5.

Not the ill wind which blows no man good.

Shakespeare, *Henry IV.*, Pt. ii. Act v. Sc. 3.

In spite of my [thy] teeth.

Middleton, *A Trick to catch the Old One*, Act i. Sc. 2. Southerne, *Sir Anthony Love*, Act iii. Sc. 1. Fielding, *Eurydice Hissed*. Garrick, *The Country Girl*, Act iv. Sc. 3.

It was no chylden's game. Pilkington, *Tournament of Tottenham*, 1631.

Let the world slide.

Shakespeare, *The Taming of the Shrew*, Induc. 1. John Heywood, *Be merry, Friends*.

Let us do or die.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Island Princess*, Act ii. Sc. 4. Burns, *Bannockburn*. Campbell, *Gertrude*.

[Scott says "this expression is a kind of common property, being the motto, we believe, of a Scottish family."—*Review of Gertrude, Scott's Misc.* Vol. i. p. 153.]

Look a gift horse in the mouth.

Rabelais, *Book i. Ch. xi.* Butler, *Hudibras, Pt. i. Canto 1, l. 490.*

Also quoted by St. Jerome.

Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go.

Tusser, *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry, Ch. 57.*

Look before you ere you leap. Butler, *Hudibras, Pt. ii. Canto 2, l. 502.*

Love me little, love me long. Marlowe, *Jew of Malta, Act iv.* Herrick.

Lucid interval.

Bacon, *Henry VII.* Fuller, *A Pisgah Sight of Palestine, Book iv.*

*Ch. 2.* South, *Sermon, Vol. viii. p. 403.* Dryden, *MacFlecknoe.*

Johnson, *Life of Lyttelton.* Burke, *On the French Revolution.*

Nisi suadeat intervallis.

Bracton, *fol. 1243, and fol. 420, b.* *Register Original, 267 a, 1270.*

Main chance.

Shakespeare, *Henry VI., Pt. ii. Act i. Sc. 1.* Butler, *Hudibras,*

*Pt. ii. Canto 2.* Dryden, *Persius, Sat. vi.*

Midnight oil.

Gay, *Shepherd and Philosopher.* Shenstone, *Elegy xi.* Cowper, *Retirement.* Lloyd, *On Rhyme.*

Moon is made of green cheese.

Jack Jugler, p. 46. Rabelais, *Book i. Ch. xi.* Butler, *Hudibras,*

*Pt. ii. Canto 3, l. 263.*

Mother-wit.

Spenser, *Faerie Queene, Book iv. Canto x. St. 21.* Marlowe, *Prol.*

*Tamberlaine the Great, Pt. i.* Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew, Act ii. Sc. 1.*

More the merrier.

Title of a *Book of Epigrams, 1608.* Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Scornful Lady, Act i. Sc. 1.* *The Sea Voyage, Act i. Sc. 2.*

Neither fish nor flesh, nor good red herring.

Sir H. Sheers, *Satyr on the Sea Officers.* Tom Brown, *Æneus Sylvius's Letter.* Dryden, *Epilogue to the Duke of Guise.*

Nine days' wonder.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Noble Gentleman, Act iii. Sc. 4.* Quarles, *Emblems, Book i. viii.*

No better than you should be.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Coxcomb*, Act iv. Sc. 3. Fielding, *The Temple Beau*, Sc. 3.

No love lost between us.

Goldsmith, *She Stoops to Conquer*, Act iv. Garrick, *Correspondence*, 1759. Fielding, *The Grub Street Opera*, Act i. Sc. 4.

Of two evils the less is always to be chosen.

Thomas à Kempis, *Imitation of Christ*, Book ii. Ch. 12. Hooker's *Polity*, Book v. Ch. lxxxi.

Of two evils I have chose the least.

Prior, *Imitation of Horace*.

E duobus malis minimum eligendum.

Erasmus, *Adages*. Cicero, *De Officiis*.

Of harnes two the lesse is for to cheese.

Chaucer, *Troilus and Creseide*, Book ii. l. 470.

Paradise of fools. Fools' paradise.

Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii. Sc. 4. Milton, *Par. Lost*, Book iii. l. 496. Pope, *Dunciad*, Book iii. Fielding, *The Modern Husband*, Act i. Sc. 9. Crabbe, *The Borough*, Letter xii. Quevedo, *Visions*, iv. L'Estrange's *Trans.* Murphy, *All in the Wrong*, Act i.

Picked up his crumbs.

Murphy, *The Upholsterer*, Act i.

Plain as a pike-staff.

Terence in English, 1641. Duke of Buckingham, *Speech in the House of Lords*, 1675. Smollett, *Trans. Gil Blas*, Book xii. Ch. 8.

Rhyme nor reason.

*Pierre Patelin*, quoted by Tyndale (1530). Spenser, *On his Promised Pension*. Peele, *Edward I.* Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, Act iii. Sc. 2. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v. Sc. 5. *Comedy of Errors*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

[Sir Thomas More advised an author who had sent him his manuscript to read, "to put it in rhyme." Which being done, Sir Thomas said, "Yea, marry, now it is somewhat, for now it is rhyme; before it was neither rhyme nor reason."]

Remedy worse than the disease.

Bacon, *Of Seditions and Troubles*. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Love's Cure*, Act iii. Sc. 2. Suckling's *Letters*, *A Dissuasion from Love*. Dryden's *Juvenal*, Sat. xvi. l. 32.

Smell a rat.

Ben Jonson, *Tale of a Tub*, Act iv. Sc. 3. Butler, *Hudibras*, Pt. i. Canto 1, l. 281. Farquhar, *Love and a Bottle*.

Spare the rod, and spoil the child.

Ray's *Proverbs*. Butler, *Hudibras*, I t. ii. Canto 1, l. 844.

Speech is silver, silence is gold.

A German Proverb.

Speech is like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad, whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs.

Plutarch, *Life of Themistocles*. From Bacon's *Essays*, On Friendship.

Spick and span new.

Ford, *The Lover's Melancholy*, Act i. Sc. 1. Farquhar, *Preface to his Works*.

Set my ten commandments in your face.

Shakespeare, *Henry VI.*, Pt. ii. Act i. Sc. 3. *Selimus*, Emperor of the Turks, 1594. *Westward Hoe*, 1607. Erasmus, *Apophthegms*.

Strike while the iron is hot.

John Webster, *Westward Hoe*, Act ii. Sc. 1. Farquhar, *The Beaux' Stratagem*, Act iv. Sc. 1.

Tell truth, and shame the devil.

Shakespeare, *Henry IV.*, Pt. i. Act iii. Sc. 1. Swift, *Mary the Cook-maid's Letter*.

The lion is not so fierce as they paint him.

Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*. Fuller, *On Expecting Preferment*.

Though I say it that should not say it.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wit at Several Weapons*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

Fielding, *The Miser*, Act iii. Sc. 2. Cibber, *The Rival Fools*, Act ii. *The Fall of British Tyranny*, Act iv. Sc. 2.

Through thick and thin.

Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, Book iii. Canto 1, St. 17. Middleton, *The Roaring Girl*, Act iv. Sc. 2. Kemp, *Nine Days' Wonder*. Butler, *Hudibras*, Pt. i. Canto ii. l. 369. Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel*, Pt. ii. l. 414. Pope, *Dunciad*, Book ii. Cowper, *John Gilpin*.

To make a virtue of necessity.

Rabelais, *Book i. Ch. xi*. Chaucer, *Knight's Tale*, l. 3044. Shakespeare, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iv. Sc. 2. Dryden, *Palamon and Arcite*.

[In the additions of Hadrianus Junius to the Adages of Erasmus, he remarks (under the head of *Necessitatem edere*), that a very familiar proverb was current among his countrymen, viz. *Necessitatem in virtutem commutare*.]

To see and to be seen.

Chaucer, *The Prologe of the Wyfe of Bathe*, l. 552. Ben Jonson, *Epithalamion*, St. 3, l. 4. Dryden, *Ovid's Art of Love*, Book i. l. 109. Goldsmith, *Citizen of the World*, Letter 71.



Turn over a new leaf.

Middleton, *Anything for a Quiet Life*, Act iii. Sc. 3.

Two of a trade seldom agree.

Ray's *Proverbs*. Gay, *The Old Hen and the Cock*. Murphy, *The Apprentice*, Act iii.

Two strings to his bow.

Hooker's *Polity*, Book v. Ch. lxxx. Butler, *Hudibras*, Pt. iii. Canto 1, l. 1. Churchill, *The Ghost*, Book iv. Fielding, *Love in Several Masques*, Sc. xiii.

Virtue is her own reward.

Dryden, *Tyrannic Love*, Act iii. Sc. 1.

Virtue is its own reward.

Prior, *Im. of Horace*, Book iii. Ode 2. Gray, *Epistle to Methuen*. Home, *Douglas*, Act iii. Sc. 1.

Virtue is to herself the best reward.

Henry More, *Cupid's Conflict*.

*Ipsa* quidem Virtus sibimet pulcherrima merces.

Silius Italicus, *Punica*, Lib. xlii. l. 663.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,  
The devil always builds a chapel there.

De Foe, *The True-Born Englishman*, Pt. 1. l. 1.

God never had a church but there, men say,  
The devil a chapel hath raised by some wyles.  
I doubted of this saw, till on a day  
I westward spied great Edinburgh's Saint Gyles.

Drummond, *Posthumous Poems*.

No sooner is a temple built to God, but the Devil builds a chapel hard by.

George Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*.

Where God hath a temple, the Devil will have a chapel.

Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. iii. Sc. iv. M. 1, Subs. 1.

Wrong sow by the ear.

Ben Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*, Act ii. Sc. 1. Butler, *Hudibras*, Pt. ii. Canto 3, l. 580. Colman, *Heir-at-Law*, Act i. Sc. 1.

Word and a blow.

Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii. Sc. 1. Dryden, *Amphitryon*, Act i. Sc. 1. Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*, Pt. 1.

Parish me no parishes.

Peele, *The Old Wive's Tale*.

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.

Shakespeare, *Richard II.*, Act ii. Sc. 3.

Thank me no thanks, and proud me no pouds.

Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii. Sc. 5.

Vow me no vows.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wit without Money*, Act iv. Sc. 7.

Plot me no plots.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Act ii. Sc. 5.

O me no O's,

Ben Jonson, *The Case is Altered*, Act v. Sc. 1.

Cause me no causes.

Massinger, *A new Way to pay Old Debts*, Act i. Sc. 3.

Virgin me no virgins.

*Ibid.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

End me no ends.

*Ibid.* Act v. Sc. 1.

Front me no fronts.

Ford, *The Lady's Trial*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

Midas me no Midas.

Dryden, *The Wild Gallant*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

Madam me no Madam,

*Ibid.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

Petition me no petitions.

Fielding, *Tom Thumb*, Act i. Sc. 2.

Map me no maps.

Fielding, *Rape upon Rape*, Act i. Sc. 5.

But me no buts.

*Ibid.* Act ii. Sc. 2. Aaron Hill, *Snake in the Grass*, Sc. 1.

Play me no plays.

Foote, *The Knight*, Act ii.

Clerk me no clerks.

Scott, *Ivanhoe*, Ch. 29.

Diamond me no diamonds ! prize me no prizes.

Tennyson, *Idyls of the King*, *Elaine*.



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